July 9, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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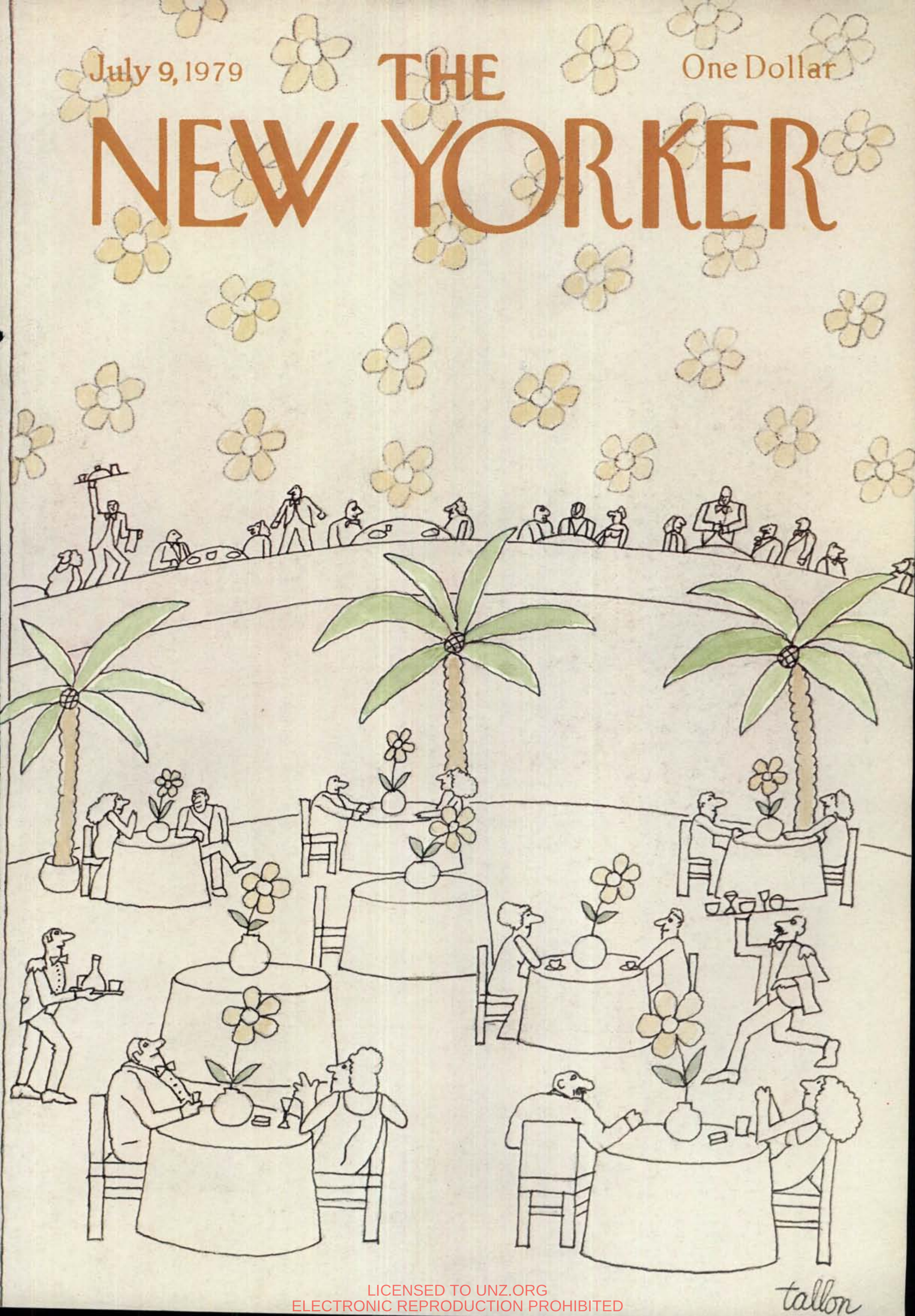

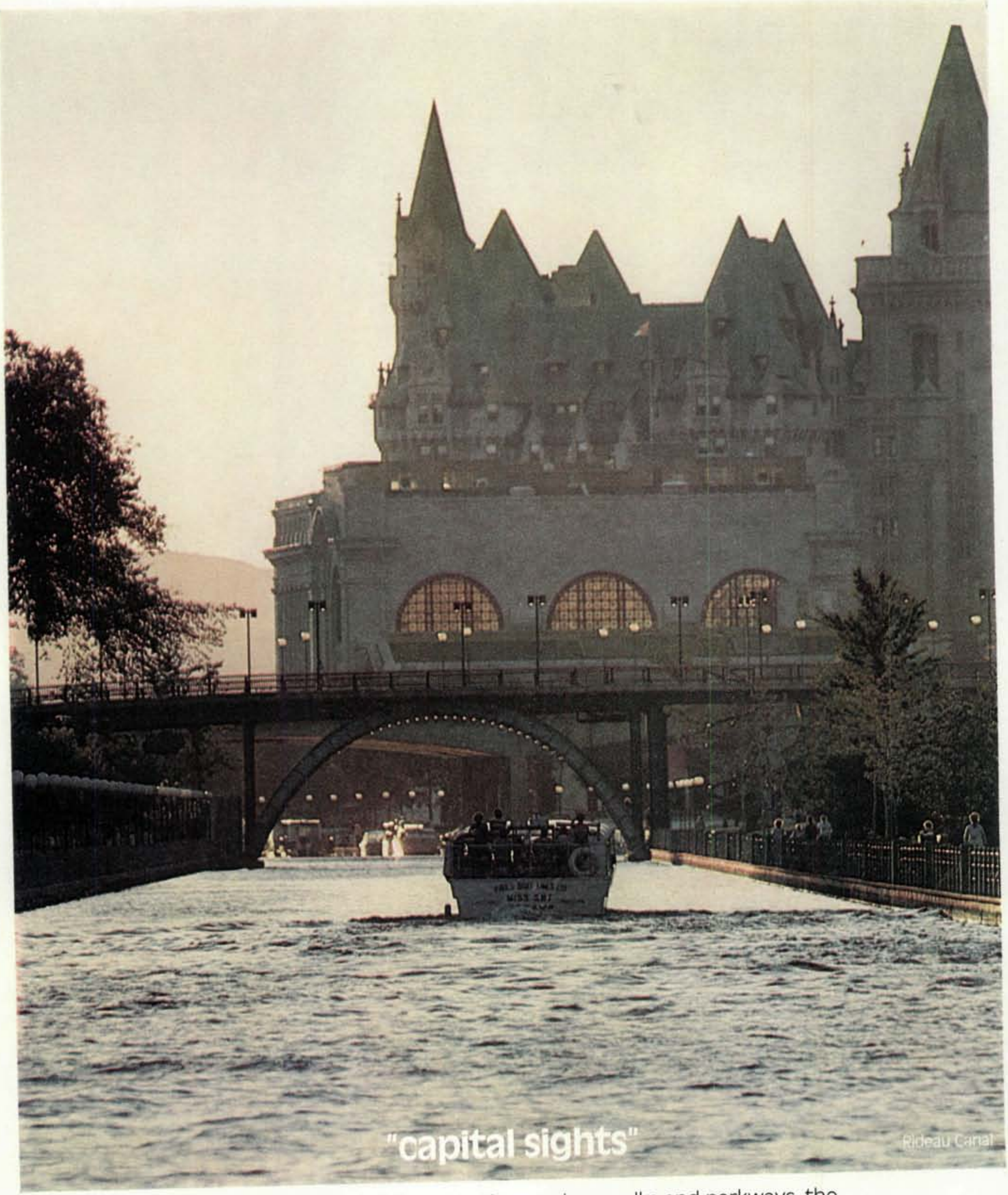

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—A marvellously intricate and nearly always very funny account of four marriages. The setting is three bedrooms, so problems emerge. Alan Ayckbourn is the author, and the cast is now headed by Mildred Natwick, Robert Coote, and John Lithgow. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, BURIED CHILD. The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. Closes Saturday, July 21. . . . ¶ A play by Marty Martin, GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN, with Pat Carroll. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 22. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

Coriolanus—This free production—the second of Joseph Papp's Shakespearean ventures with black and Hispanic actors—has gained tremendously in sureness and strength since its original opening at the Public some months ago. Morgan Freeman plays the title role, and Robert Christian, Michele Shay, and Gloria Foster are among his stalwart supporters. All of them are splendid. Wilford Leach directed. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 22. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Father's Day—Three divorced (and discarded) women invite their ex-husbands to celebrate Father's Day with their children. The trouble with Oliver Hailey's scratchy comedy is just that it is not good enough in any number of ways. One compensation, though, is Graham Beckel's subtle, funny performance as one of the ex-husbands. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 921-9877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. They are very well acted by Susan Kingsley and Pamela Reed, under the direction of Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Glorious Monster in the Bell of the Horn—A play by Larry Neal, with music by Max Roach. Opens Friday, July 6, and will run through Sunday, July 22. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Fridays through Sundays and also Monday, July 9, and Thursday, July 12, at 7:30.)

Got Tu Go Disco—No got to go, ever. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Happy Days—Irene Worth is a humorous and intelligent, if somewhat disembodied, Winnie in Samuel Beckett's great play about a woman half buried in a mound of earth, and George Voskovec does well as the husband who sporadically interrupts her monologue. Andrei Serban directed this only partially successful production. (6/18/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I Remember Mama—The taint of fabrication is visible at every point in this old-fashioned apostrophe to gallant motherhood. The mother in question is Liv Ullmann. Book by Thomas Meehan, music by Richard Rodgers, and lyrics by Martin Charnin and Raymond Jessel. (6/11/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knockout—A sad little tale of life in the lower depths of Hoboken, which is low enough for all practical purposes. Danny Aiello and Edward O'Neill help to redeem the writing, which is by Louis La Russo II. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:45.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 8: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, July 11-15: THE MIKADO. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Eyolf—Ibsen's drama. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Lone Star and **Pvt. Wars**—A couple of one-act comedies by James McLure, making his first appearance on Broadway. "Lone Star" is set in the back yard of a shabby roadhouse in Texas, and "Pvt. Wars" is about a veterans' hospital; neither location sounds promising, but Mr. McLure, unflaggingly funny and high-spirited, is well worth lending an ear to. (6/18/79) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. Brilliant performances by Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline, under the direction of Alan Schnei-

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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LV, No. 21, July 9, 1979. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1979 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $24.00; two years, $40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $28.00. Other foreign, $32.00.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

der. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Madwoman of Central Park West—A one-person show isn't the easiest thing in the world to sustain for a couple of hours, but Phyllis Newman sings, and carries on a monologue of domestic inquiry lightly laced with hysteria, and the effect is both amusing and touching. (6/25/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play is far better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Richard III—A makeshift production of the surefire Shakespeare mellerdrama. Al Pacino is surprisingly effective as the wicked Richard, hobbling through blood to the throne. (6/25/79) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 15.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is very good. (4/2/79) Reopens Friday, July 6. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

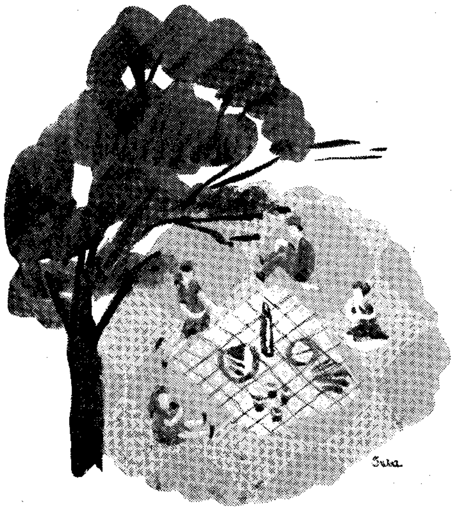
Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

Sweeney Todd—Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Whoopee!—A woebegone disinterment of a musical that cannot have been all that wonderful back in the nineteen-twenties. Charles Repole stars. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway? A brilliant play by Brian Clark, in which a paralyzed young man argues with wit and eloquence that he must be allowed to die. Tom Conti is superb as the young man, and he is well supported by, among others, Jean Marsh and Philip Bosco. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Stacy Keach, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRACULA**: Jean LeClerc and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EUBIE**: Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-six the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,976 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 4, and Saturdays at 2; on July 4, at 3.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

A New York Summer—A show designed to fill the immense stage of the Radio City Music Hall with wonders, and so fill the six thousand seats with contented tourists. The thirty-six Rockettes are as fascinatingly adroit and as sexless as ever. At the moment, a series of movie musicals is being shown, at 11 A.M. only. This week, through Friday, July 6, "Gypsy," with Rosalind Russell and Natalie Wood; Monday through Friday, July 9-13, "The Greatest Show on Earth," with Charlton Heston and Betty Hutton. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Stuttgart Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, July 4: "Eugene Onegin." . . . ¶ Thursday

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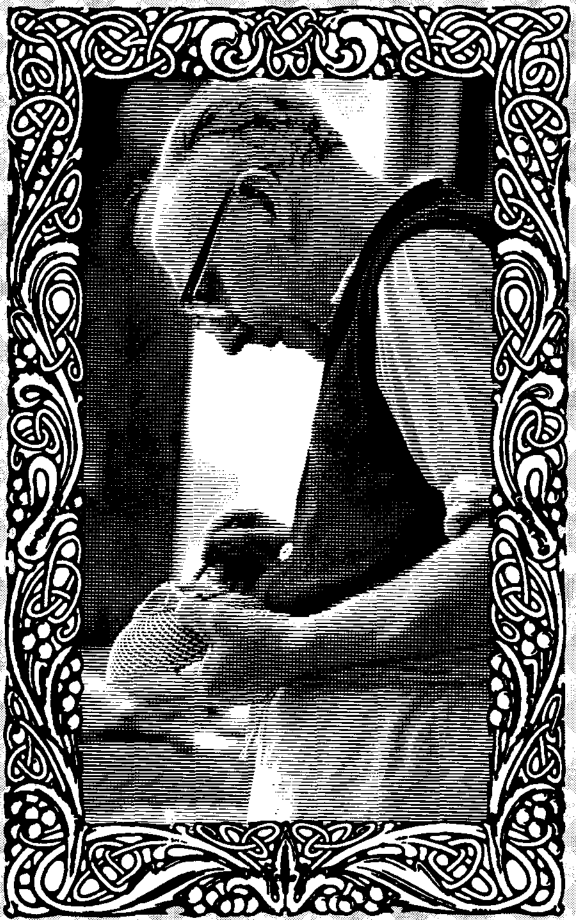

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

evening, July 5, and Saturday evening, July 7: "Lady of the Camellias."... ¶ Friday evening, July 6: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 7: "The Taming of the Shrew." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

National Ballet of Canada and Rudolf Nureyev—Wednesday through Friday evenings, July 4-6; Saturday matinée and evening, July 7; and Sunday matinée, July 8: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Tuesday through Thursday evenings, July 10-12: "Monotones II" and "Coppélia."... ¶ Friday evening, July 13, and Sunday matinée, July 15: "Giselle" and "Elite Syncopations."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 14: "Le Loup" and "Giselle." Mr. Nureyev will dance at all performances except Sunday matinée, July 8, and Saturday evening, July 14. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Netherlands Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 21—Monday and Tuesday evenings, July 9-10; Wednesday matinée, July 11; and Friday and Saturday evenings, July 13-14: "Symphony of Psalms," "Songs Without Words," and "Sinfonietta."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, July 11-12, and Saturday matinée, July 14: "Transfigured Night," "Symphony in D," and "November Steps." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Mondays at 7:30 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Ballet Nacional de Cuba—With Alicia Alonso in the opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 28—Tuesday evening, July 10, and Wednesday matinée, July 11: "Les Sylphides," "Canto Vital," "Tarde en la Siesta," "Rara Avis," and "Remembranza."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 11, and Saturday matinée and evening, July 14: "Night of the Guitar."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 12-13: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Bassist Teruo Nakamura and his sextet, the Rising Sun, perform here through Saturday, July 7; on Wednesday, July 11, saxophonist Pete Yellin will lead a quintet; and on Thursday, July 12, bassist **Eddie Gomez** and drummer **Billy Hart** will perform with a quartet. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Drummer **Art Blakey** will lead his **Jazz Messengers** opposite alto saxophonist **Arthur Blythe** and his group on Friday, July 6; Saturday through Monday, July 7-9, have been allotted to drummer **Tony Williams**; on Wednesday and Thursday, July 11-12, rock guitarist Dan Hicks will be here with his band; and on Friday and Saturday, July 13-14, rock drummer Bill Bruford will head up his quintet. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some of the very best pianists in jazz. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. A lovely place to dance, or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining.

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Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Marian McPartland** has taken over the piano on the stage here for the summer. She can be heard Sundays through Thursdays at ten and midnight. Dining. Closed Fridays and Saturdays.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Ellis Marsalis, a New Orleans pianist, has made the trip north to fill in for Ellis Larkins during the summer. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Visitors to this club, which basks in its seediness, or to Hurrah or Max's Kansas City will notice that sado-masochist safety-pin jewelry, menacing leers from patrons and musicians, and a general hostile ambience have given way to jeans, painter's pants, button-down collars, and sneakers—punk now has a collegiate following. In knowledgeable circles, the music isn't even referred to as punk rock anymore—it is now called new wave (and in artier circles, no wave). The bands: On Wednesday, July 4, Von Elmo and Theoretical Girls; Thursday and Friday, July 5-6, Student Teachers and Bloodless Pharaohs; and on Saturday, July 7, Steel Tips, Tragic Flaw, and the Casuals. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The summer entertainment is **Larry Adler**, the harmonica virtuoso—although he has always called his instrument a mouth organ. Mr. Adler's repertory includes Beethoven's "Minuet in G," Ravel's "Bolero," and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Summertime." Mr. Adler and his pianist, Hal Schaefer, go on at eight-thirty and eleven. Pianist Joe Albany now claims the Sunday and Monday slots, and he begins playing at eight. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—A bustling taste-of-New Orleans restaurant that features **Marty Napoleon** on solo piano. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Downey's, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—In the green-tartan-carpeted back room of this steakhouse, **Dardanelle**, the singer and pianist who has no faults, is working nightly, except Sundays, although she has chosen not to call it work. Her piano here is a brand-new August Förster, which she calls "a pianist's dream," and playing it "isn't work but a pleasure." She begins at eight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Cornettist **Wild Bill Davison** is in charge of the traditional sextet here; they all play from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. Pianist **Dick Wellstood** will alternate with the sextet Monday through Thursday, July 9-12. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors and mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls are all that is left from the disco past of this new downstairs jazz club. **Jimmy Giuffre**, reedman, composer, and serene jazz guru in general, guides a trio until Saturday, July 7; on Tuesday, July 10, guitarist **Charlie Byrd** will bring in his trio for five nights. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-fifteen. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **Joe Puma** and bassist **Frank Luther** usually work with pianist **Hod O'Brien** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. Wednesday through Sunday, July 4-8, Puma and Luther will be away, and guitarist **Al Gafa** and bassist **Jay Leonhart** will substitute for them. Quartet nights are Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten and from nine on Sundays; on Sundays, Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman get a head start at seven. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **Attila Zoller**, pianist **Don Friedman**, and bassist **Harvie Swartz.** Nightly, except Sundays, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, pianist **Dill Jones** and his trio, which usually includes guitarist **Marty Grosz**, play for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Joe Albany alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—new-wave rock bands. Taped rock and roll is played between sets and before eleven-thirty. The lineup includes the Feelies and Off, on Wednesday, July 4; Thursday through Sunday, July 5-8, the Screamers; on Monday, July 9, the Squeeze and Necessaries; and on Tuesday, July 10, the Squeeze and Quincy. Live music every night from eleven-thirtyish; taped music from about nine.

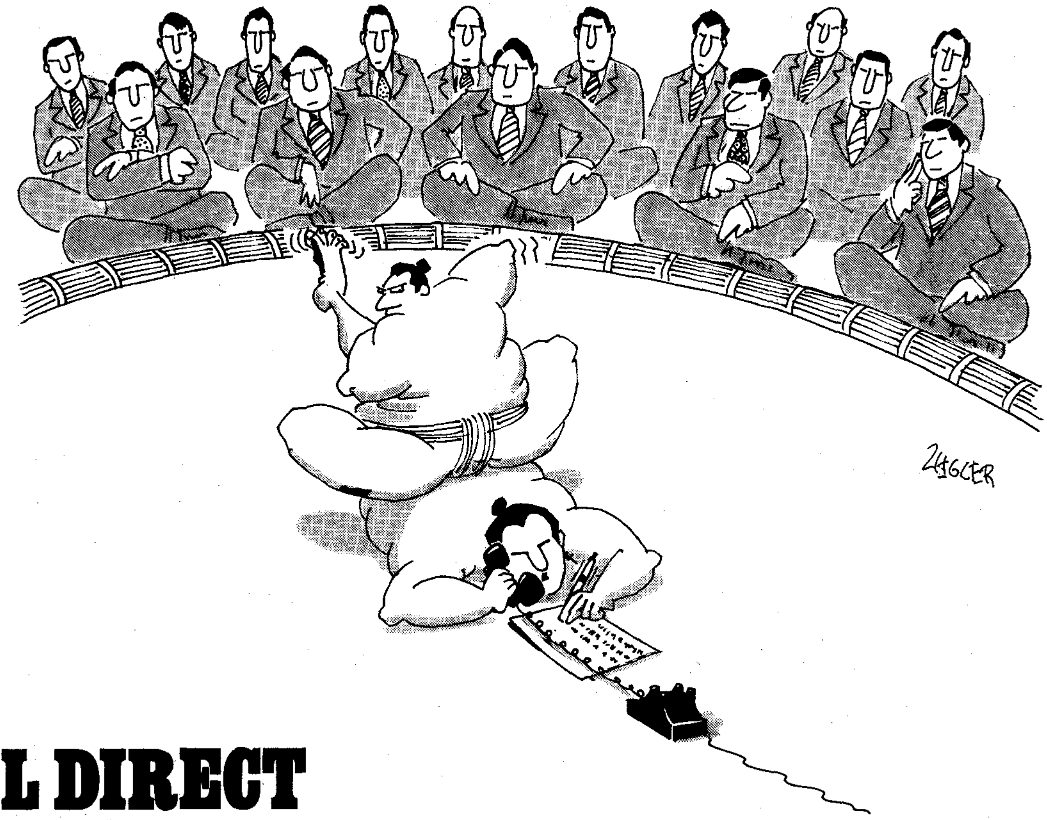
Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—All one has to do here is take a seat or stretch out on the pillow furniture on the floor, and jazz musicians—competent unknowns or established veterans—take up their instruments and play. On Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, bebop singer **Joe Carroll** will be the visiting artist. Music from nine, Fridays through Sundays only.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**Roy Eldridge** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**Tommy Flanagan**, one of the best bop composers and sidemen, is performing with bassist **Red Mitchell** through Saturday, July 14. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A club that draws genuine, if transplanted, Texans; cowboy-booted New Yorkers; and Chicago-blues, Delta-blues, rhythm-and-blues, country-and-Western, and rock enthusiasts. **Louisiana Red**, an authentic, distraught-sounding blues singer in his early forties—he's a direct descendant of Robert Johnson, Bukka White, and other rural-blues legends from the thirties—alternates on Wednesday and Thursday, July 4-5, with singer and guitarist **Johnny Winter**, who may not be as authentic as Louisiana Red but who knows how to play blues. Sunday, July 8, will belong to folkie and black-humor comic Kinky Friedman. On Monday and Tuesday, July 9-10, Texas bluesman **Lightnin' Hopkins** will sing about hurricanes, wimmin, prison, bad luck, and trouble, and play a few of his favorite chords. Wednesday and Thursday, July 11-12, **NRBQ**, a blues and rock group, will be present. Music from nine-fifteen to

HOW TO TALK TURKEY TO TOKYO



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CODES FOR PRINCIPAL CITIES IN JAPAN (81)

Chiba	472	Kobe	78	Sakai	722
Fukuoka	92	Kyoto	75	Sapporo	11
Hiroshima	822	Nagoya	52	Sendai	222
Kawasaki	44	Okayama	862	Tokyo	3
Kitakyushu	93	Osaka	6	Yokohama	45

Bell System

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—Guitarist **BARNEY KESSEL** is here through Saturday, July 7; on Monday, July 9, singer **CHRIS CONNOR** will move in for two weeks. Sets Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Saturdays at eleven-thirty and one. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from the extremist fringe, the mainstream, and the past. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) Wednesday through Friday, July 4-6, will be devoted to a celebration of twenty-five years of rock and roll. On Saturday, July 7, Ruby & the Rednecks and the Rousers; on Sunday, July 8, Mrozinski and Sharp; on Monday, July 9, Pookie, the Droogs, and the Twilites; and on Tuesday, July 10, Miki Zone Zoo and the A's. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singers **MARY MAYO** and Bernie Knee perform songs from "No, No, Nanette" Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. **OSCAR BROWN, JR.,** a tall, dashing, expressive singer who composed "Brown Baby," collaborated on the "Freedom Now Suite," and set lyrics to Nat Adderly's "Work Song" and Bobby Timmons' "Dat Dere," is on hand through Sunday, July 8. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE,** takes over. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may have been renovated, but the brick walls here still look the same. It's mostly just folkies right now: Country Joe and the Fish will perform on Friday and Saturday, July 6-7; Thursday through Saturday, July 12-14, will belong to Brewer & Shipley. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians, directed by Bill Lombardo (the late Guy's nephew), plays for dancing Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The black-and-white-tiled stage of this famous seventies cabaret is claimed Thursdays through Saturdays, at nine and eleven-thirty by singer Barbara Cook. Various other young, aspiring performers round out the week. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. Saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** heads a quintet Thursday through Sunday, July 5-8; and Thursday through Sunday, July 12-15, rhythm-and-blues drummer **BERNARD PURDIE** will perform with his quintet. Other groups are on hand the rest of the time. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, celebrates the Crescent City with lots of turn-of-the-century red curlicues—in the carpeting, on the brocade-like wallpaper, and in the bright stained glass overhead. Singer and pianist Freddy Cole is supported by a quartet nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **CHARLES ROUSE'S** octet is here through Saturday, July 7; on Sunday and Monday, July 8-9, saxophonist James Vass will lead his quartet; and on Tuesday, July 10, pianist **MAL WALDRON** will come in with a trio. Music from about ten. Dining.

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Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Part of the lineup: The Moffet Family, a trio made up of Charnett, Codaryl, and Charles Moffet, Jr.—the children of Charles Moffet, Sr., who played drums with Ornette Coleman some fifteen years ago—performs on Wednesday, July 4. On Thursday, July 5, drummer **BARRY ALTSCHUL** will lead his trio. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly at midnight and two, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** is working in the large downstairs room through Sunday, July 8. On Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, flutist and occasional R.-&-B. singer **YUSEF LATEEF** and his quartet will also be on hand. On Tuesday, July 10, keyboardist **LONNIE LISTON SMITH** and his band, the Cosmic Echoes, will take over. Music from nine-thirty. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on the Terrace, from nine to midnight.

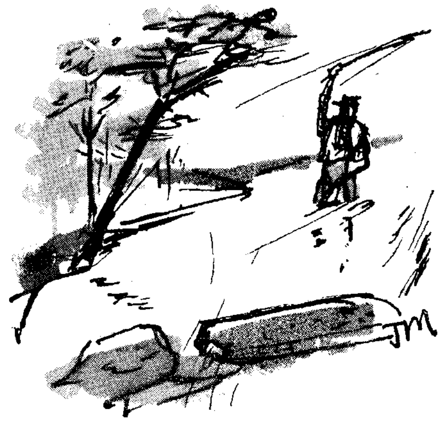
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** leads a quartet through Sunday, July 8; on Tuesday, July 10, a week of swing music will begin as pianist **TEDDY WILSON** brings in a trio. Mondays are claimed by the **MEL LEWIS JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** a seventeen-piece organization. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays in a variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Sadik Hakim usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** commands a quintet through Monday, July 9; Tuesday through Thursday, July 10-12, Clyde Bernhardt's Harlem Blues and Jazz Band will be on the stand; and on Friday and Saturday, July 13-14, guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM** will head a quartet. The music begins about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jim Dawson—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, July 11, at 8 and 10:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.



Jorma Kaukonen—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, July 13, at 8 and midnight. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Wednesday, July 4. Some, as indicated, will extend the holiday for a day or so.)

GALLERIES

Carl Andre—Two installations: one a solid square made up of a hundred and twenty-one Douglas fir timbers a foot square and three feet tall, and the other two widely separated rows of thirty similar timbers each. They are juxtaposed on different levels of the Hammarskjöld Plaza, at Second Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. Through July 28.

James Collins—Huge color photographs of interiors, set up as murals for other interiors, by an English-born artist who left his easel for a camera. Through July 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Chryssa—Typefaces are a major concern of this artist, and here she devotes a dozen large paintings to Chinese ideographs painted in various colors on various grounds. Silk screens on the same subjects are also shown. Through July 21. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through July 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Thursday, July 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aline Fruhauf (1907-78) / **Dean Cornwell** (1892-1960)—Caricatures of some of the leading lights of the twenties and thirties, caught in their prime and looking much younger than we remember them—Katharine Cornell, Lillian Gish, Lilly Daché, Valentina, Raphael Soyer, Reginald Marsh (q.v., at the Whitney). / Oil paintings by this celebrated illustrator—square-jawed heroes, proud beauties, wicked pirates. Through July 20. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Wednesday through Saturday, July 4-7.)

Joan Glueckman (1940-78)—A retrospective of drawings, watercolors, illustrated journals, and embroidered wall hangings—all using the human body as the subject—by a founding member of SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Through Saturday, July 7. (Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

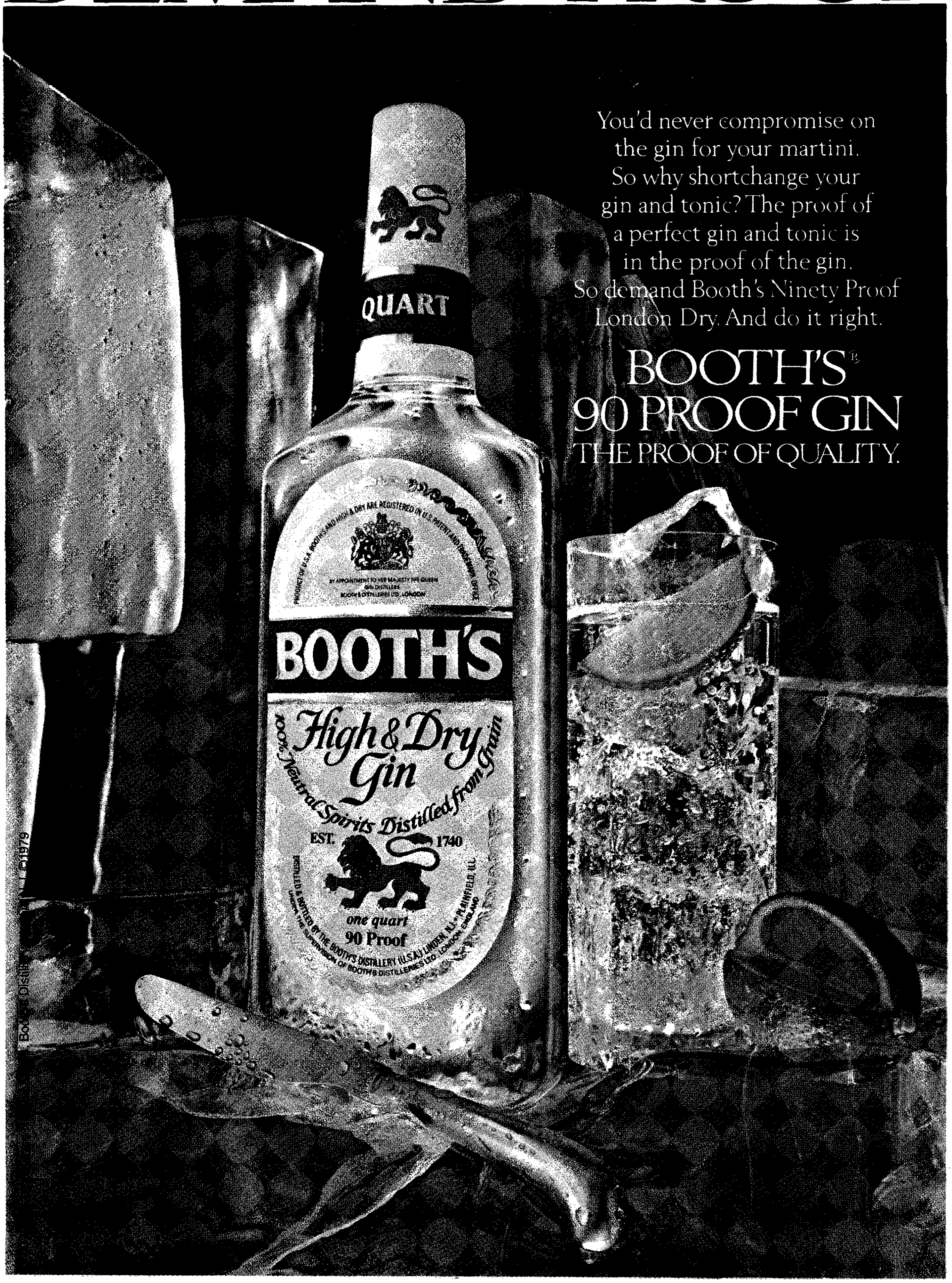
Michael Heizer—An imposing sculptural work consisting of a massive disc of pink Laurentian granite, fourteen feet in diameter and twenty inches thick, and four lesser discs cut into segments—eleven pieces in all. It was commissioned by the late Thomas Hess for the Metropolitan Museum (the only work the museum has commissioned in a generation) and is titled "Guennette," after the Canadian town the granite came from. It is being shown all summer on the plaza in front of the Seagram Building, Park Avenue at Fifty-second Street.

Margie Billstein Katz—Abstract wall pieces—knots, bows, furbelows—made of canvas soaked in a stiffening agent, painted with acrylics, and arranged in Plexiglas boxes. Through July 27. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Paul Rudolph—A survey of the architect's conceptual sketches and large-scale drawings for projects ranging from his earliest houses in Sarasota to a work-in-progress on Beekman Place. Through July 28. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at noon.)

Rufino Tamayo—Works on paper from his entire career: watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints. Through Aug. 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. A larger retrospective is currently at the Guggenheim Museum.) . . . ¶ Also, etchings and

DEMAND PROOF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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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lithographs. Through July 27. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Fumio Yoshimura—A re-creation, in lindenwood, of a Sabrett hot-dog stand, in toto, as well as a bicycle chained to a parking meter. Through Friday, July 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Erotic Drawings—Archie Rand is a young painter whose reputation as a muralist for synagogues has grown so widely in recent years that one might have assumed that he was entirely devoted to religious subject matter. Any such notions are shattered by some drawings he is exhibiting currently, along with similar works by Andrew Hudson and the late John Altoon. Through Thursday, July 12. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

American Abstract Artists—A two-gallery exhibit that traces the course of this group (whose early members included Albers, Bolotowsky, and Lassaw) from its inception, in 1936, to the present: Works in various mediums executed in the thirties and forties by George L. K. Morris, Charmion von Wiegand, and others at the Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.; and works by the entire current membership, including Judith Rothschild, Will Barnet, and Robert Ryman at the Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. (closed Mondays; open Saturdays). Both shows through Aug. 3.

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: A scallop shell eight feet tall, made of laminated mahogany, a lifelike marble robe hanging on a rack, and a gigantic mahogany bug, all by Peter Robbie, dominate this show, which also offers large oils that look like abstract needlepoint by Mark Schlesinger, and colorful abstract collages on rice paper by Catharine Warren. Through Aug. 31. . . . **ARTISTS SPACE**, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St.: "Art from the British Left" offers documentary-style works that reflect the social concerns of seven artists. Through Friday, July 13. (Opens Tuesdays through Fridays at noon.). . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway: Recent works by the big guns of the gallery are on view, among them a fluorescent corner piece in the form of a glowing tic-tac-toe by Dan Flavin; a large painting in which a rain of scribbling covers the entire canvas by Cy Twombly; and a glittery environment incorporating a Coney Island distorting mirror by Robert Morris. Through Sept. 15. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A refreshing new group of seventy-six works chosen from hundreds screened by this facility. Through July 21. (Open daily except Sundays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A summery exhibition of paintings and constructions, including a screen painted with a diorama of Martha's Vineyard by Susan Crile; pastels with American Indian motifs by a New Mexico artist named Jane Quick-to-See Smith; and a colored-pencil drawing entitled "Art in a Solarium," which incorporates figures taken from Matisse and Picasso, by Jane Kaplowitz. Through August 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.). . . **THE ELEMENTS**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Handmade baskets by eighteen craftsmen from New England, the West, and elsewhere. Through July 28. (Open Saturdays.). . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: A three-part summer show consisting of collages by Sol LeWitt; new works by gallery associates Ed Kerns, Susan Wilmarth, and others; and drawings, paintings, and sculptures by Avery, Noguchi, and others. Through July 27. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A summer show, revised every two weeks, in which all the works must be on paper and must measure at least thirty by forty inches. Included with gallery standbys are invited artists Theodore Manolides, James Valerio, and James Pernotto. Through Aug. 17. . . . **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: The current exhibit includes paintings of rumpled cloth by Paul Kane; of a tablecloth stretched over something boxlike by Chris Britz; and of overlapping rows of what look like linoleum mill ends by George Green. Through July 27. . . . **MULTIPLES-GOODMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: Levity in the art world as exemplified in offbeat works by some thirty artists. Sol LeWitt, for instance, has a grid of forty-eight photographs of game cocks performing their jumpy pas de deux; Sam Wiener conceives of 420 West Broadway, in SoHo, as a chiffonier, and each gallery there is miniaturized, in a drawer; Ed Ruscha has a sort of sampler in which the words "well, Roughly" are spelled out in rose petals and chocolate. Through Friday, July 6. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Works by ten artists invited to the summer show include a three-tiered hanging construction of wood, plastic, and chains, nine feet tall, by Audrey Hirsch; an outsize three-dimensional Greek-key design (the artist calls it a "Hyper Square") made of marine plywood by Robert MacBride; and large abstract paintings in which golden strands (pastel) are strung across a dark acrylic background by Mary Gillis. Through Friday, July 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Tiny lyrical abstractions in watercolor by Victor Elmaleh; mildly surrealist works by André Masson; small abstracts by Erik Koch; and sombre paintings done in oil mixed with sand by György Kepes. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by minor American exponents of Impressionism, including Ernest Lawson and Gertrude Fiske. Through Friday, July 13. . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Abstract art from 1930 to 1940 is the basis of a show of drawings, constructions, and paintings by Gorky, Reinhardt, and others. Through July 20.

Many galleries are closed for the summer. Some of those that are open show, often on a rotating basis, works by their own artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.). . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 4:30.). . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 19 E. 70th St. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St. (Opens at noon.). . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway. (Opens at noon.). . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.

Sculpture—Seven sculptors are represented in the summer show here, among them Harold Tovish, who has devised a glass tube, nine feet long and two feet in diameter, enclosing an aluminum head; and Joan Danziger, whose entry is a female figure, in mixed mediums, with a rhinoceros mask over her face and spare masks—a bull, a tiger, and a bird—hanging around her neck. Through Aug. 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Philippe Halsman (1906-79)—A hundred and fifty portraits by a photographer who died last month. Through July 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily except Mondays.)

Gertrude Käsebier (1852-1934)—A hundred prints, most of them platinum portraits, by the renowned Pictorialist are on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Fred Picker—New England landscapes. Through Friday, July 13. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 9.)

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David Plowden / Marion Post Wolcott—American landscapes: row houses in Massachusetts, wheat fields in Montana, a bridge reflected in the Susquehanna River. / Farm Security Administration photographs, together with color prints taken in California in the sixties and seventies. Through July 20. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Van DerZee—Studio portraits of women dating from 1925 to 1945. Through July 31. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Peter and Bernis von zur Muehlen—His are SX-70 Polaroid prints, and hers are black-and-white photographs of male nudes. Through July 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI UPTOWN**, 4 E. 77th St.: Color prints by ten photographers. Through July 27. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: Two hundred photographs made in the thirties and forties and culled from the archives of *Life*. With examples by Bourke-White, Halsman, Munkacsi, and sixty-seven others. Through Aug. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.). . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Nineteenth-century photographs by Hill and Adamson, Talbot, Hippolyte Bayard, and others. Through July 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Examples of Civil War photography, including an album by military photographer Andrew J. Russell and cartes de visite. Through July 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **SPANISH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE**, 665 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Works by twenty-four contemporary Spanish photographers. Through July 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin, in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Fifty European landscape drawings, spanning five centuries, from the Lehman Collection. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ About fifty Old Master and modern prints from the museum's collection, by Callot, Tiepolo, Redon, and others. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer but in general the hours are Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of sculptures from the museum's own collection which date back no further than fifteen years. Either in the galleries or in the garden are examples by Chamberlain, Judd, LeWitt, Caro, Serra, Hesse, Aycock, Shapiro, Dubuffet, Beuys, Christo, and many others. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal performances of dance Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Rufino Tamayo. (Also on view are some pre-Columbian and popular Mexican works that served as inspiration to him.) Through Aug. 12. A complementary show is at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. Through Aug. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ An acquisitions show of thirty per cent of the paintings, sculptures, photographs, and works on paper that were added to the collections in the seventies. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A bequest of Reginald Marsh works has provided a show of early paintings not previously exhibited and of works on paper, including some done with Chinese inks. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of nearly ninety works (paintings, drawings, and a room-size installation) by seven Israeli artists. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the nineteenth-century artist Elihu Vedder. Through Sunday, July 8. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Works by Gertrude Käsebier. Through Sunday, July 8. (Open Wednesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Wednesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. Through July 31. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—"New Handmade Furniture," an exhibit of more than forty chairs, tables, and some less conventional objects, made from a variety of woods. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other items designed by him. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Fantastic Illustration and Design in Britain, 1850-1930," a loan show of more than two hundred items, about half of them book illustrations (Rossetti, Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, Beatrix Potter), and the other half of them decorative objects, such as a christening set (a silver knife, fork, and spoon) which Kate Greenaway adapted from her illustrations for "Under the Window." Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and sculptures—with motifs based on Jewish mysticism—by David Aronson. Further works, these taken from New Testament subjects, are at the National Academy of Design (see listing below). Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

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MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelangelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Through July 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of Hawaiian quilts. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily, except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4, from 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of eighty eighteenth-century French drawings on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through Sunday, July 8. . . . ¶ Nineteen paintings by David Aronson. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

SOVIET EMIGRÉ MUSICIANS—Lazar Gosman playing the violin and conducting a chamber orchestra made up mostly of Soviet exiles living in the United States. Tuesday, July 10, and Thursday, July 12: A Vivaldi-Richard Adler program, with Galina Heifetz and Marilyn Dubow, also violin; Randall Wolfgang, oboe; Emanuil Sheynkman, mandolin; and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 11, and Friday, July 13: A Bach-Samuel Barber program, with Rimma Sushanskaya, violin; Adelle Nicholson, mezzo-soprano; David Barg, flute; and Lambert Orkis, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, July 14-15: A Mozart-Haydn program, with Boris Bloch, piano. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 5, at 8:30: A baroque music recital from Aston Magna. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Brahms program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Tchaikovsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 2:30: Raymond Leppard conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Bach program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 10, at 7: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 8:30: Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Marc Neikrug, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 7: Gennady Rozhdestvensky and Viktoria Postnikova, duo piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 9: Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Zukerman. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8:30: Niklaus Wyss conducting, with Reri Grist, soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 2:30: Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting, with Miss Postnikova. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

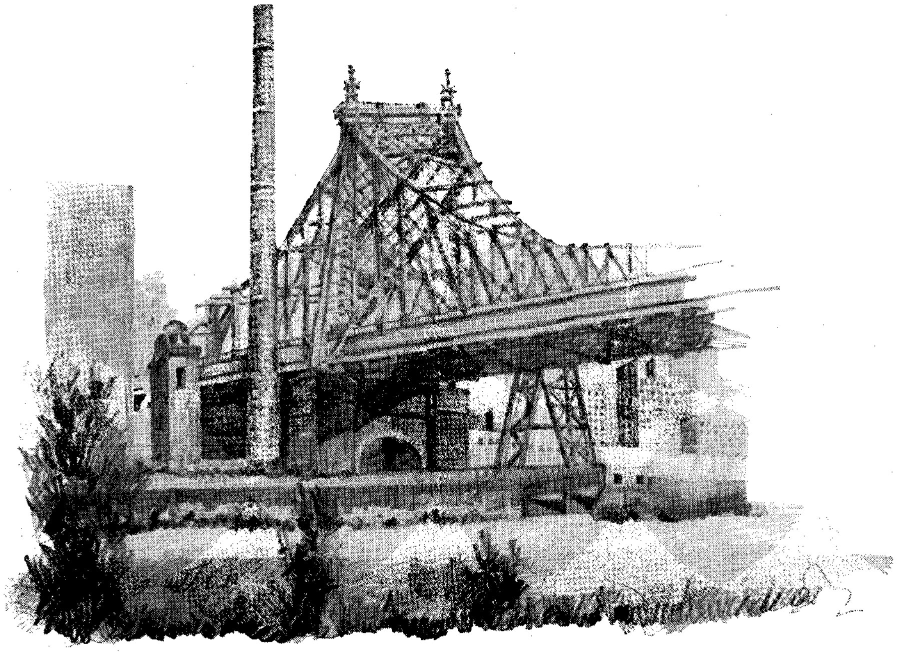
CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in an all-Beethoven program, with Youri Egorov, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in a program of Venetian music. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson directing the Caramoor Festival Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of Berlioz' dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet," with Beverly Evans, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Donald Gramm, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 5:30: Emanuel Ax, piano, and Yo-yo Ma, cello. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 12. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 21. Wednesday, July 4, at 8:15: "Who Cares?," "Interplay," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 2: "Interplay," "Who Cares?," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 8:15: "Ballo della Regina," "La Sonnambula," and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 8:15: "Mother Goose," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Mother Goose," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:15: "Ballo della Regina," "La Sonnambula," and "Union Jack.". . . ¶ Tuesday, July 10, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 11, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Allegro Brillante," and "The Concert.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 8:15: "The Four Seasons" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 8:15: "Square Dance," "Scarlatti" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 2: "Square Dance" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C." (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 7: Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 10-14: Martine van Hamel and Friends, plus Morca, Flamenco in Concert. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, July 4, at 3, primarily for children. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, July 4, at 8, and Thursday, July 5, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Friday, July 6, at 8:05; Saturday, July 7, at 2:05; and Sunday, July 8, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Tuesday, July 10, at 8:05; Wednesday, July 11, at 2:05; and Thursday, July 12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday, July 13, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, July 14, at 4:05 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Cleon Jones, Donn Clendenon, Jerry Grote, Gary Gentry, and other members of the 1969 Met team, plus



CUSTOMER INFORMATION FROM GENERAL MOTORS

HOW TO SAVE FUEL DURING YOUR SUMMER VACATION

ENGINE TUNING, TIRE PRESSURE, AND HOW YOU DRIVE MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE.

You're sure to be on the move this summer. With gas more expensive, you may find a few simple reminders on the best ways to get maximum mileage helpful. They won't take a lot of time, and may save you a fair amount at the gas pump.

A car that is properly tuned and maintained will be the most fuel-efficient. Newer GM cars require less routine maintenance than older ones, but all cars require some periodic checkups. Fouled spark plugs, improper spark timing or clogged oil and air filters all can reduce mileage significantly. So be sure to follow the maintenance program in your GM Owner's Manual and Maintenance Schedule.

Underinflated tires waste lots of gas. Tires that are too soft have a higher rolling resistance, which forces the engine to work harder and to use more fuel. So have the tire pressures checked periodically or use a tire gauge yourself to be sure your tires are inflated to the pressure recommended in the GM Owner's Manual.

Air conditioning also takes fuel, so try not to use it except when it's absolutely necessary. Whenever possible, use the vent position on the air conditioner to circulate air; it'll be quieter and cleaner than opening the windows all the way. If you can park in the shade, it'll be much cooler when you get into the car, and you'll be less likely to want to switch on the air conditioner.

Keeping the proper amount of coolant in the radiator will help prevent your car from overheating. It won't save fuel, but it may save expensive towing costs. A lot of people think it's okay just to add extra water, but that can actually cause the mixture in your radiator to boil. Coolant–a 50/50 mixture of ethylene glycol antifreeze and water–raises the boiling temperature and will therefore help prevent overheating.

Your driving habits are probably the most important factor of all in saving fuel. The best advice we can give is to drive at moderate speeds and accelerate evenly. For example, jackrabbit starts take much more gasoline than gradual acceleration. Frequent stops will also cost you fuel, because every "pump" of the accelerator means extra gas going through the carburetor. Also, "riding the brake" creates a lot of unnecessary friction and wastes gas.

Extra weight in your trunk, such as tire chains, golf clubs you don't plan to use, even unnecessary luggage, takes more gas to haul. And finally, driving at high speeds substantially reduces fuel economy. So observing the 55 mile per hour speed limit makes economic sense and may save lives, too. Tests confirm that you can get approximately 20% better mileage by driving at 50 miles per hour than at 70 miles per hour.

Attention to routine maintenance and moderation in how you drive are the keys to getting the best mileage from your car during this summer. That'll save you money and help make sure that there's enough gas for others to enjoy a summer vacation, too.

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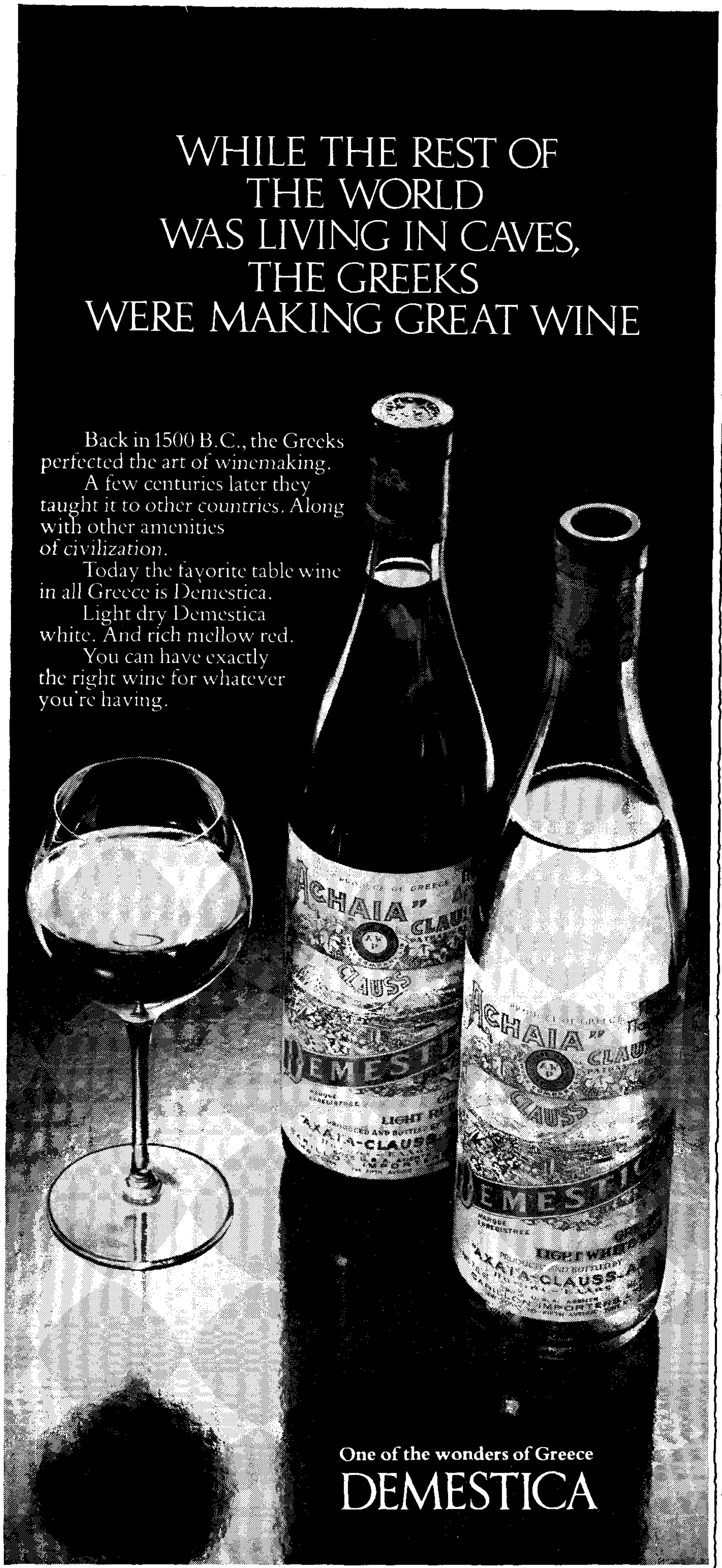
to serve people



Back in 1500 B.C., the Greeks perfected the art of winemaking.

A few centuries later they taught it to other countries. Along with other amenities of civilization.

Today the favorite table wine in all Greece is Demestica.

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You can have exactly the right wine for whatever you're having.

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Willie Mays and players he played with and against).

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Brooklawn Country Club, Fairfield, Conn. Thursday through Sunday, July 12-15.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Suburban Handicap, Wednesday, July 4; the Dwyer, Saturday, July 7; the Juvenile, Wednesday, July 11; and the Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays—except July 4—through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, July 4, between 11 and 1:15.)... **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays through Wednesdays, except July 4, and Fridays, at 7:30, and Saturdays and Wednesday, July 4, at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 15. The Sunrise Handicap, Friday, July 6.... **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Wednesday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Wednesday, July 4, at 11:35.)... **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Aug. 11.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos **vs.** Bayern Munich, Wednesday, July 4, at 2:30.... ¶ Cosmos vs. Seattle, Wednesday, July 11, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Forest Hills Invitational. (West Side Tennis Club. Round-robin play Monday, July 9, at 7:30, and Tuesday through Friday, July 10-13, at 1 and 7:30; semifinals Saturday, July 14, at 1 and 7:30; and finals Sunday, July 15, at 1. For information about tickets, call 478-2045.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 14.... **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Wednesday through Saturday, July 4-7, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.... **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **coriolanus** by a new Shakespearean troupe of black and Hispanic actors. Directed by Wilford Leach. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 22. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the second and third in a series of five performances. *Thursday, July 5, at 8:30:* Verdi's "La Traviata."... ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 8:30: Puccini's "La Bohème."

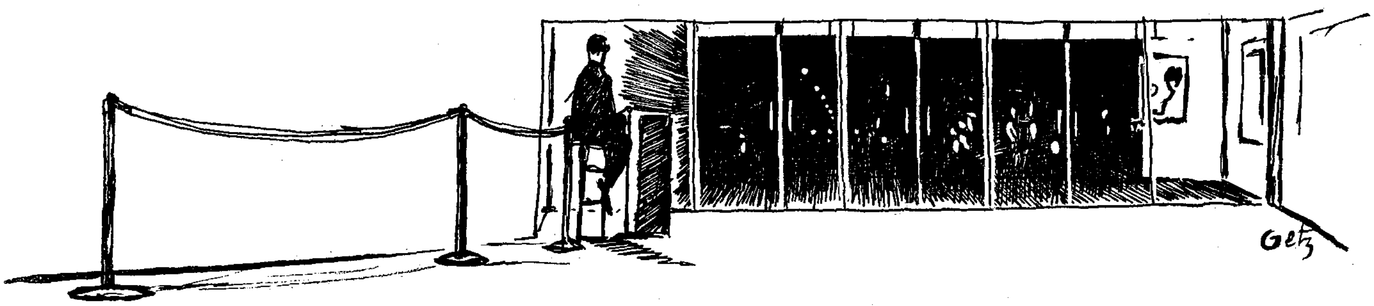
Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—The New York Vocal Arts Ensemble will give a recital in the Garden Court on Wednesday, July 18, at 5:25. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, July 9, *in the order that written applications* are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

Wollman Rink—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Friday, July 6: Joan Baez.... ¶ Saturday, July 7: Judy Collins.... ¶ Monday, July 9: Blondie and Rockpile.... ¶ Wednesday, July 11: Todd Rundgren and Utopia.... ¶ Friday, July 13: Kenny Rankin and the Pointer Sisters.... ¶ Saturday, July 14: The Average White Band in a benefit for the Parks Recreation Fund. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **the music man,** with Don Stewart. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Othello." (No showings on Monday, July 9.)

Art 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 5: "Saint Jack."
From July 6: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 5: "The China Syndrome" and "Midnight Express."
July 6-12: "Norma Rae" and "Blue Collar."
From July 13: "The Deer Hunter."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 12: "Hair."
From July 13: "The Muppet Movie."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Moonraker."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Main Event."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Meatballs."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 12: "Good Guys Wear Black."
From July 13: "The Wanderers."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Main Event."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Escape from Alcatraz."

Plaza. 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Kids Are Alright."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Players."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Love at First Bite."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through July 5: "Woodstock."
From July 6: "The Frisco Kid."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"A Little Romance."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through July 12: "Moonraker."
From July 13: "The Muppet Movie."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Moonraker."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The In-Laws."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Rocky II."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Alien."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Bloodline."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 5: "The Champ."
July 6-12: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
From July 13: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through July 14 (tentative): "Good Guys Wear Black."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 12: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
From July 13: "Jaws."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Nightwing."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Meatballs."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Moonraker."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through July 12: "The In-Laws." From July 13: "Jaws."
Theatre 2: Through July 12: "Alien." From July 13: "The Wanderers."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through July 12: "Good Guys Wear Black."
From July 13: "The Muppet Movie."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Rocky II."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 12: "National Lampoon's Animal House." From July 13: "Jaws."
Theatre 2: Through July 5: "Newsfront." From July 6: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
Theatre 3: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 4: Through July 12: "Death of a Bureaucrat." From July 13 (tentative): "The China Syndrome."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Love at First Bite."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 12: "The Muppet Movie."
From July 13: "Dracula."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through July 12: "Malicious."
From July 13: "The Muppet Movie."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Down and Dirty."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Hair."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The In-Laws."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"El Super."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"The Main Event."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 5: "Hair." From July 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 12: "National Lampoon's Animal House." From July 13: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 5: "Winter Kills." From July 6: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 5: "Grease" and "Saturday Night Fever." From July 6: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through July 5: "Saint Jack."
July 6-12: "Love on the Run" and "Small Change."
From July 13: "The Muppet Movie."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 5: "Grease" and "Saturday Night Fever."
July 6-12: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" and "The Last Wave."
From July 13: "The Deer Hunter."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Main Event." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: "Dawn of the Dead."
Theatre 4: "Love at First Bite." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through July 12: "Prophecy." (†)
From July 13: "The Wanderers." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Meatballs." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Nightwing." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Bloodline." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Moonraker." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Rocky II." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through July 12: "Good Guys Wear Black." (†)
From July 13: "Jaws." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Game of Death."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 4: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and "The Circus" (1928), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Merna Kennedy, and Betty Morrissey.
July 5: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh.
July 6-7: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.
July 8: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (†) and "Jeremiah Johnson." (†)
July 9: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes.
July 10: "Throne of Blood" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail." (†)
July 11: "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti, Gabrielle Ferzetti, and Lea Massari; and "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
July 12: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne

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Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski.

July 13-14: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

July 4: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966), directed by Richard Lester, with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Michael Hordern; and "The Wrong Box" (1966), directed by Bryan Forbes, with John Mills, Ralph Richardson, Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore.

July 5: "Burn!" (1970), directed by Gillo Pontecorvo, with Marlon Brando; and "Antonio das Mortes" (1970), in Portuguese, directed by Glauber Rocha.

July 6: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Shoe-Shine" (1946), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.

July 7: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari; and "Pardon Mon Affaire" (1977), in French, directed by Yves Robert, with Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur.

July 8: "Giselle" (†); and "An Evening with the Royal Ballet" (1965), directed by Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan, with performances by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.

July 9: "Au Hazard, Balthazar" (†) and "Mouchette." (†)

July 10: "Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée; and "Midnight" (1939), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, John Barrymore, Mary Astor, and Francis Lederer.

July 11: "Love and Anarchy" (†) and "The Seduction of Mimi." (†)

July 12: "Death in the Garden" (1956), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal.

July 13: "City Lights" (1931), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "Sunrise." (†)

July 14: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, and Dennis Hopper; and "Badlands." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 5: "Movie Movie" (1978), directed by Stanley Donen, with George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Art Carney, Eli Wallach, Harry Hamlin, and Barry Bostwick; and "The Boy Friend" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Twiggy.

July 6-7: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956), directed by Don Siegel, with Kevin McCarthy, Dana Wynter, and Carolyn Jones; and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1978), directed by Phil Kaufman, with Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Brooke Adams, and Veronica Cartwright.

July 8-9: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond; and "Will Penny." (†)

July 10: "September 30, 1955" (1978), directed by James Bridges, with Richard Thomas; and "American Hot Wax" (1978), directed by Floyd Mutrux, with Tim McIntire.

July 11-12: "Wifemistress" (1979), in Italian, directed by Marco Vicario, with Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli; and "Cat and Mouse" (1978), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Michèle Morgan, Serge Reggiani, and Jean-Pierre Aumont.

July 13-14: "Get to Know Your Rabbit" (1973), directed by Brian De Palma, with Tom Smothers and John Astin; and "Steelyard Blues." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 5: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976), the Led Zeppelin rock group, onstage and off; and "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary.

July 6-8: "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese, the final concert of the rock group The Band; and "Let It Be" (1970), directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, with the Beatles.

July 9-12: "Cream's Farewell Concert;" and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

From July 13: "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970), a filmed concert; and "Journey Through the Past" (1974), a documentary, directed by, and about, Neil Young.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 7: "Desk Set" (1957), directed by Walter Lang, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Blondell, and Gig Young; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

July 8-10: "Kiss Me Kate" (†) and "Summer Stock." (†)

July 11-14: "San Francisco" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, Jeannette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy; and "Mutiny on the Bounty." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 4: "A Propos de Nice" (1929), "Taris" (1931), "L'Atalante" (1934), and "Zero for Conduct" (1933), all French films, directed by Jean Vigo.

July 5: "The Last Supper" (1978), in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; and "Chuquiago" (1979), in Spanish, directed by Antonio Eguino.

July 6-7: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, and Flora Robson; and "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965), directed by Otto Preminger, with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward.

July 8: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Aznavour; and "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.

July 9: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945), directed by Elia Kazan, with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner; and "Penny Serenade." (†)

July 10: "Quiet Days in Clichy" (1970), directed by Jens Jorgen Thorsen, with Paul Valjean; and "Tropic of Cancer" (1970), directed by Joseph Strick, with Rip Torn.

July 11: "Bonaparte" (1927, 1971), in French, directed by Abel Gance, with Antonin Artaud and Gance.

July 12: A program of film out-takes, interviews with performers, screentests, and other formerly unseen footage.

July 13-14: "Bringing Up Baby" (†) and "Theodora Goes Wild." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 4: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Roman Holiday" (1953), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.

July 5: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

July 6: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Electra" (1962), in Greek, directed by Michael Cacoyannis, with Irene Papas.

July 7: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

July 8: "The Country Girl" (1954), directed by George Seaton, with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden; and "The Swan" (1956), directed by Charles Vidor, with Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness, Louis Jourdan, and Agnes Moorehead.

July 9: "Bell, Book and Candle" (1958), directed by Richard Quine, with James Stewart, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, Ernie Ko-

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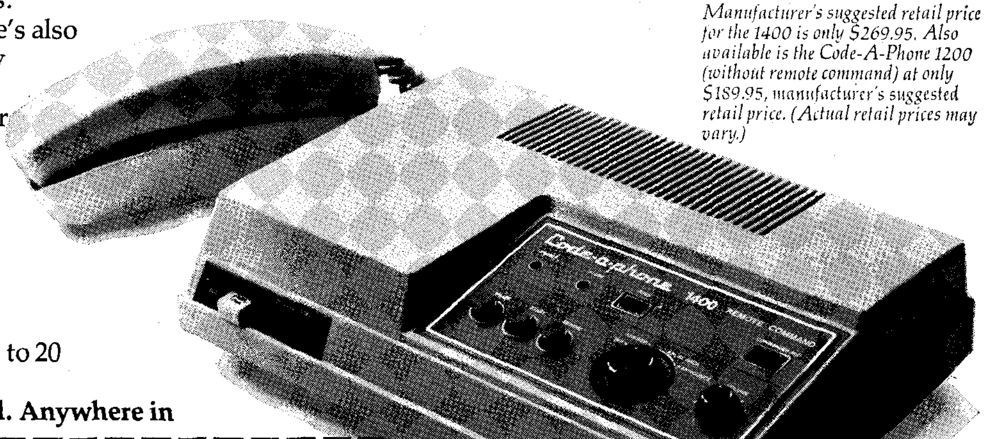

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vacs, and Hermione Gingold; and "The Notorious Landlady" (1962), directed by Richard Quine, with Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, Fred Astaire, and Lionel Jeffries.

July 10: "Thoroughly Modern Millie" (1967), directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie; and "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" (1952), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson, and Charles Coburn.

July 11: "They Died with Their Boots On" (1942), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Sydney Greenstreet, and Arthur Kennedy; and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." (†)

July 12: "Rancho Notorious" (†) and "The Garden of Allah." (†)

July 13-14: "Yellow Submarine" (1968), directed by George Dunning, a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles; and "Let It Be" (1970), directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, with the Beatles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 5 at 2:30: "Dizzy" (1965) and "A Well-Spent Life" (1971), both directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ July 5 at 6: "Chicken Real" (1971), "Spend It All" (1971), and "Christopher Tree" (1970), all directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ July 5 at 8:30: "A Poem Is a Naked Person" (1974), directed by Les Blank, a portrait of Leon Russell. . . . ¶ July 6 at 2:30: "Chicken Real," "Spend It All," and "Christopher Tree.". . . ¶ July 6 at 6: A program of short films by James Broughton, made between 1951 and 1977. . . . ¶ July 7 at noon: "The Projectionist" (1970), directed by Harry Hurwitz, with Chuck McCann, Ina Balin, and Rodney Dangerfield. . . . ¶ July 7 at 2:30: "Always for Pleasure" (1978), directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ July 7 at 5: "A Poem Is a Naked Person.". . . ¶ July 8 at noon: "The Projectionist.". . . ¶ July 8 at 2:30: "Chulas Fronteras" (1976), directed by Les Blank, with Flaco Jimenez, Los Alegres de Teran, and Lydia Mendoza. . . . ¶ July 8 at 5: "Dry Wood" (1973) and "Hot Pepper" (1973), both directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ July 9 at noon: A program of short films by Beuys, Flanagan, and Breer. . . . ¶ July 9 at 2:30: "Chulas Fronteras.". . . ¶ July 9 at 6: A program of short films by Sidney Peterson, made between 1946 and 1949. . . . ¶ July 10 at noon: A program of short films by Beuys, Flanagan, and Breer. . . . ¶ July 10 at 2:30: A program of short films by James Broughton. . . . ¶ July 10 at 6: "Casual Relations" (1973), directed by Mark Rappaport, with Sis Smith, Mel Austin, and Peter Campus. . . . ¶ July 12 at 2:30: "The Liberal War" (1972), directed by Nick Macdonald; "Red Squad" (1972), made by the Pacific Street Film Collective; and "Joyce at 34" (1972), directed by Joyce Chopra and Claudia Weill. . . . ¶ July 12 at 6: A program of short films by Conner, Schwerin, Griffin, and Haxton. . . . ¶ July 12 at 8:30: A program of short films by Stan Brakhage, made between 1955 and 1974. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2:30: A program of short films by Conner, Schwerin, Griffin, and Haxton. . . . ¶ July 13 at 6: A program of films by Hirsch, Davis, McDowell, and Sonbert. . . . ¶ July 14 at noon: "Skyscraper" (1959); and "New York City . . . The Most" (1968), directed by George Pitt, with Eli Wallach. . . . ¶ July 14 at 2:30: "The Liberal War," "Red Squad," and "Joyce at 34.". . . ¶ July 14 at 5: A program of films by Frank, Leslie, Anger, Sonbert, Daley, and Faccinto. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

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IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alien—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/79.) (Loews New York 2, and Criterion. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through July 12.)

Au Hasard, Balthazar (1966)—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. Considered a masterpiece by some, but others may find it painstakingly tedious and offensively holy. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

Badlands (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 14.)

Bloodline—Based on the Sidney Sheldon novel, with Audrey Hepburn; directed by Terence Young. (Loews Tower East, and National.)

Blue Collar (1978)—The phenomenally successful young screenwriter Paul Schrader makes his début as a director with a script he wrote with his brother Leonard. It's about three Detroit auto workers (Richard Pryor, Yaphet Kotto, and Harvey Keitel) who rob their union headquarters; the destruction of their friendship as a result of the robbery is used to illustrate the you-can't-win thesis. Shot in an ominous, fatalistic style, the film says that the system grinds all workers down, that it destroys their humanity and their hopes. Schrader's jukebox Marxism carries the kind of cynical charge that encourages people in the audience to yell "Right on!" His hostile, melancholy tone unifies this amalgam of pilfered pieces of old pictures and ideologies, but he has imposed his personal depression on characters who, in dramatic terms, haven't earned it. The picture seems dogged, though it is graced with a beautiful performance by Kotto and an unusual one by Pryor, who plays a turncoat. (2/27/78) (St. Marks Cinema; July 6-12.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Feld as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Thalia; July 13-14.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Champ—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (72nd Street East; through July 5.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1936)—In this Michael Curtiz version—a military swashbuckler—the foreground story is standard nonsense about two brothers (Errol Flynn and Patric Knowles), Lancers in India, who have quarrelled over a girl (Olivia de Havilland). Despite all the rousing patriotic inanities, when the charge comes it is so spectacularly staged and choreographed that it takes over the movie, and it is really all that one remembers. This sequence is a testament to the virtuosity of the second unit. With Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, David Niven, C. Aubrey Smith, Spring Byington, Henry Stephenson, and C. Henry Gordon and J. Carrol Naish, E. E. Clive, Robert Barrat, and Lumsden Hare. (Tony Richardson did an altogether different version in 1968.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 11.)

The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells who learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 5. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 13, tentative.)

Death of a Bureaucrat (1966)—An extraordinarily funny comedy, made in Cuba, about the slow torture we all suffer at the hands of government agencies. The director is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, evidently a shrewd and witty man, who is not in the least afraid of Chaplinesque slapstick. In Spanish. (5/28/79) (Quad Cinema; through July 12.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting July 13.)

Down and Dirty—A vivid hurly-burly of a movie about a vast family of shiftless no-goods living in poverty on the outskirts of Rome. Nino Manfredi is splendid as a drunken patriarch. The director is Ettore Scola. In Italian. (6/25/79) (Paris.)

Dracula—With Frank Langella and Laurence Olivier, directed by John Badham. (Ziegfeld; starting July 13.)

Escape from Alcatraz—With Clint Eastwood and Patrick McGoohan, directed by Don Siegel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East, and Forum.)

The Frisco Kid—With Gene Wilder and Harrison Ford, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Cinema I; starting July 6.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—Heavenly romantic kitsch, panting with eternal love, a moment's happiness, and spiritual anguish. Marlene Dietrich is the lonely, rich Domini, dressed in swirling chiffon as she seeks truth in the African desert. She meets Charles Boyer (whose eyes have never been darker or more liquid) and marries him. Then, right at the purple start of their desert honeymoon, his conscience and a Trappist liqueur combine to ruin everything, for he is a Trappist monk who has bolted the monastery and violated his vow of silence. Back he must go to repent. Taken from Robert Hichens' old squash pie of a novel, it's the juiciest tale of woe ever, and David O. Selznick produced it in poshly lurid color, with a Max Steiner score poured on top. Richard Boleslavski directed; with Tilly Losch, who has a wild minute as an entertainer in an Algerian hot spot, and Basil Rathbone, John Carradine, Joseph Schildkraut, C. Aubrey Smith, and Lucile Watson. Just about perfection of its insanely goopy type. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (72nd Street East, and Olympia; July 6-12. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 6.)

Giselle (1964)—Except to her fans, Alicia Alonso's Giselle isn't greatly distinguished—

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

just remarkably enduring. It has survived on two of the strongest legs and feet the old classic can ever have seen. In this black-and-white film of her production for the Ballet Nacional de Cuba, Alonso's Albrecht is Azari Plisetsky, Maya Plisetskaya's brother, and Hilarion is Fernando Alonso, Alicia's husband; Myrtha is Mirta Plá. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 8.)

Good Guys Wear Black—With Chuck Norris, James Franciscus, Dana Andrews, and Anne Archer; directed by Ted Post. (Eastside Cinema, Waverly, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through July 12. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through July 14, tentative.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; through July 5.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 5. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through July 12.)

The In-Laws—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Plots are discussed over the heads of helpless dental patients, dinner-table talk concerns tsetse flies the size of eagles, and a wild cab ride through Herald Square ultimately leads to a Latin-American country where the dictator pours coffee into a mouth painted on his hand. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Beekman, Paramount, and Embassy. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through July 12.)

Jaws (1975)—From the Peter Benchley novel, with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss; directed by Steven Spielberg. (U.A. East, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting July 13.)

Jeremiah Johnson (1972)—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 8.)

The Kids Are Alright—The Who, in concert and being interviewed. Directed by Jeff Stein. (Plaza.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—There is Kathryn Grayson's trilling to contend with, and Ann Miller's tick-tock tapping, but once past those hurdles anyone who loves musical comedy can enjoy the marvellous Cole Porter score, Howard Keel's strong baritone and good humor, and the dancing of Tommy Rall, Bobby Van, and Bob Fosse. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore also turn up, and Carol Haney, too. George Sidney directed. The Broadway show, based on "The Taming of the Shrew," has been cleaned up and over-tamed, but there's still flavor in it. (Regency; July 8-10.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Olympia; July 6-12.)

A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard) enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a per-

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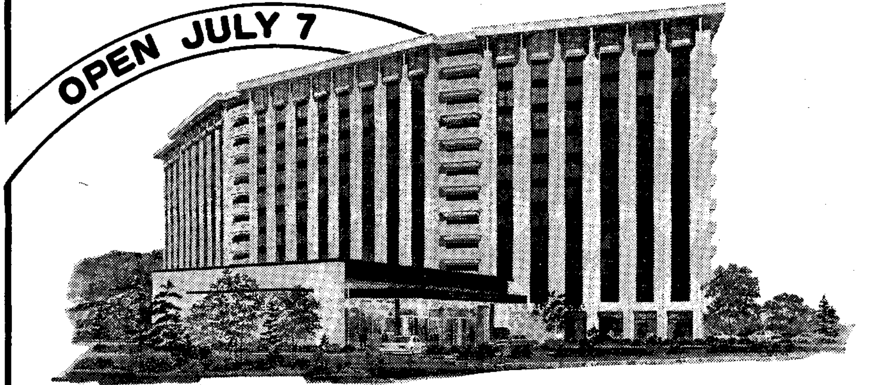

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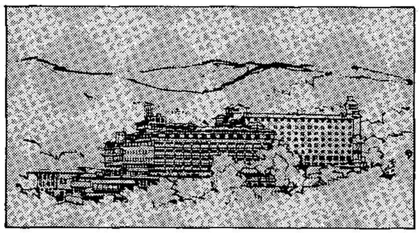

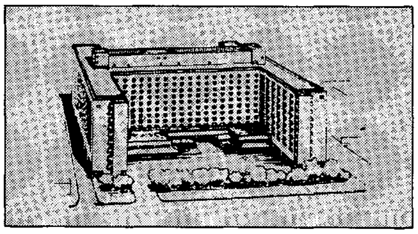

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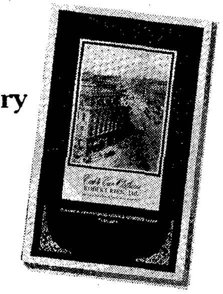

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formance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Cinema II.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

Love at First Bite—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (D. W. Griffith, Guild, and Embassy.)

Love on the Run—François Truffaut's new film in his autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." His presence on screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. Truffaut has a great affinity with Jean Renoir. Every foot of film he makes perpetuates the distinctness of being a Frenchman. This is a glorious piece of work. In French. (4/9/79) (New Yorker; July 6-12.)

The Main Event—At the expense of whatever coherence there was to this romantic comedy, Barbra Streisand strives to pack multitudes of diverse and contradictory character traits into her role as a bankrupt parfumeuse who is forced to promote the career of an unwilling boxer, her sole remaining asset. Ryan O'Neal is deferential as the fighter and love object; Howard Zieff is the accommodating director. No singing until the final credits. (7/2/79) (Murray Hill, Sutton, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Malicious (1973; "Malizia")—A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. Directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Festival; through July 12.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Woody Allen proceeds by giant strides: this film is even funnier than "Annie Hall," even more serious in its comedy than "Interiors." Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

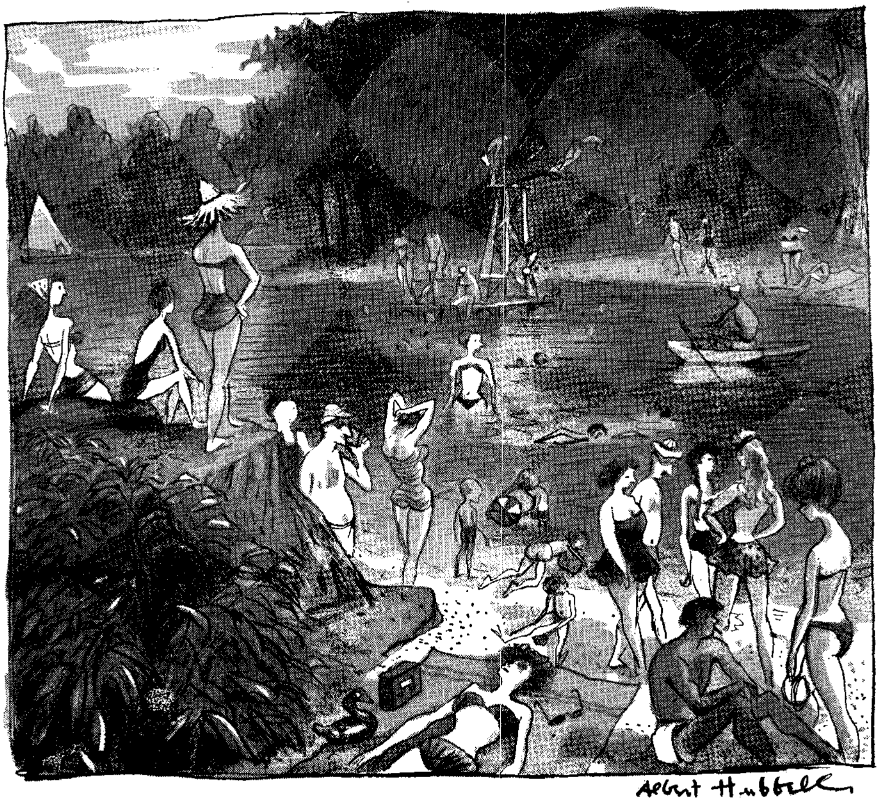
McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie: Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 8.)

Meatballs—With Bill Murray, directed by Ivan Reitman. (34th St. East, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 10.)

Midnight Express—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 5.)

Moonraker—The latest in the James Bond series, with Roger Moore portraying Bond. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, 86th St.



East, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through July 12.)

Mouchette (1966)—Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. "Mouchette," from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 9.)

The Muppet Movie—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al. travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into showbiz and become stars. Yayyyyyyy! (7/2/79) (Ziegfeld; through July 12. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Gemini 1, Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker; starting July 13.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Charles Laughton is Captain Bligh—corrupt and sadistic, but a great sailor. Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Franchot Tone is the pivotal character—the officer who goes back to England to stand trial. Some of the thirties bits-of-business of the minor characters are tediously simpleminded, but it's a stirring sea adventure in the big Metro manner. Frank Lloyd directed. (Regency; July 11-14.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (U.A. East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through July 12.)

Newsfront—A salute to the men who made movie newsreels in Australia back in the forties and fifties. Directed by Phillip Noyce, who has had the wit to use lots of actual newsreel footage. (6/11/79) (Quad Cinema; through July 5.)

Nightwing—With Nick Mancuso and David Warner, directed by Arthur Hiller. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 2.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; July 6-12.)

Othello (1955)—Orson Welles is both star and director of this film. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No showings on Monday, July 9.)

Penny Serenade (1941)—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, who had made audiences laugh in "The Awful Truth" and "My Favorite Wife," jerked tears this time. They play a childless couple who adopt an infant, learn to love it as well as feed it and bathe it, and then lose it. The director, George Stevens, dragged his feet (the picture is over two hours long) and he wasn't very subtle, yet he respected the sentimental story and made it convincing to a wide audience; many people talk about this picture as if it had really been deeply moving. With Edgar Buchanan and Beulah Bondi; the screenplay is by Morrie Ryskind. (Thalia; July 9.)

Players—A young tennis player seeking glory on the center court at Wimbledon is also remembering, by dint of innumerable flashbacks, how he got there. Dean-Paul Martin is the tennis player, and an "older woman" he falls in love with is Ali MacGraw. No acting in this movie, but some good tennis. (6/18/79) (Coronet.)

Prophecy—John Frankenheimer directed this misshapen horror movie with its heavy-footed score. Talia Shire is a pregnant cellist married to a medical man investigating the ecological aspects of a land dispute between a lumber mill and some Indians. The beast de résistance, a product of mercury-polluted waters, pursues all concerned and catches up with nearly everyone. (7/2/79) (Loews Astor Plaza; through July 12.)

Rancho Notorious (1952)—Not one of the films that Fritz Lang will be remembered for. Lang said that this Western was conceived for Marlene Dietrich (she plays an aging femme fatale, a retired dance-hall hostess who operates a hideout for outlaw gangs) but that by the time it was finished he and Dietrich had stopped speaking to each other. Financed by Howard Hughes, but on a small scale, it was shot mostly in the studio; the picture was to be called "Chuck-A-Luck" and Lang used the

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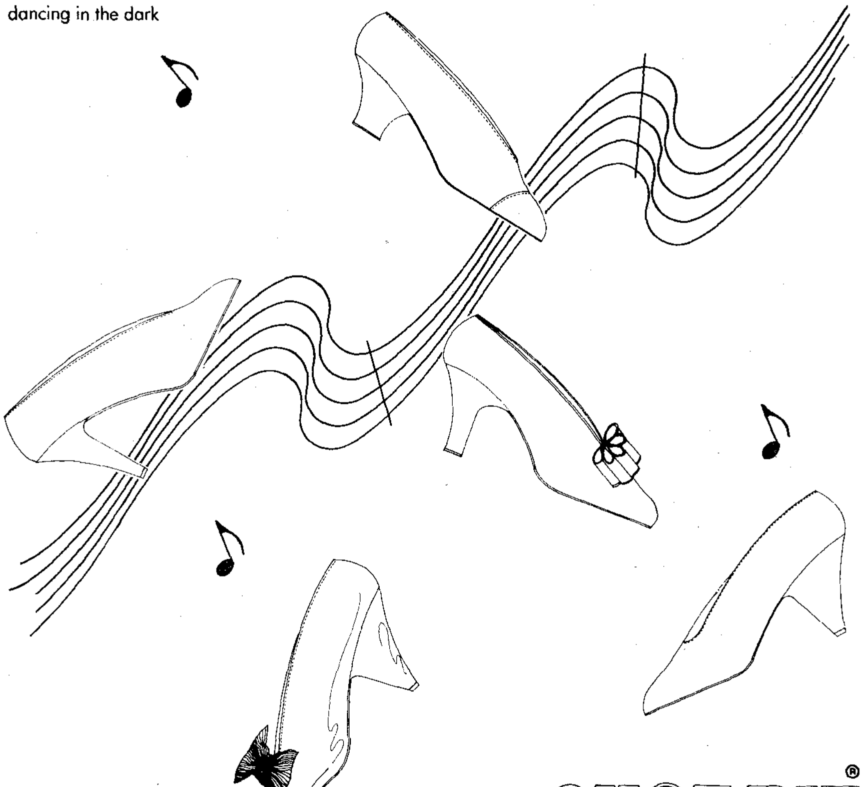

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ballad "The Legend of Chuck-A-Luck" as an integral theme song, but afterward Hughes changed the title. (The picture was also recut.) Possibly even under the best of circumstances the mixture of Lang's conspiratorial motifs with the Western characters and locale might not have worked out. Arthur Kennedy is a cowpuncher obsessed with getting revenge for the rape and murder of his fiancée, and Mel Ferrer is Frenchy, a Western variant of Lang's master criminals. With Gloria Henry, William Frawley, Jack Elam, Dan Seymour, George Reeves, Lloyd Gough, and Fuzzy Knight. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12.)

Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Loews New York 1, Greenwich, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Saint Jack—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (Art, and New Yorker; through July 5.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; through July 5.)

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The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

Small Change (1976)—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (New Yorker; July 6-12.)

Steelyard Blues (1973)—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (Cinema Village; July 13-14.)

Summer Stock (1950)—The emotional rapport of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly transforms the corny, simpleminded story material—a reworking of the Judy Garland-Mickey Rooney pictures about adolescents staging a show in a barn. Though Garland is overweight and obviously uncomfortable in much of the picture, she and Kelly bring conviction to their love scenes and make them naively fresh. As a team, they balance each other's talents: she joins her odd and undervalued cakewalker's prance to his large-spirited hoofing, and he joins his odd, light, high voice to her sweet deep one. Their duet on "You Wonderful You" has a plaintive richness that stays with one. The most famous sequence is Garland's rakish solo "Get Happy," shot almost three months after the rest of the picture; exultantly thin, in a black hat and short jacket, she flaunts her spectacular long legs. It is one of the great cheerful numbers of her career. For all the messiness, this is a likable picture, with lots of good songs and dances; they were staged by different hands—Kelly, Nick Castle, and the director, Charles Walters (he choreographed "Get Happy"). With Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken, Marjorie Main, Hans Conreid, and Carleton Carpenter; the dancers include Carol Haney and Jeannie Coyne. Most of the songs are by Harry Warren and Mack Gordon. (Regency; July 8-10.)

Sunrise (1927)—A strange (and silent) failed masterpiece by the great German director F. W. Murnau, who made this stylized, oddly Germanic movie in America. It got rather too self-consciously pictorial, but even in the alien milieu, Murnau's direction is frequently masterly, and there are splendid sequences. From a Sudermann story. With Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien, and with Margaret Livingston as the temptress. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 13.)

El Super—With Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato, directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright—she's almost shrill in her brightness—and she does something clever with her teeth that makes one want to slap her, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. It was a hugely successful popular entertainment. Richard Boleslavski directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Thalia; July 13-14.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

The Wanderers—With Ken Wahl, directed by Phil Kaufman. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews Astor Plaza; starting July 13.)

Will Penny (1968)—A "realistic" Western, in the sense that the cowhand hero (Charlton Heston) is dirty, ignorant, not overly courageous, and fifty years old. This film, written and directed by Tom Gries, is trying to be a classic—you can tell because all that the hero really hopes to do is survive, and though he meets a woman (Joan Hackett, who gives the film its only freshness), he goes back to his dull, solitary existence. It's static and overextended, to put it generously, and Donald Pleasence does one of his more obnoxious performances, staring fixedly as the religious-maniac villain. The cast includes Bruce Dern as Pleasence's giggly-killer son, Ben Johnson, Slim Pickens, Anthony Zerbe, Clifton James, and G. D. Spradlin. Gries stages the action so that it all seems to start ten feet from the camera and then rush toward it dead center; after a while the mountains and blue skies begin to seem like a painted backdrop. Heston does a solid job, however. (Cinema Village; July 8-9.)

Winter Kills—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (6/4/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through July 5.)

Woodstock (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Cinema 1; through July 5.)

R. MacMillan

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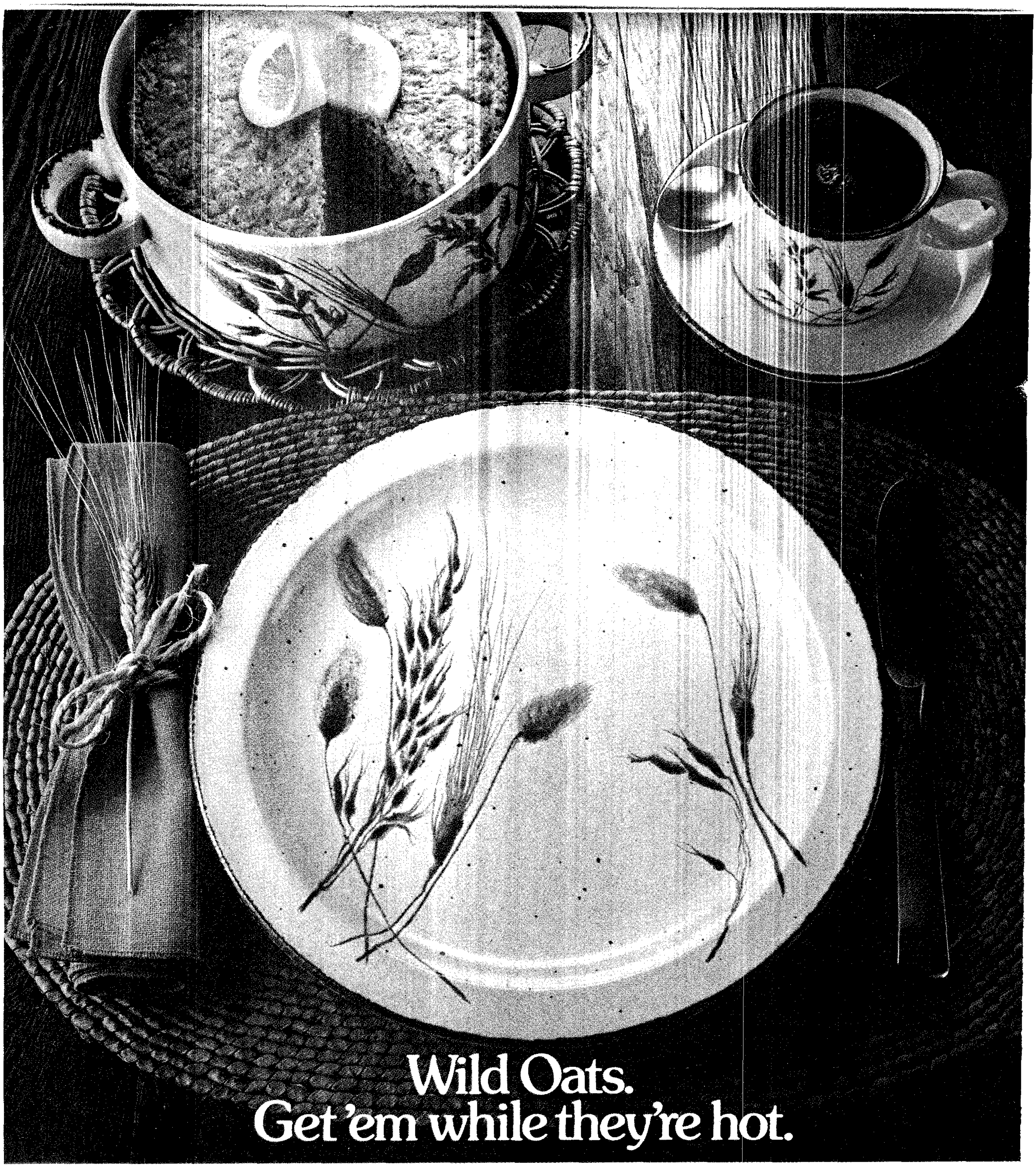

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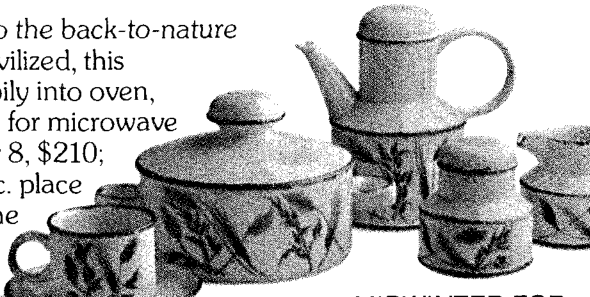

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Stir together first six items. Mix 1 tbsp. sugar with grated orange rind and diced sections. To eggs, add butter, orange mixture and water. Combine with flour mixture and pour into 1½ qt. greased casserole. Let rest 10 minutes. Bake 55 min. in preheated 350° oven. Serve hot or cold.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WHILE ago, our street caved in. Halfway down the block, one day, a big crater appeared—about thirty feet long and almost as wide as the street. Casual observers (of which there are a lot in our neighborhood) could peer down past pipes and rubble into mysterious deeps; they could stand on the sidewalk in front of the brownstones and discuss the situation. Children could climb on hunks of dislodged pavement. A barricade was placed at the corner to prevent incursions from the avenue; roller skaters had a field day. But from time to time the barricade would somehow get pushed aside, and the street would gradually fill up with a line of cars. The drivers in the forefront, faced with the crater, would attempt to back up; those in the rear, ignorant of the hole, would want to continue forward. To clarify their desires, they all honked. In the evening, with the barricade awry, people seated at the outdoor café on the corner could watch the slow working out of these conflicting wishes and listen to the distant scrape of metal. One day last week, inevitably, trucks and paving equipment and workers arrived, and efforts were begun to restore the street to full thoroughfareness. As of this morning, the hole has been filled up to just short of being flush with the rest of the pavement. It is a flat patch of dirt, suitable for corn or marigolds. By tonight, probably, it will be covered with black asphalt and rolled smooth. Cars will speed across it, and strollers will go right by, never knowing that once there was a lack of something here, and into that vacuum came a good time.

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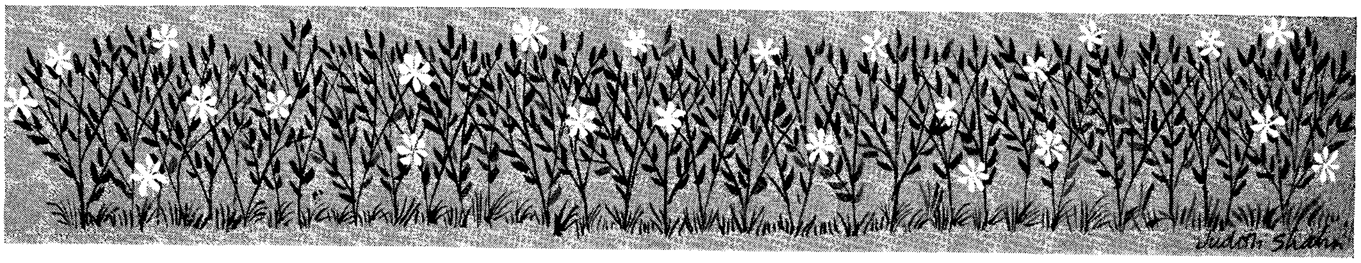
Delivery

CHARLES SEMON, a trucker who hauls big loads long distances for the Moon Freight Lines, of Bloomington, Indiana, made a delivery at 113th Street and Amsterdam Avenue shortly after eleven o'clock in the morning on the first day of summer. Resting on the flatbed trailer of his diesel rig were a rectangular six-ton block of limestone and four smaller slabs, each weighing about two tons. A brass ensemble heralded Mr. Semon's arrival. On cue, he drove through a gateway onto the grounds of the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine, applied the air brakes, hesitated, and prepared to steer the trailer into the first bay of a green steel shed—the shed is ninety-six feet long and twenty-five feet high—that within the last few weeks has sprouted in a playing field north of the cathedral's main entrance. Like the cathedral itself, where no construction has taken place since 1941, the shed has an unfinished look. It lacks both walls and a roof, and resembles the skeleton of an exceptionally durable barn. Unlike the cathedral, however, it soon will be finished. After the roof and walls are in place, it will become what stoneworkers call a "fabricating plant" for the cathedral's stoneyard. Work on the northwest and southwest spires of the cathedral—the Towers of Saint Peter and Saint Paul—will then begin. Inside the fabricating plant, the stone for the towers will be cut and hand-carved, more or less according to the ancient fashion.

According to the contemporary fashion, a television-news crew was on hand to film Mr. Semon as he drove his truck. Also on hand to greet him were the Right Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., Episcopal Bishop of New York; the dean, trustees, and choir of Saint John the Divine; representative clergy of the Episcopal Diocese of New York; Mayor Koch; the master builder and master stonemason in charge of the new construction work; four of five apprentice masons they have hired; and a few hundred people who had come to witness the dedication of the stoneyard. As a rule, Mr. Semon doesn't work in front of this sort of audience. He told us later that he wanted to be sure not to make any mistakes, so he drove with extra care. When he had steered the trailer safely into the steel shed, the crowd applauded. The four apprentices boarded the flatbed, seized a metal hook that descended on cables from a bridge crane overhead, and attached it to the cables that bound the limestone block. James R. Bambridge, the master builder, operated the controls of the crane. At his direction, the block was lifted off the truck, and the crane, which rode on horizontal rails mounted inside the frame of the shed, began to roll. The limestone block, pendulous, moved about forty feet and then was lowered to the ground, where Bishop Moore, who had just presided at a Solemn Te Deum inside the cathedral, blessed it. With



this final ecclesiastical ritual completed, a civic ceremony began.

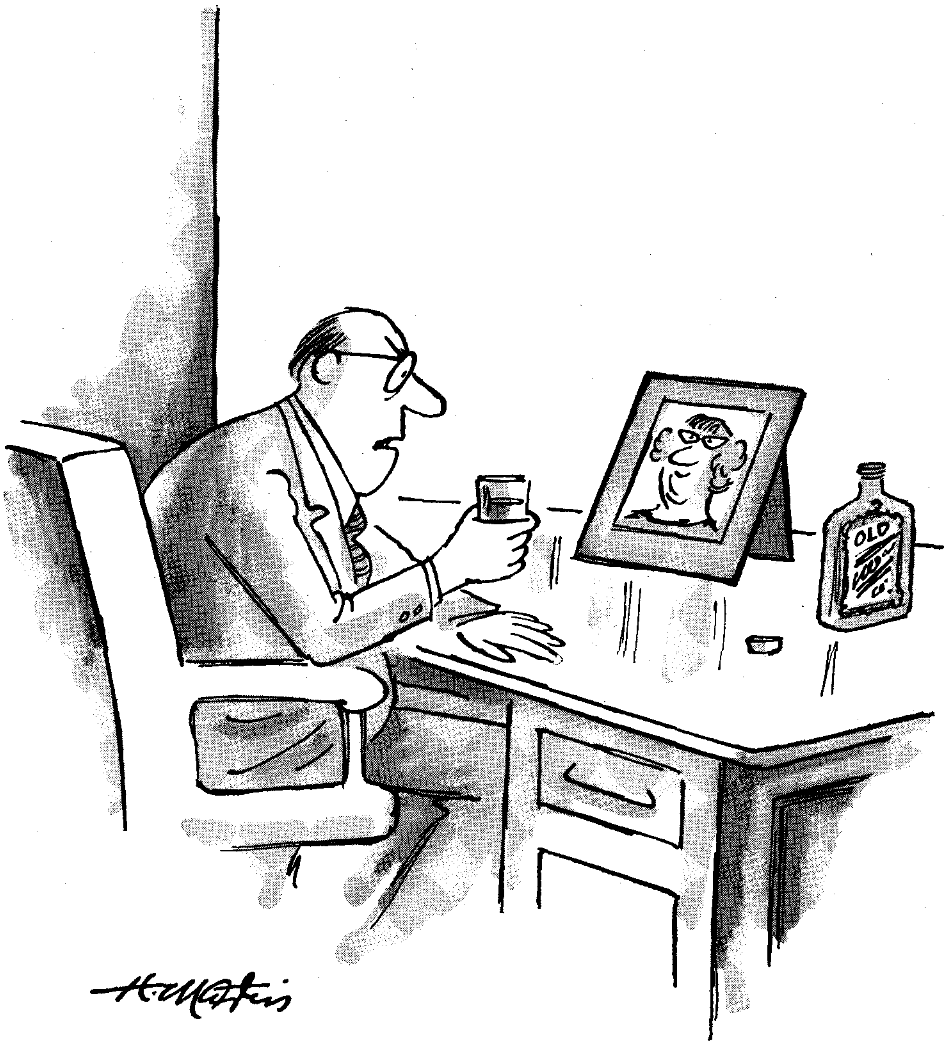
It happened that the first day of summer looked and felt like the first day of summer—a circumstance for which Mayor Koch was willing to take credit. "I'm not going to read my prepared speech," the Mayor said. "I'll just say that you might think that this good weather is by intervention of the Bishop, but you're wrong. This is by proclamation." More speeches followed—Mr. Bambridge and the Very Reverend James Parks Morton, the dean of the cathedral, were among those who took turns at the microphone—and shortly after noon the crowd recessed to the south lawn of the cathedral. There, for the rest of the afternoon, something called a Renaissance Festival took place. We lingered in the stoneyard and watched as Mr. Bambridge and Christopher Hannaway, the master mason—the two men worked together for seven years during the completion of the Anglican cathedral in Liverpool—removed their jackets and rolled up their sleeves and began to unload the limestone slabs that remained on Charles Semon's truck. Someone had produced a Polaroid camera for the occasion. Mr. Semon posed beside the large block. Some welders who had gone back to work on the shed posed for snapshots. Mr. Bambridge and Mr. Hannaway also paused long enough to be photographed. We wandered out of the stoneyard and along Amsterdam Avenue. The sun, approaching the solstice, had risen to nearly its highest point in the sky. We could hear the sounds of the Renaissance Festival: bells, bagpipes, peacocks, people. Peering through the fence, we saw dwarfs and damsels, jugglers and tumblers, witches and clowns.

Clinic

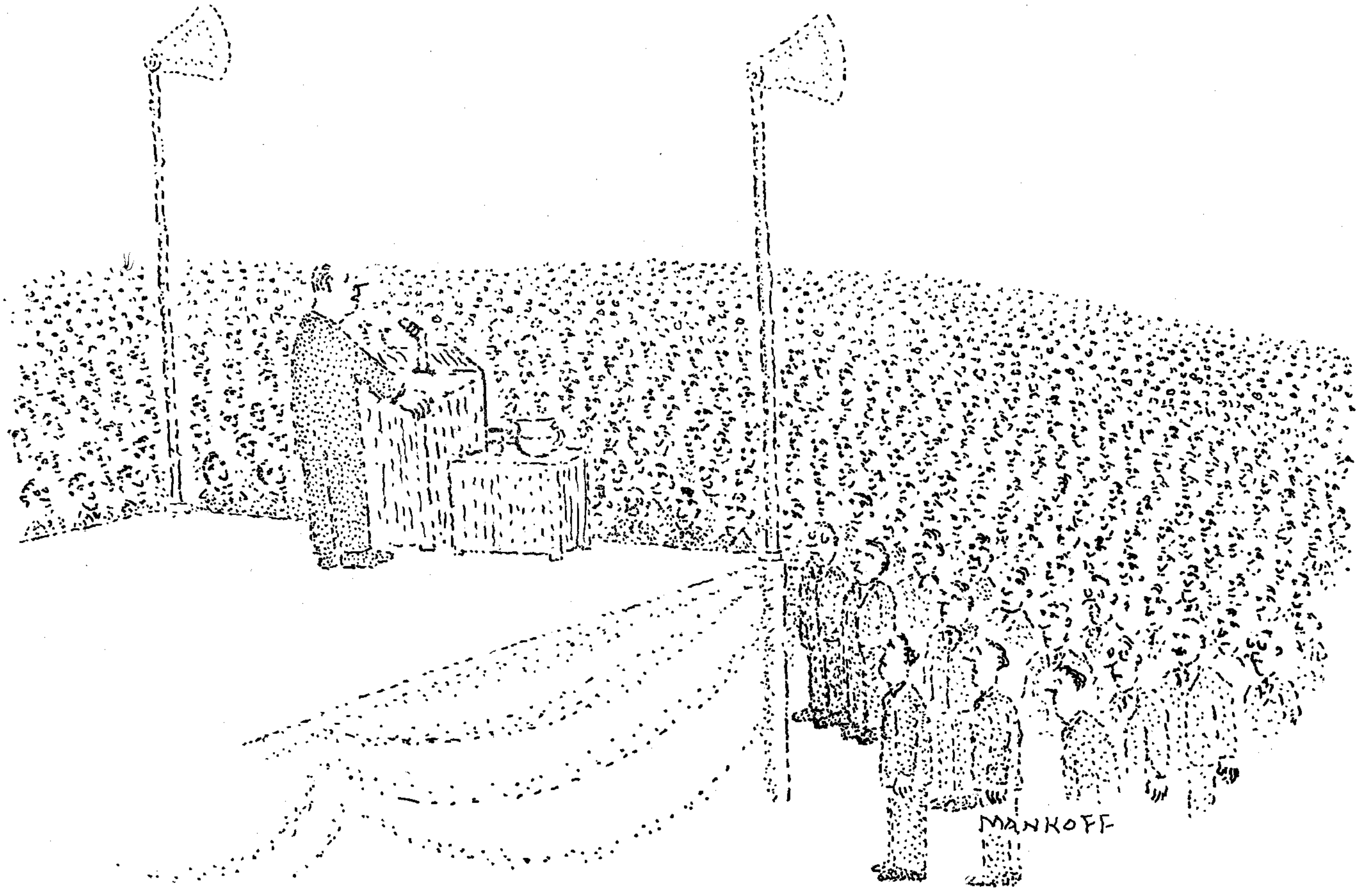
FOR the past few months, local TV channels have been carrying a thirty-second commercial in which a man in an open collar stands in front of a law office and says solemnly, "If you've got a legal problem and you're rich, you can afford any attorney. If you're poor, you get free legal aid. But if you're in the middle, you should know about a law firm called the Legal Clinic of Jacoby & Meyers." The subdued commercial is evidence of two related developments that have been affecting the practice of law in this country. One development is a movement toward fixed prices and easy availability—sometimes called the "retailing"—of legal services, usually in neighborhood offices known as legal clinics. The other development stems from a Supreme Court decision of 1977, in which the Court ruled that lawyers might advertise. By extension, this decision meant that people in all the professions might advertise, and thus it altered practices that had been in force in fields like medicine and dentistry for some seventy-five years. Once the traditional bans on advertising were lifted (the bans had been based both on state laws and on standards established by professional societies), lawyers, doctors, and other professionals gradually began to announce their competitive positions in the marketplace.

While tempests—in professional circles or in teapots, depending on one's sources—still rage around these developments, legal clinics have been gaining ground in a number of cities. The firm of Cawley & Schmidt, which is based in Baltimore, has seventeen legal clinics, in five states. The Legal Clinic of Goldman & Heffernan, which was established in New York City in 1978, has five offices in the metropolitan area. And the largest of the "legal retailers"—Jacoby & Meyers, which originated both the clinic concept and the term "legal clinic," in Los Angeles, in 1972—arrived full-blown in New York this past January, opening eleven offices in the area in one week. The other day, we stopped in at the main Jacoby & Meyers office, on East Forty-third Street, for a chat with Stephen Z. Meyers, who is one of the firm's founders, and Gail J. Koff, who is the firm's managing partner for the New York metropolitan area.

Mr. Meyers is a sturdy-looking man of thirty-six with reddish-blond hair and forthright blue eyes. He explained that although his headquarters are in California, he spends about a week each month in New York. "The clinic idea began germinating in me soon after I received my degree from the U.C.L.A. Law School, in 1967," he said. "For a while, I worked with California Rural Legal Assistance, and it soon became obvious to me that legal services in the United States were distributed in a way that was totally dis-



"Here's to you and me, Esther, but not to us."



"My fellow-candidates . . . "

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proportionate to the country's population. As a matter of fact, a few years later a study by the American Bar Association concluded that seventy-five per cent of Americans don't have adequate access to legal services. Well, in 1972 I got together with a former classmate, Leonard D. Jacoby, and we opened our first clinic, in Los Angeles. Things went slowly at first, and we had a lot of opposition from the state bar association, but after the Supreme Court decision—which had to do with another firm, in Arizona—our business really took off. As we see it, a clinic concentrates on the recurrent problems of the average citizen—marital problems, wills, personal injuries, criminal cases, and the like. For efficiency, we standardize many of our procedures and forms. Each office has one or more staff attorneys, and it also has available the services of specialists in various branches of the law. We use people who are known as paralegals for some client contact and for much of our paperwork. And we rely on a large volume of business to balance things out for us financially."

Mr. Meyers went on to say that while critics of the clinic concept usually claim that low prices will inevitably lead to lower quality, the results of a study done recently by two faculty members of the University of Miami School of Law—which were presented in testimony before a commission of the American Bar Association—indicated that clinic clients are actually better satisfied than clients of traditional law firms. He added that several more firms are planning to open legal clinics soon, and that Jacoby & Meyers—which has thirty-five offices, all of them in California or New York—intends to expand into several other states as soon as possible.

Miss Koff, who is a slender, dark-haired woman of thirty-four, told us that in communities where legal clinics have been set up, prices asked by other lawyers have generally fallen in order to meet the competition. "There's really no reason a person shouldn't be given a written estimate of what he or she is going to have to pay for a legal service," she said. "In the past, there has been such a mystique surrounding attorneys that some people didn't dare even *approach* one. We're trying to get rid of that mystique. For one thing, by offering a low-cost preliminary consultation with an attorney we can give people a chance to decide what services they want, before they get deeply involved. And then, of course, a clinic's prices are often from thirty to fifty per cent below those asked by a traditional law firm."

We asked the two lawyers whether they intended to appear in any of their own commercials.

Mr. Meyers said, "Len Jacoby and I did appear in one commercial, but we've decided not to do any more for the time being. A while ago, the actor in the commercial we've been using in New York, and sometimes in California, too—the fellow in the open collar—was approached on the street by a man with a monkey wrench. The man yelled, 'I know you! You're Jacoby! You got my wife's divorce! You ruined my life!' Then the man swung the monkey wrench and opened a really nasty gash in the actor's forehead. Interestingly, the actor decided not to take any legal action."

Hair

NEWS AND PHOTO TIP:
When: Tuesday, June 26—10:30 A.M.
Where: The Plaza Hotel (59th and Fifth Ave.) Barber Shop, Mezzanine.
Why: Actor John Schuck (of TV's "McMillan and Wife"), who has a head

of hair many men would die for, will have it all shaved off to play the shiny-domed Daddy Warbucks in the SRO Broadway hit "Annie" for three weeks (starting July 3) while the role's originator, Reid Shelton, enjoys a well-deserved vacation. Garren of the Plaza will do the shaving, and Shelton himself will be there to offer Schuck, who will be making his Broadway stage début, advice on the care of the Warbucks dome.

A WOMAN said to John Schuck, "John, a lot of my bald friends would like to have your head of hair, and here you are shaving it off."

A man who was not bald said to John Schuck, "John, could you honestly say that bald men have more fun?"

John Schuck said, "Baldness brings a bit of authority. I think."

A man with a camera said to Reid Shelton, who was wearing a white suit, "That's a great suit, but isn't it hard to keep clean?"

Reid Shelton said, "I bought it for publicity. I was doing 'The Merv Griffin Show' and I needed something with a little flash to it. But they are very hard to find—white suits."

John Schuck looked at the photographers jostling each other to get photographs of him and said, "The Normandy landings were nothing compared to this."

John Schuck's wife, Susan Bay-Schuck, who was standing nearby, looked at her husband's head, now half shaved, and grimaced. Then she reached out and touched it and said, "It feels pretty."

John Schuck said, "Why do I feel a draft?"

Reid Shelton said, "Oh, I'm glad John could come in. I need a vacation. I have been doing this for twenty-six months with only one time sick."

John Schuck felt his head, now completely shaved, and said, "It's the surface of the moon."

A man said, "Boy, I have seen better heads on cabbage," and everybody laughed.

Mrs. Schuck said, "Honey, it's not funny-looking at all."

Reid Shelton said, "Use a Norelco, I've told him. Use a Norelco."

Mrs. Schuck picked up some of her husband's hair from the floor and put it in a small brown envelope. She said, "If you get lonely, honey, you can open this and look inside."

Waiting

WE visited a gas line on West Ninety-sixth Street one morning last week. From an Exxon station near Riverside Drive, the line stretched east and uphill to West End Avenue, turned north at the corner, and snaked uptown to Duke Ellington Boulevard (formerly West 106th Street) and around another corner to Riverside Drive. People had begun lining up at six o'clock—four hours earlier—a cheerfully stoic lawyer in a beat-up mud-colored Ford station wagon told us.

One of the first things we noticed was two young men pushing a shopping cart and carrying a coffee urn along the line selling coffee and bagels. They looked like college students, and we asked them if they were.

"Well, I'm a future student of chiropractic," said one of them, who gave his name as Alan Percher. "And he's a linguist," he added, of his friend.

"I'm supposed to give a paper in Salzburg in four weeks on aspects of the historical phonology of Yiddish vowels, but I thought I'd procrastinate today," said the linguist, Neil Jacobs. "I know Swedish, Yiddish, German, and Hebrew very well, and Icelandic, Dutch, Polish, Russian, and Finnish not so well." He tried to sell a cup of coffee in Swedish.

"We started at six-thirty," Alan Percher said, "and we're not even breaking *even* yet."

Just then, Lee and Jenny Ross, aged fourteen and eleven, respectively, came by with a shopping cart. "We're selling coffee, iced tea, soda, fruit, and beer," Lee said. "We've made eight dollars so far, and we just started at nine-thirty."

"Aren't you too young to sell beer?" we asked.

"Yeah, that's what the cop who almost bought one from us said, too," said Jenny.

The most popular activity among those in the line was reading the *Times;* it was Tuesday, so a lot of them were reading the "Science *Times*." A man in a red Volvo said that he and his wife had been playing a board game called Othello until they got hungry. "She went off to Gregory's to buy some croissants," he said. Another couple were reading material on an alternative party to the Democratic Party.

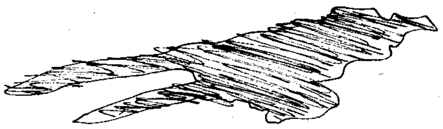
Most of the cars, however, had only one occupant. A young woman in a red VW Rabbit was writing out checks to pay her parking tickets. A man in a dark-green Cutlass was working on his income-tax audit. The woman behind him, in a brown Toyota, was writing the second draft of her dissertation on international finance. A woman in a big, flashy Chevrolet turned out to be a secretary just waiting to fill up her boss's car.

We ran across the following book titles: "Lilly on Dolphins—Humans of the Sea," "The Winds of War," "The Prisoner of Love," "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," "The Choirboys," "The Life of Charles Dickens," "Mister God, This Is Anna," "Sleepless Nights," "The 158-Pound Marriage," "A Civil Tongue," "Chinese Chance," "Union Dues," "Nostalgia Isn't What It Used to Be," "The Parenting Advisor," "Loving Hands: The Traditional Indian Art of Baby Massaging," "The Psychic Healing Book," "The Eagle Has Landed," "Consciousness Is What I Am," "The World According to Garp," "Ego Psychology: Theory and Practice," "Doctor and Child," "Portrait of a Lady," and "Life Does Have a Purpose."

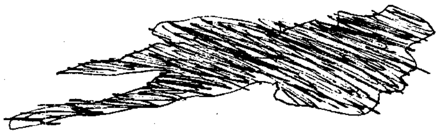
The happiest people in line were a father, mother, and daughter from Ecuador. They were listening to radio station WJIT, which was playing a salsa number called "Cariñito."

Shadows

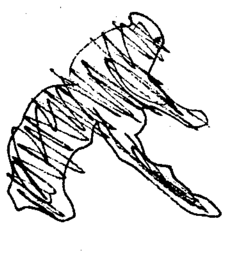
THE other morning, at nine o'clock—since it was a cool, splendid, sunny day—we conducted a brief study of shadows on Forty-sixth Street between Fifth and Sixth: shadows cast by the sun slanting down on the street, the sidewalk, and the sides of buildings. We found a variety of shadow types, beyond the Basic Pedestrian—a lively but familiar kind, in which humanoid globs glide across the pavement (Illustrations 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6)—and the



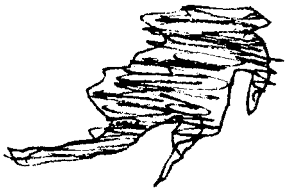
(*1*) *Man with briefcase*



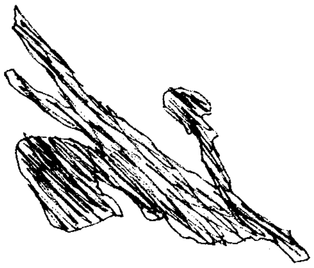
(*2*) *Woman with shopping bag*



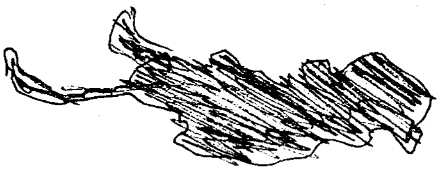
(*3*) *Man crossing street*



(4) *Woman with purse*

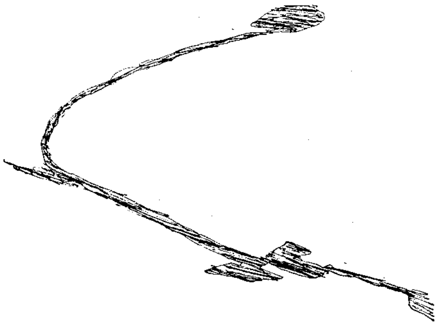


(5) *Man with briefcase and rolled-up magazine*



(6)

Readily Identifiable, as seen in Lamppost (7) and in Parked Van and Awning of Lazar's Men's Clothing (8). A subdivision of the latter type is the Two-Part Readily Identifiable, shown in 9—Trash Basket (Sidewalk & Street).



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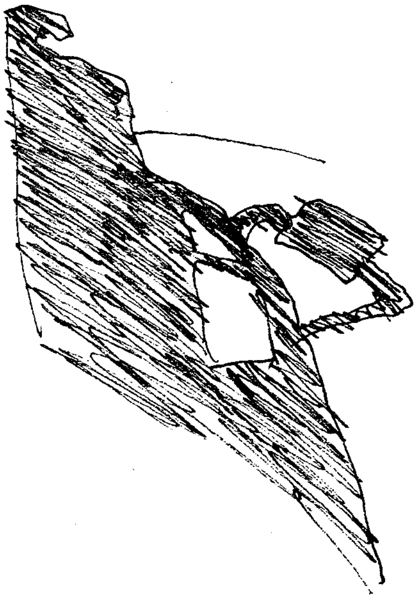

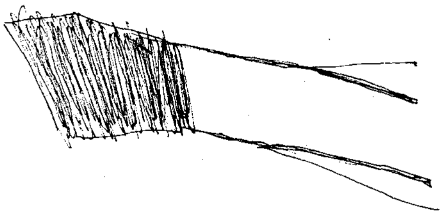

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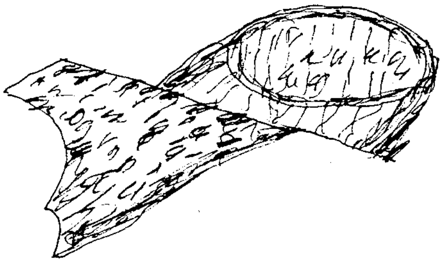
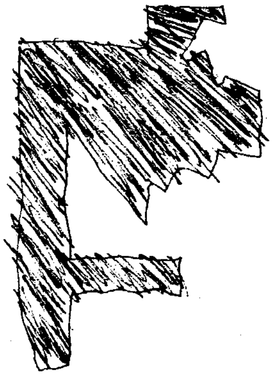


(9)

More challenging shadows were created by the air-conditioner above the second-floor windows of Art Brite Wallpaper (10), the panel truck of Vital Office Supplies (11), and the revolving door at a side entrance of 1166 Sixth Avenue (12). Similarly difficult is the Human Still-Life Arrangement (13), which requires some explication (you had to be there): it was created by two mailmen, one of them sitting on a standpipe and the other leaning against a wall next to him, holding a mailbag. The second postal worker's shadow is not visible, having merged with the shadow of the first (right), but the shadow of his mailbag is clear. The most exciting category we saw was the Flamboyant, or Instantaneous Rorschach—a dramatic two-stage shadow sequence, shown here (14, 15, 16) in the second stage. It occurs when a pedestrian gets close to a building and his or her shadow suddenly slides part way up the wall.



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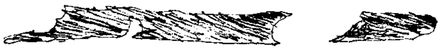

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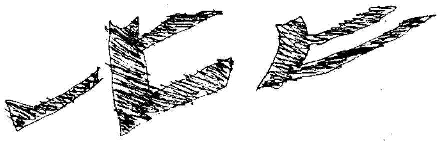

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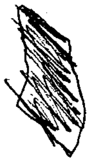

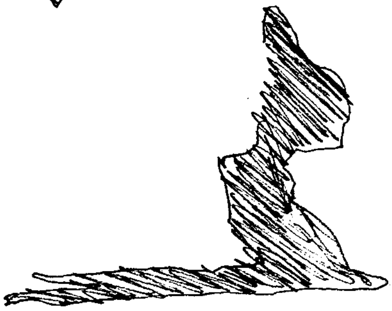

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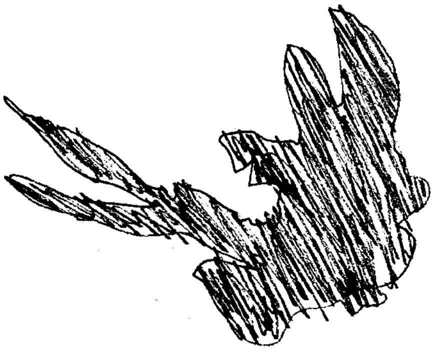

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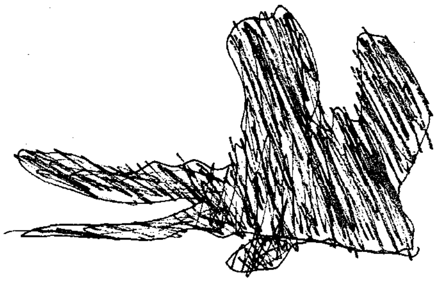

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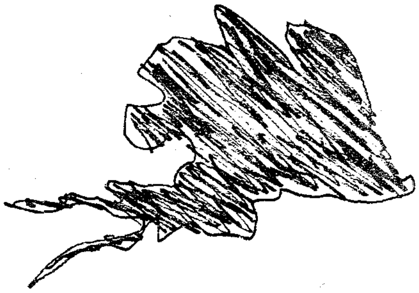


(16)

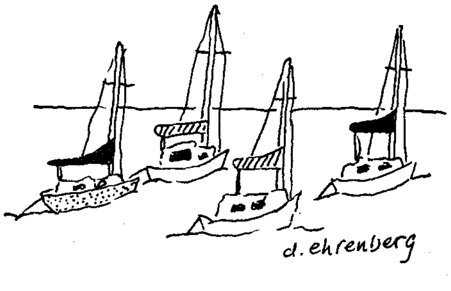
IN THE NAME OF BOBBY

YESTERDAY was his eighth birthday. We had a fine party for him, and Bobby was happy with the windup train, the soccer ball, and the cake with candles. My sister had been afraid that at precisely this time he would come home from school with bad grades, but it was just the opposite; he'd done better in arithmetic and reading, and there was no reason to take his toys away—quite the contrary. We told him to invite his friends, and he had Beto and Juanita; Mario Panzani came, too, but he didn't stay long, because his father was ill. My sister let them play in the yard until dusk, and Bobby broke in the ball, even though we were both afraid that he would knock over our plants in his enthusiasm. When it was time for orangeade and the cake with candles, we all sang "Happy Birthday" to him in a chorus and laughed a lot, because everybody was happy, especially Bobby, and it seemed to me to be a waste of time keeping an eye on what there was nothing to keep an eye on. Just the same, I kept an eye on Bobby when he was distracted, trying to catch sight of the look that my sister doesn't seem to notice but that upsets me so much.

This time he looked at her that way only once, just as my sister was lighting the candles, scarcely a second before he lowered his eyes and, like the well-brought-up child he is, said, "The cake is very nice, Mama," and Juanita approved, too, and Mario Panzani. I had laid out the long knife for Bobby to cut the cake with, and at that moment especially I kept an eye on him from the other end of the table, but Bobby was so happy with the cake that he hardly looked at my sister again and concentrated on the task of cutting small, equal pieces and passing them around. "You first, Mama," Bobby said, giving her a slice, and then Juanita and me, because ladies first. They immediately went out into the yard to continue playing, except for Mario Panzani, but first Bobby told my sister again that the cake was delicious, and he ran over to me and jumped up and put his arms around my neck and gave me one of his wet kisses. "The train is wonderful, Auntie," he said, and that night he climbed up onto my lap to confide his great secret in me: "I'm eight years old now, you know, Auntie."

We went to bed rather late, but it was Saturday and Bobby could loll about like us until late in the morning. I was the last one to go to bed, and first I busied myself tidying up the dining room and putting the chairs in place. The children had played Going to Jerusalem and other games, which had turned the house upside down. I put away the long knife, and before going to bed I saw that my sister was already sleeping the sleep of the just. I went to Bobby's little room and looked at him; he was face down, as he had always liked to be since he was an infant, and had already thrown the blankets to the floor and had one leg buried in the pillow. If I had a son, I would let him sleep that way, too, but why think about such things? I went to bed and didn't feel like reading. I may have done the wrong thing, because sleep didn't come to me and I went through what I usually do at that hour when you lose your will and ideas leap out from all sides and seem to be true—everything you think about is suddenly true and almost always horrible and there's no way to shake it off, not even by praying. I drank some water and sugar and waited, counting down from three hundred, backward, which is harder and makes sleep come. Just as I was about to fall asleep, I was seized by doubts about whether I'd put the knife away or whether it was still on the table. It was silly, because I'd put everything away and I remembered that I'd put the knife in the bottom drawer of the cupboard, but just the same I got up and, of course, it was there in the drawer, mixed in with the other kitchen utensils. I don't know why, but I got a kind of urge to keep it in my bedroom. I even took it out for a moment, but that was already too much. I looked at myself in the mirror and made a face. That didn't make things any better, and then I poured myself a drink of anisette, even though it was imprudent, with my liver and all, and I sipped it in bed to help sleep come. From time to time my sister's snoring could be heard, and Bobby, as always, was talking or moaning.

Just as I was falling asleep everything came back suddenly—the first time Bobby asked my sister why she was mean to him and my sister, who is a saint, everybody says so, stood looking at him as if it were a joke, and even laughed. But I, who was preparing the *maté*, remember that Bobby hadn't laughed. On the contrary, he was upset, and wanted to know; at that time he must have already been seven and he always asked strange questions, like all children. I remember the day he asked me why trees were different from us and I in turn asked him why and Bobby said, "But, Auntie, they cover themselves in summer and uncover themselves in winter," and I stood there openmouthed, because, really, that child; they're all like that, but after all . . . And now my sister was looking at him puzzled; she had never been mean to him, she told him—just strict a few times when he'd misbehaved or had been ill and had to do things he didn't like. Juanita's mother and Mario Panzani's mother were also strict with their children when it was necessary. But Bobby kept on looking at her sadly and explained that it wasn't during the day—that she was mean at night, when he was asleep. The two of us were flabbergasted, and I think that it was I who began to explain to him that no one is to blame for what happens in dreams, that it must have been a nightmare and that was all, there was no need to worry. That day Bobby didn't insist—he always accepted our explanations and he wasn't a difficult child—but a few days later he awoke weeping and shouting and when I got to his bed he hugged me and wouldn't speak. He just cried and cried, another nightmare surely, but at noontime he suddenly remembered and asked my sister again why she was so mean to him when he was asleep. This time my sister hugged him to her breast, told him that he was too big now not to know the difference, and that if he kept on insisting about that she was going to talk to Dr. Kaplan, because he probably had worms or appendicitis and something would have to be done. I felt that Bobby was going to start crying and hastened to explain to him again about nightmares—he had to realize that nobody loved him as much as his mother, not even I, who loved him so much—and Bobby listened very seriously, drying a tear, and said of course he knew and got out of his chair to go kiss my sister, who didn't know what to do and remained thoughtful, looking into space. That afternoon I went to look for him in the yard and asked him to tell me, his aunt, because he could confide everything in me the same as with his mother, and if he didn't want to tell her, he could tell me. You could see that he didn't want



to talk—it was too much for him—but finally he said something like at night it was all different; he spoke about some sort of black cloth that he couldn't get his hands or feet out of. Anyone can have nightmares like that, but it was a shame that Bobby should only have them about my sister, who made so many sacrifices for him. I told him that, and I repeated it, and he, of course, agreed.

RIGHT after that my sister came down with pleurisy and I had to take care of things. Bobby was no trouble for me, because, small as he was, he could handle almost everything by himself. I remember that he would come in to see my sister and stay by the side of her bed without speaking, waiting for her to smile at him or to stroke his hair, and then he would go quietly out into the yard and play or into the living room to read. I didn't even have to tell him not to play the piano during that time, even though he liked to very much. The first time I saw that he was sad I explained to him that his mother was better now and that one of these days she would get up for a while to take some sun. Bobby put on a strange expression and looked at me out of the corner of his eye; I don't know, the idea suddenly came to me and I asked him if he was having his nightmares again. He began to weep very quietly, hiding his face; then he said he was—why was his mother that way with him? That time I realized that he was afraid; when I lowered his hands to dry his face I could see the fear, and it was hard for me to act indifferent and explain to him once more that they were only dreams. "Don't say anything to her," I told him. "Remember, she's still weak and it might have some effect on her." Bobby nodded in silence—he had so much trust in me—but later on I came to think that he had taken me too literally, because not even when my sister was convalescing did he talk about it again. I could sense it in him on some mornings when I would see him come out of his room with that lost expression, and also because he spent all of his time with me, hovering about in the kitchen. One or two times I couldn't take it anymore and spoke to him in the yard or when I was bathing him, and he was always the same, making an effort not to cry, swallowing his words, because his mother was that way with him at night, but he wouldn't go beyond that, he was weeping too much. I explained again to Bobby, who understood quite well, that I didn't want my sister to find out, because she was still weak from the pleurisy and it might affect her too much, but on the other hand he could tell me anything. He would soon see that when he got a little older he'd stop having those nightmares; it would be better, though, if he didn't eat so much bread at night. I was going to ask Dr. Kaplan if he might not need a laxative, so he could sleep without any bad dreams, but I didn't, of course; it was difficult to talk about something like that with Dr. Kaplan, who had such a busy practice and wasn't about to waste his time. I don't know if I did the right thing or not, but little by little Bobby stopped worrying me so much. Sometimes I would see him in the morning with that slightly lost air and I would say to myself, Probably again, and then I would wait for him to come and confide in me, but Bobby would start to sketch or go to school without saying anything to me and would come home happy, and he was stronger and healthier each day and got the best grades.

"*Thank you, that will be all.*"

• •

THE last time was during the February heat wave; my sister was completely recovered and we lived life as usual. I don't know if she was aware that something was wrong, but I didn't want to say anything to her, because I know her and I know that she's too sensitive, especially when it's a question of Bobby, even though I can remember when Bobby was small and my sister was still suffering from the shock of the divorce and all that—how hard it was for her to bear up when Bobby would cry or do some bit of mischief, and I had to take him out into the yard and wait for everything to calm down; that's what we aunts are for. Actually, I think that my sister didn't realize that sometimes Bobby would get up as if he were returning from a long trip, with a lost face that lasted him until breakfast; when we were alone I always waited for her to say something, but she didn't, and I thought it was bad to remind her of something that could only make her suffer. I imagined, rather, that one of those times Bobby would ask her again why she was mean to him, but Bobby also must have thought that he didn't have the right to do something like that; it was possible that he remembered my request and thought that he would never have to talk about that to my sister anymore. Occasionally I would get the feeling that I was the one who was inventing it all, and would be certain that Bobby was no longer dreaming anything bad about his mother—he would have told me at once in order to console himself. But afterward I would see on him that face from certain mornings and start to worry again. I decided it would be better for my sister not to be aware of anything, not even the first time that Bobby gave her the look. I was ironing and from the door of the pantry he

STORIES

I

A few hours before Heinrich,
my father's father, drowned in the North Sea
in 1920 at twenty-eight, he
walked outside his small home at Aurich

to pack his nets, spread on hedges to dry
in the German sun. My father, ten,
helped double, and double them again,
hand to hand, eye to blue eye

with his father, who would soon be dead.
The horse-drawn wagon drew away. The fisherman
waved farewell to his wife and three sons.
My father, as he always did, tossed

an apple to the rider, who, this morning,
backlit, rode silhouette against the sun.
Heinrich's shade dropped the apple, the fortune
in eel, fluke, and mackerel it meant to bring.

This simple world of signs went on. The wind-ripped,
brine-tinged fields lay fallow; small flounders
dozed at low tide under the stars
in the mud flats until, at daylight, speared

by children. The hollow, the shadow, the dead whine,
the wrack father twisting at anchor in my father's chest,
the North Sea's black shine, the North Wind's lost
song, the painful windfalls—these diminished, but that son

would be no fisherman: he planed thin
the blades of his father's ash oars
and mounted them where they have pointed fifty years
into the wind—arrow, weathervane—

above that house. Now, on their way to the same sea,
the luckier Aurich sons know that Heinrich's soul
lives in the wind, his only home,
in the seawind. This is one story.

II

I remember walking with my father
near the blue spruce that smoldered in shade,
hunched and crushed at the edge of the wood
but alive in the blocked Nesconset light. He bent over

to tie the shoe I lifted to his knee.
I was so close, this once, that when
he looked up, I saw his left pupil widen,
fill with the blue-tipped green-black tree,

and swell with tears. When I dream of this,
I know, as I couldn't then, his two brothers
are just dead. I cup his tears
in my palm, as I didn't then, and the spruce

rises, from this water,
so blue, so light I am able to hold it
above us. The tree's perfect
form branches above us. This is another.

III

Wilhelm was killed in Holland,
Hermann over Russia. The North Sea's spawn
did not miss a rhythm when Berlin
burned to the ground.

What if the world is filled with stories?—
we hear only a few, live fewer,
and most that we live or hear
solve nothing, lead nowhere; but the spruce

appears again, rooted in dreamed tears,
yes, each branch, each needle
its own true story, yours,
mine, ours to tell.

—WILLIAM HEYEN

• •

looked at my sister in the kitchen, and I don't know how something like that can be explained except that the iron almost put a hole in my blue nightgown—I took it off just in time. Bobby was still looking at my sister that way as she rolled dough to make meat tarts. When I asked him what he wanted, just for the sake of saying something to him, he was startled and said he didn't want anything, that it was too hot outside to play ball. I don't know what tone I used to ask the question, but he repeated the explanation as if to convince me and went off to sketch in the parlor. My sister said that Bobby was quite dirty and she was going to give him a bath that afternoon—big as he was, he always forgot to wash his feet and behind his ears. In the end I was the one who bathed him, because my sister still got tired in the afternoon, and while I was soaping him in the bathtub and he was playing with the plastic duck that he refused to let go of, I got up the courage to ask him if he was sleeping better these days.

"More or less," he told me after a moment dedicated to making the duck swim.

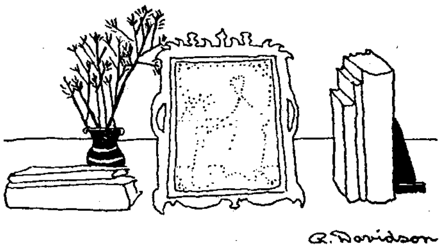
"What do you mean, more or less? Are you dreaming ugly things or not?"

"The other night I did," Bobby said, sinking the duck and holding it under the water.

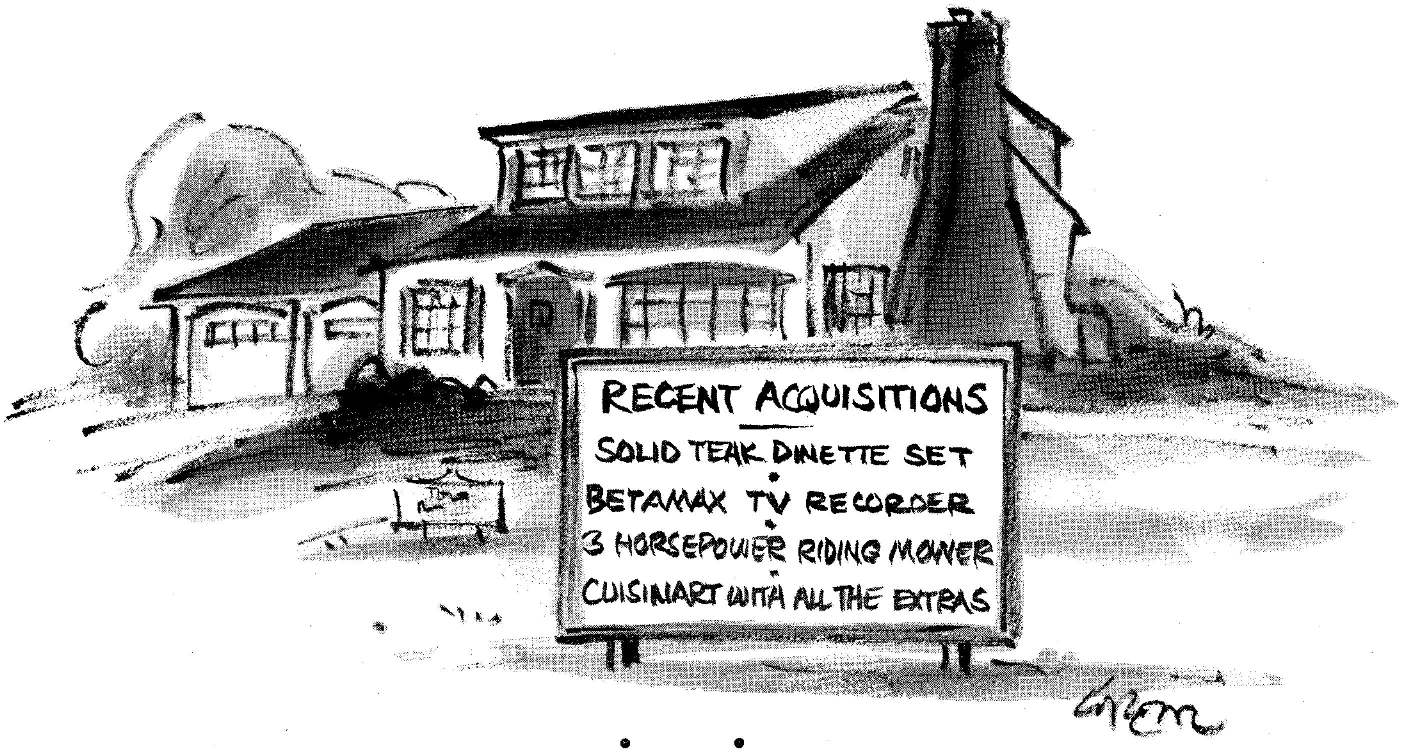
"Did you tell your mother?"

"No, not her. She . . ."

He didn't give me time for anything; soaped up and all, he threw himself on top of me and hugged me, weeping, trembling, making me miserable while I tried to push him off, and his body slipped between my fingers until he dropped into a sitting position in the bathtub and covered his face with his hands, weeping and shouting. My sister came running and thought Bobby had slipped and hurt himself somewhere, but he said no with his head, stopped crying with an effort that wrinkled up his face, and stood up in the bathtub so that we could see that nothing had happened to him—refusing to speak, naked, soapy, and so alone in his held-in weeping that neither my sister nor I could calm him down, even though we brought towels and caresses and promises.



AFTER that I always looked for a chance to build up Bobby's confidence without his realizing that I was trying to make him talk, but weeks passed and he never tried to tell me



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anything. When I spotted something in his face now, he would go away immediately or embrace me and ask for some candy or permission to go to the corner with Juanita and Mario Panzani. He never asked my sister for anything; he was very attentive toward her, as she was basically still in rather delicate health, and she didn't worry too much about taking care of him, because I was always there first, and Bobby would accept anything from me, even what was most disagreeable, when it was necessary. So my sister never came to be aware of what I had seen immediately—his way of looking at her like that for a moment, of remaining in the doorway looking at her until I became aware of it and then he would quickly lower his eyes or start running or jumping. The business of the knife was just by chance. I was changing the paper on the pantry shelves and had taken all the dishes down; I didn't realize that Bobby had come in until I turned around to cut another strip of paper and saw him looking at the longest knife. He became distracted right away or didn't want me to notice, but I already knew that way of looking he had, and, I don't know, it's stupid to think such things, but it all came over me like a chill, almost an icy wind in that overheated pantry. I was unable to say anything to him, but at night I thought of how Bobby had stopped asking my sister why she was mean to him; only at times would he look at her as he had looked at the long knife—that different look. It might have been just chance, of course, but I didn't like it during the following week when I saw the same face on him precisely while I was cutting the bread with the long knife and my sister was explaining to Bobby that it was time now for him to learn to shine his own shoes. "Yes, Mama," Bobby said, paying attention only to what I was doing to the bread, accompanying every movement of the knife with his eyes and swaying in his chair, almost as if he were cutting the bread himself; he was probably thinking about the shoes and moving as if he were shining them—my sister certainly thought that, because Bobby was so obedient and so good.

At night I wondered whether I shouldn't talk to my sister, but what was I going to tell her, since nothing was happening and Bobby was getting the best grades in his class and things like that. Except that I couldn't sleep, because suddenly everything came together again; it was like a mass that grew thicker and then the fear, impossible to know of what, because Bobby and my sister were already asleep and they could be heard moving or sighing from time to time—they were sleeping so well, much better than I, lying there thinking all night long. And, of course, I finally sought out Bobby in the garden after I saw him look at my sister that way again, and I asked him to help me transplant a mastic and we talked about lots of things and he confided in me that Juanita had a sister who was engaged.

"Naturally. She's big now," I told him. "Look, go get me the long knife from the kitchen so we can cut these raffias."

He ran off as always, because there was no one better than he for doing what I wanted, and I remained looking toward the house waiting for him to come back, thinking I really should have asked him about the dreams before sending him for the knife, just to be sure. When he came back, walking very slowly, as if wading through the siesta-time atmosphere in order to take longer, I saw that he had picked out one of the short knives, even though I had left the long one in plain view, because I wanted to be sure that he would see it as soon as he opened the cupboard drawer.

"This one is no good," I told him. It was hard for me to speak; it was stupid with someone as small and innocent as Bobby, but I couldn't look him in the eye. I only felt the shove when he threw himself into my arms, letting go of the knife, and pressing himself against me, pressing himself so much against me and weeping. I think that at that moment I saw something that must have been his last nightmare. I couldn't ask him, but I think that I saw what he had dreamt the last time before he stopped having the nightmares, and yet there was that way of looking at my sister, of looking at the long knife. —JULIO CORTÁZAR

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Gregory Rabassa.)

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According to the Food and Drug Administration, an average of 2500 aphids per 100 grams of hops is an acceptable level for human consumption.—*Walnut Creek (Calif.) Contra Costa Times.*

Noted.

THE HELP

“I’LL need a ton of things if you want me to do this right,” Lola said. She pressed her hands on her waist—a pretty, brown-skinned woman in her middle thirties. “Rug shampoo, more steel wool, cleanser, a new mop. I’m not going to clean floors with a sponge. A new mop and some window cleaner. I think I need a professional window cleaner.”

“Sit down, darling,” Mr. Cleveland said. “We’ll hash it out.”

“I don’t want to sit down. I want to get rolling on the cleaning so I can get it over with,” Lola said. She moved from the kitchen doorway into the tile-floored breakfast room, where Mr. Cleveland sat over plates of melon and ham-and-eggs.

He pinned an English muffin with his fork and knifed off a bite. He was sixty-seven, a Texan long ago transplanted to Indiana. He wore an old-fashioned dressing gown with padded shoulders and wide velvet lapels.

“Anyhow, I thought a cleaning person was responsible for furnishing the tools of her trade,” he said. He gave her a sweet, closemouthed smile.

“I’m not a cleaning woman. I’m a cook and a maid,” Lola said.

“My Lord, call the lawyers. I didn’t read the fine print on your labor contract,” Cleveland said. “No, you have Howdy drive you to the Fairway, and charge up whatever you need. Only don’t charge an electric garage-door opener or a rotisserie barbecue grill. And don’t buy a set of drill bits.”

“No drill bits,” Lola said.

Mr. Cleveland was retired, but he owned most of a company that bottled eighteen varieties of soda pop. He lived in a big Tudor-style home, in a little woods bordering a country club.

“Look who’s up from the dead,” Lola said.

Cleveland’s son, Howdy, came into the dining room and flopped into a chair. He was a tall young man, with a strong jaw, rusty hair like his father’s, and clear blue eyes under white lashes.

“Walk on tiptoe,” Cleveland said to his son. “Lola’s on a human-rights campaign this morning. She’ll bite off your head.”

“Morning, Lola,” Howdy said.

“*Ms.* Turtledge,” Cleveland said.

“Coffee’s on the counter,” Lola said.

Howdy poured some coffee and stared sleepily at the vase of day lilies in the middle of the table.

“Damn teeth,” Cleveland said. He had paused, with a forkful of eggs in midair.

“Now you have another toothache,” Lola said.

“Aspirin,” he said.

“Aspirin is horrible for your stomach,” Howdy said. He yawned.

“Last time your dad took aspirin, we heard about it all day and all that night,” Lola said.

“You’re a lovely woman and a very bright one,” Mr. Cleveland said, putting down his fork. “You and Howdy would do well in medical school. Dr. Lola and Dr. Howdy.”

“Right,” Lola said.

“I’d like to shoot you both in the heart,” Mr. Cleveland said. “Only you don’t have hearts. Lola, you’re fired.”

“Sure I am,” Lola said. “Again. Good.”

“I’ll hire you back,” Howdy said. “At least long enough to fix me some of those eggs.”

“He’ll pay you in original art work,” Cleveland said. “An original Howdy oil painting each month, and some charcoal studies of naked people for your extra change.”

Lola brought a swatch of cloth from the pocket of the smock she wore over her Levi’s and began dusting the leaves of a potted palm that stood in a cement urn before the diamond-paned windows. “Spring cleaning has officially begun,” she said. “In the eggs-and-aspirin department, you can both just forage for yourselves.”

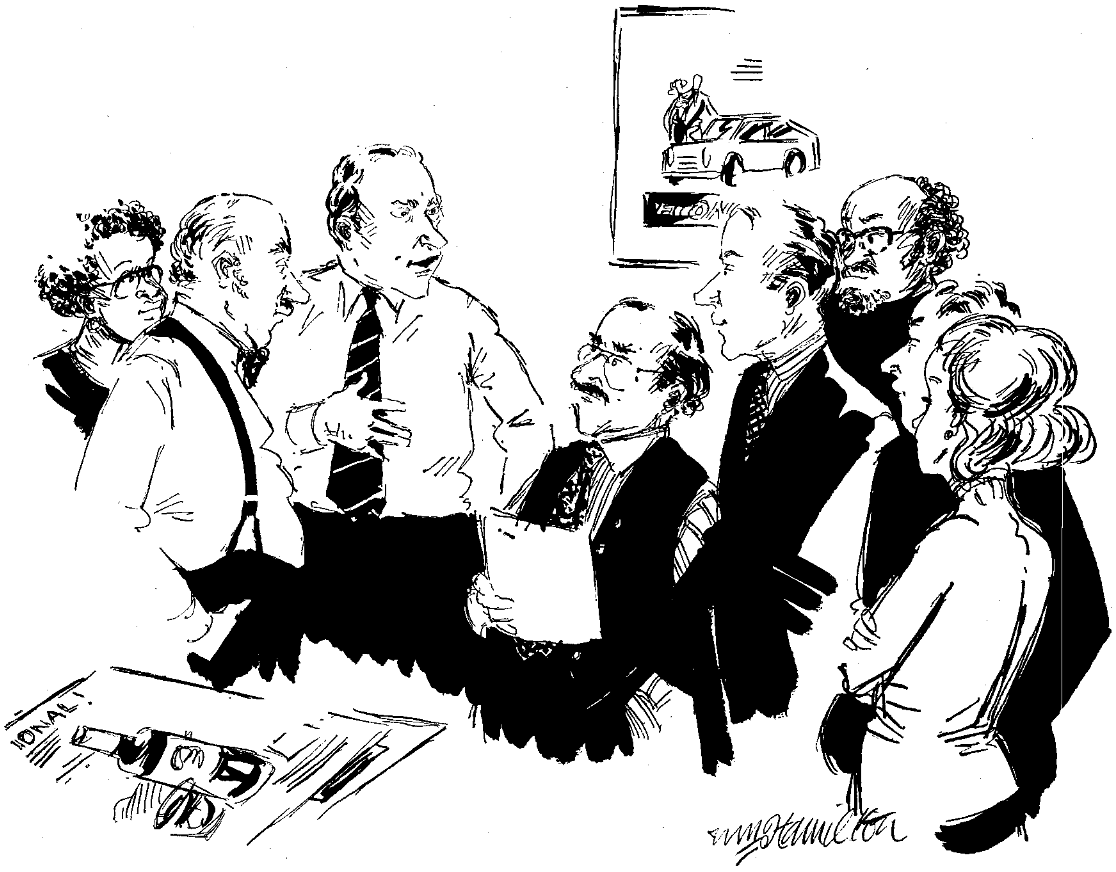
“Get me the Yellow Pages, Howdy,” Mr. Cleveland said. “I want the phone number of a good employment agency.”

HOWDY was taking Lola to the store in his M.G. Midget, to get her cleaning supplies. He was driving too fast down a winding gravelled road. He wore wraparound sunglasses and white perforated gloves.

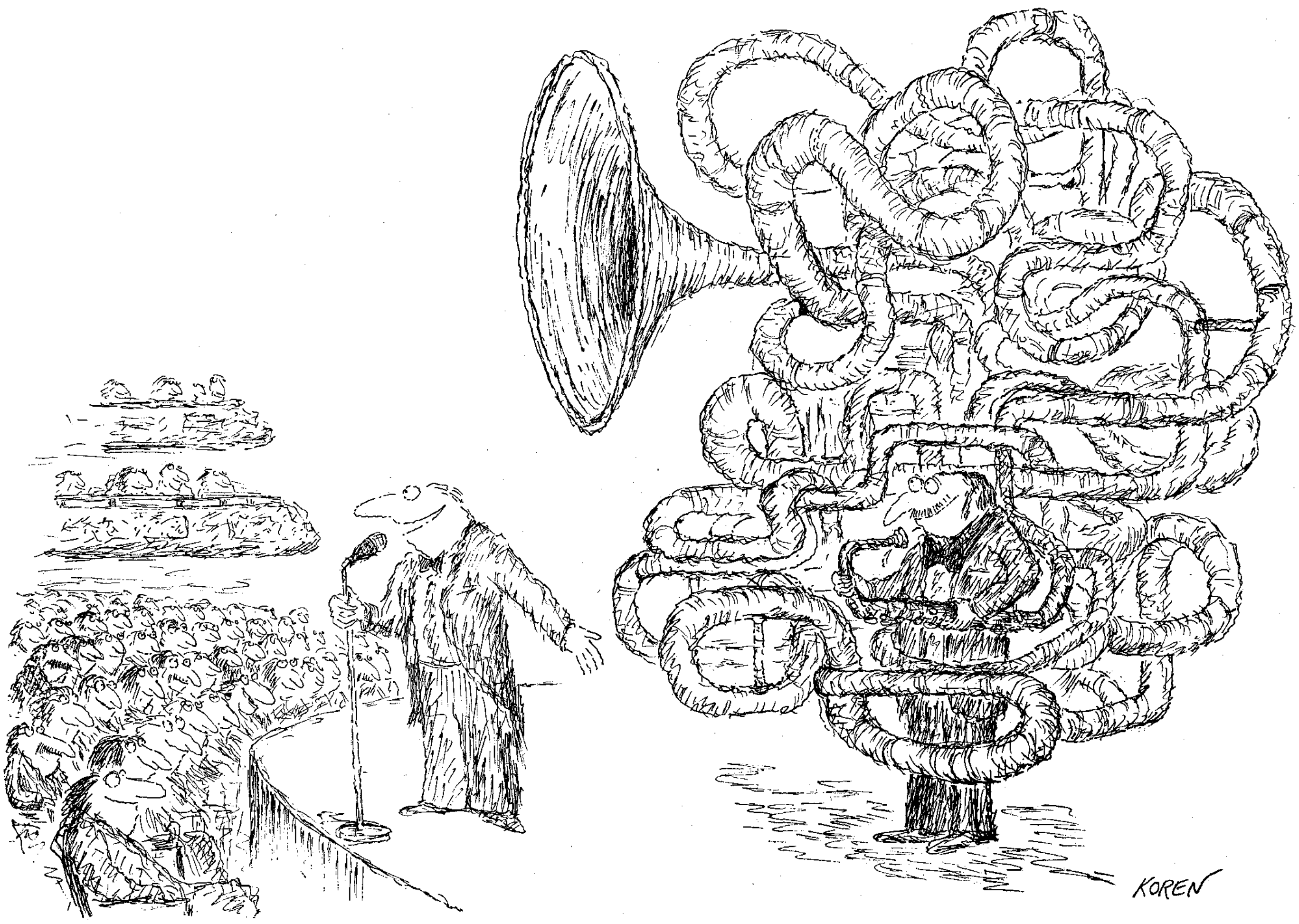
“My mother did paintings!” he shouted at Lola. “She won some prizes at a few county fairs. Landscapes.”

Lola was gripping her seat and the door of the rattling M.G. They bucketed over a deep pothole.

“She was Irish and very moody,” Howdy said.



“There’s a lot of anger out there, and I want us to be the first agency to harness it.”



"I have the honor to present the man who has done so much to popularize this instrument."

• •

"Her pictures are typically Irish. It was always raining and there were no people in them."

"Maybe she couldn't draw people," Lola said, also shouting over the noise of the car and the wind.

"Maybe," Howdy said. "Anyhow, she divorced Daddy and went back to Dublin. I was ten or so."

"So you told me," Lola said. "Your father told me, too. Could you slow down?"

"Don't think about it," he said, and twisted the wheel. "How're your classes?"

"Poor," Lola said. "I don't have time to do all the reading."

"*What?*" Howdy said.

"The *reading!*" Lola shouted. "It's slow going. I don't have the time to concentrate."

She and Howdy were both going to the local university. He had started in economics and dropped out. Now he was back, as a fine-arts major. Lola was studying sociology, in night school. This was her fifth year there.

"Yeah, me, too," Howdy said. "One thing I found out, though. I don't want to be an artist anymore. That's all a racket and you have to kiss somebody's behind to have your work taken. Besides, nobody looks at paintings anymore unless they can't help it."

The top of the car was down, and it was hot. Howdy stuck out his left hand and let it ride on the air current. "Guess what," he said.

"Don't make me guess," Lola said.

"I took a drama class as an elective—" Howdy said.

"Uh-oh," Lola said.

"And you know, I'm good? For my first project, I did Tom's opening speech from 'The Glass Menagerie.' I got an A-plus—*plus*."

"They don't have those plus jobs in the Sociology Department," Lola said.

"Don't tell Daddy, but I'm also painting the scenery for the Midsummer Fête. It's a musical, written by some senior drama students. I'm in the chorus, too, believe it or not."

"You'll *sing* in it?" Lola said.

Howdy worked the clutch and yanked the gearshift for a sharp corner. "It's a musical comedy about Stalin and Marilyn Monroe," he said.

"What?" Lola said.

"It's a *satire!*" Howdy yelled.

"Your father will like that," Lola said.

Howdy laughed and banged the steering wheel with the heel of his hand. "Won't he? He wouldn't see the humor, of course."

"I'm not sure *I* do," Lola said.

"Come on, Lola. Stalin really gets his in this musical. In fact, it has a very sad ending—sort of powerful. That's a breakthrough, to me. Traditionally, the Fête is gay and frivolous."

"Not this year," Lola said.

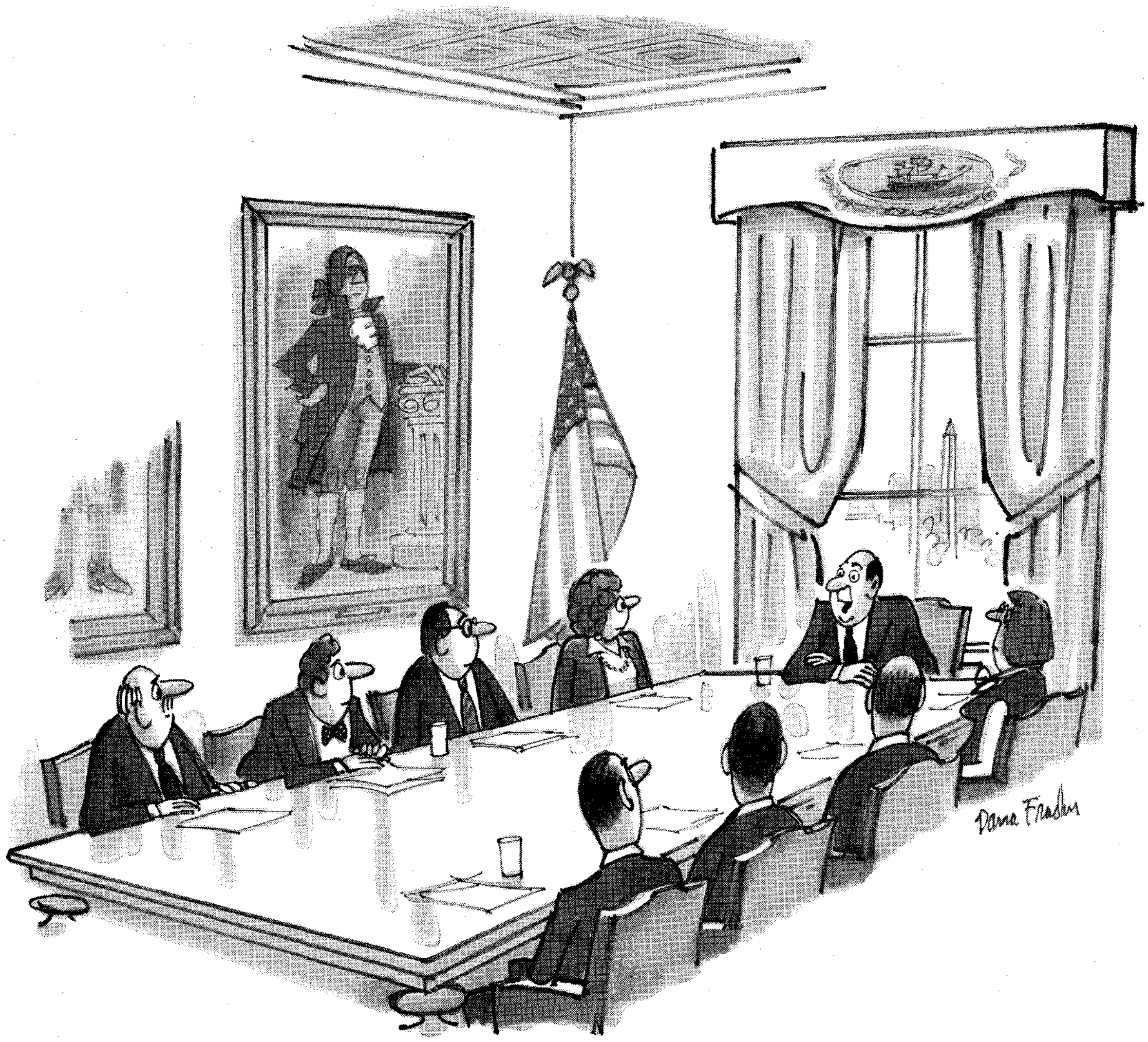
"Right," Howdy said. "I'm really beginning to think I was born for the stage."

Lola trundled her cart up and down the wide, bright aisles of athletic equipment, toys, cameras, fabrics, pyramids of cut-rate motor oil, TVs, hammocks, shoes. Howdy followed her, singing along with the Muzak: "'Ahhh, look at all the lonely people . . .'"

A man in plaid pants stared at Howdy. Howdy sang louder, watching the man.

"Cool down," Lola said.

"I'll tell you," Howdy said. "Most



"The question is, do we want to emphasize foreign policy to take the people's minds off domestic policy, or emphasize domestic policy to take the people's minds off foreign policy?"

• •

people are prisoners in their own flesh."

He went off, saying he was going to inspect the art supplies. Lola rolled the cart around the housewares department until her basket was full, and then she pushed up to the checkout counters. She stood away from the lines, waiting for Howdy, who had the charge card.

After twenty minutes, she left the cart and went to hunt for him. She finally spotted him in men's sportswear. He was posing in front of a triptych of mirrors, in a white jump suit.

"Where have you been? I was about to report a lost child," Lola said.

"Right here," Howdy said. "Ray? This is Lola." He gestured toward a chunky salesman, who was standing beside him. "This is . . . Ray?" he said, and the salesman nodded.

"Don't you love this coverall?" Ray said.

"What are all the zippers for?" she said.

"Whatever," Ray said.

"I can see his underpants through that material," Lola said.

"I have complete movement," Howdy said. He did a knee bend.

"I think it's for girls," Lola said. "Can we please go?"

"Men are wearing these, actually," Ray said to Howdy. "You'll see a lot of them this season."

"Well, don't bring that playsuit to me on washday," Lola said. "It'll have to be washed in its own machine, with four or five quarts of bleach."

"It's new and it takes getting used to," the salesman said. "I think your wife here will get to like it, though."

"His wife?" Lola said.

Howdy looked pleased. "Well, I'll take it," he said. "You can bag my old clothes."

The carry-out boy stacked Lola's sacks in the trunk of the M.G. Howdy slammed the trunk lid and said, "Now lunch. How about the lunchroom right here—at the Fairway?"

"I should be home—I left the dishwasher running," Lola said. "It's broken, and the only way it'll stop is if somebody yanks the door open."

"Daddy'll figure it out," Howdy said.

Inside, they climbed onto revolving stools at the soda fountain. They gave their orders to a girl wearing a paper waitress hat. "I want my coffee right away," Howdy said.

They didn't say anything while they waited. Howdy slowly rotated on his stool. Lola was thinking about her Statistics test, the next week. When her order came—a banana split on an oblong dish—she pushed the whipped cream to one side and then took a careful spoonful of strawberry and chocolate ice cream, mixed.

Howdy swore suddenly and put down his coffee cup. Coffee had dribbled all down the front of his new outfit.

"Well, you can wear it to wash the car in," Lola said. "That's probably what it was made for anyway."

Howdy scrubbed at the stains with a napkin. "This'll come out, won't it?" he said.

"Nope. But I could make enough coffee to fill your bathtub, and you could put it in and then the suit would be all coffee color."

Howdy shrugged. "How many years have I known you?" he said.

"Four, about. Why? Are you going to ask me for a date?" Lola said, and hacked up her banana.

"Not a date, exactly. I was going to ask you to come and see me in a play."

"Oh, of course I'll do that. I'd enjoy that," Lola said.

"I don't know hardly anybody to ask, after all the rehearsing I'm doing. Daddy wouldn't like it, for sure."

"No," Lola said. "So I'll come. But you'll have a lot of people watching. A whole audience."

"All strangers," Howdy said.

"I'd prefer that if I was acting,"

Lola said. “I’d be nervous with family or friends out there.”

Howdy said, “But you wouldn’t do it to begin with.”

Mr. Cleveland swung his slippered feet down from the davenport. “Great to see you-all,” he said to Lola and Howdy. “You have a good vacation in Jamaica, or what? You’ve got some explaining to do to the police, the both of you, because I called them after Lola wasn’t back in time for ‘Another World.’ I explained how you must have been captured by the P.L.O., or something.” He’d been watching television in the den, drinking a Scotch-and-water.

Howdy helped Lola carry the sacks into the kitchen, and then went back out to the M.G. for the last of the supplies. Lola yanked open the dishwasher, and steam billowed out. She cleared some space in the floor cabinets and put away the cleaning equipment. “I suppose you’re starving,” she called out to Mr. Cleveland. “I’ll make a chef’s salad and soup.”

She dried her hands and walked back to the den. “You must be drunk, Mr. Cleveland. I didn’t hear you comment on Howdy’s new suit.”

“Where is he?” Cleveland said.

Lola put her index finger up to signal quiet. Howdy came by the den door, struggling with a bucket and a couple of brooms.

Mr. Cleveland looked him up and down. “That’s terrible,” he said.

“So what’s going on here?” Lola said, pointing to the television.

Cleveland said, “That boy, Willis, is back in the soup with his wife. And that other boy, with the dark hair, is upset about his mama.”

“Umm. Same as yesterday,” Lola said.

Lola worked the rest of the afternoon. She took down the drapes, all over the house, and boxed them for the dry cleaner. She washed the insides of the windows. She carried a plastic transistor radio from room to room, tuned to a classical station. She checked in to the kitchen, at intervals, to tend a pot of fish chowder and some chicken breasts she was getting ready for the broiler.

Howdy had gone to his afternoon classes. Mr. Cleveland was asleep on the davenport.

At six, Lola stood on the kitchen counter, cleaning the top shelf of a high cabinet. The overhead lights snapped on.

“You’ll ruin your eyes,” Mr. Cleveland said. He had changed from his robe to a V-necked sweater and chinos.

Lola jumped down and switched off her little radio.

“You look beat,” Cleveland said. The front-door chimes sounded. “Sit still,” he said, but Lola followed him to the entrance hall.

They opened the door to a slender girl wearing rawhide work gloves and a pair of men’s pants. She was leaning on a shovel. “Howdy in there?” she said.

“Howdy, out there,” Mr. Cleveland said, and laughed. It was an old joke.

“Howdy’s not home,” Lola said.

“I just need my pay,” the girl said.

“Pay? For what?” Lola said.

“For raking down the ravine,” the girl said. “And hauling off all the bottles and trash there. For getting the rest of the fence out, and digging up the posts. For rolling the barbed wire, and turning the earth over in the side garden back of the garage, and putting down the Vigorow.” She sounded tired and a little angry.

“I don’t get it,” Mr. Cleveland said. “I pay a man for my gardening.”

“You pay my father,” she said. “He had the chills and fever today and couldn’t do his work, so I did it.”

“You’re Jack’s daughter?” Cleveland said.

“Stephanie,” the girl said, nodding. She took off a glove and stuck it over the top of the shovel. “Howdy said start wherever Dad had quit. I did a lot, if you want to come and look at it.”

“Lord, no,” Cleveland said. “You wait there, sweetheart.” He motioned for Lola to follow him back away from the door.

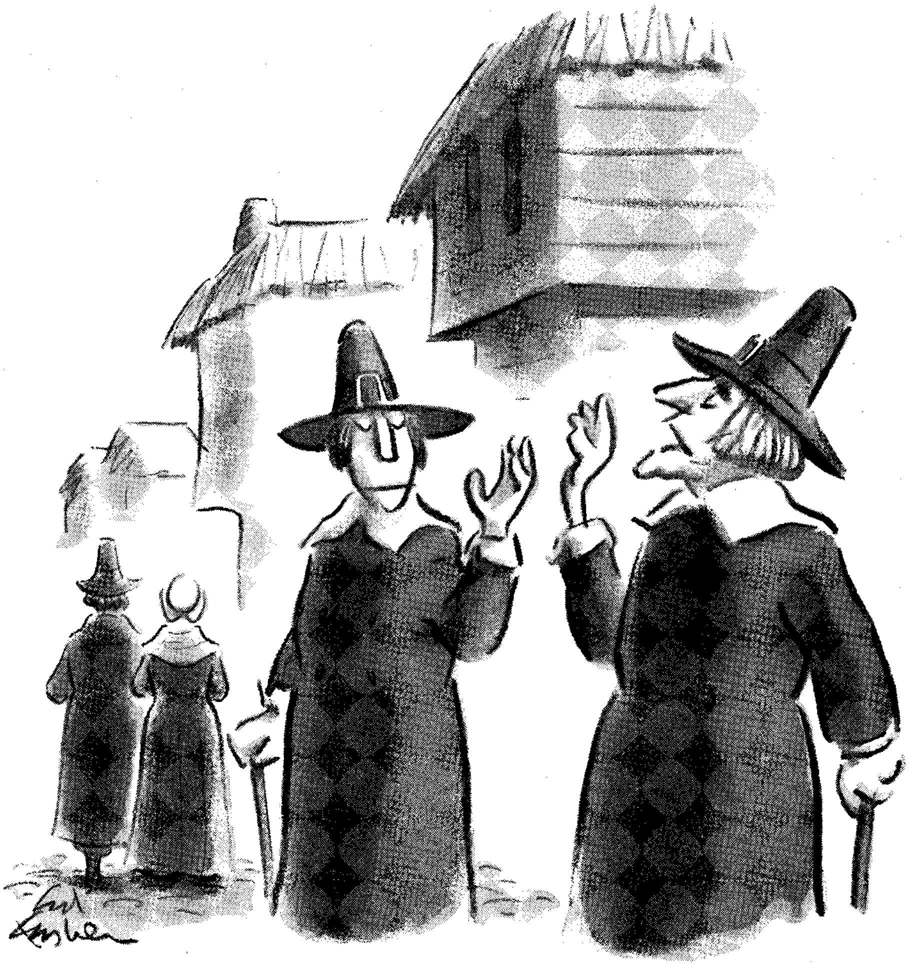
“Her dad’s a drinker. I bet he’s home with the d.t.’s,” Cleveland whispered.

“You pay him to do the gardening, you don’t expect his children to do it,” Lola said.

“Well, maybe it’s all right for today. Today it was just the heavy work. I’ll sign a check for you to fill out, for whatever Howdy promised. But you tell her this is the only time. I don’t want an amateur trying to trim hedges or grow azaleas. That’s landscaping, and that’s why I pay Jack.”

The M.G. revved in the driveway as Lola and Cleveland returned to the door. Howdy jumped out. He had colored paint all over his new jump suit and on the tops of his sneakers.

“I’m glad you’re still here, Steph,” he said. He put his arm around the



“Have a pious, thrifty, hardworking day.”

gardener's daughter. "You're staying for supper."

"I got to go," the girl said.

"No, you don't. You pay her yet, Daddy?"

"We had it in mind," Cleveland said.

"Good. Come on in, Steph. Let me show you around."

"O.K.," Stephanie said. "Let me get these boots off." She got down on one knee and worked the knot in her shoelace.

Lola shook garlic croutons onto a bowl of salad. At the dining table, she put down the salad, along with a bottle of Lo-Cal dressing she had carried in the pocket of her dinner smock.

Howdy was saying, "So they asked the actor, who was impoverished, why he stayed in the best hotels, and ate only the most expensive food, and the poor actor said, 'My body's my business. I treat it as I'd treat a thoroughbred horse.' "

"This soup tasted too good to be any good for me," Cleveland said to Lola.

"Nothing in it to hurt you," murmured Lola.

"If an actor gets sick—" Howdy continued.

"Why on earth won't you join us, Lola?" Cleveland said.

Lola clattered the soup plates, stacking them. Stephanie had been using her soup plate for an ashtray. "Who'd bring in the food?" Lola said.

"Where I was raised, we had a custom called buffet. Even polite people occasionally did buffet," Cleveland said.

"When the actor gets sick, he's out of business. It's his duty to stay healthy," Howdy said to Stephanie.

"I can see that," Stephanie said.

"You don't pay me to sit and eat soup," Lola said.

Howdy scooped salad into Stephanie's bowl. "Put a lot of salt and pepper on it, Steph. Lola doesn't salt anything, because of Dad's diet, so it all tastes bland until you get used to spicing it yourself. Everything's done for him around here."

"Sure," Stephanie said.

"You'll get used to it," Howdy said.

"Excuse me," Cleveland said. He rose from the table and helped Lola carry plates into the kitchen. "What is Howdy talking about? What's going on in there?" he said. "And what's biting *you*? If you don't come and eat with us, Lola, I really will fire you. I mean it."

"You might," Lola said.

EASY AS WIND

Easy as wind that lifts white pine
and blows for flowers, showering rose
petals on cold marble statues,
we touch and separate.
I am familiar
with water burning the land,
turning catbrier to red-brown wire,
clinging to live. I have seen flame
waiting to burn, altering shadows,
striking rectangles beyond the trees.
Even the sea collects its powers and strikes,
baffling the sand's composure.
But now, suddenly,
wherever I look I see wind
I cannot see, touching nowhere, everywhere.
—Grace Schulman

* * *

Cleveland glared at Lola, who was using a fork to put tuna salad on a sesame roll. She folded the bread, bit into it, and munched furiously.

"Howdy's got a girl, that's all," she said when she finished chewing. "He mentioned something about her on the way home from the store today. I just forgot about it. As for me, nothing is wrong except I've got too much to do. Cleaning, cooking meals, reading, and now I'm serving food to a dinner guest."

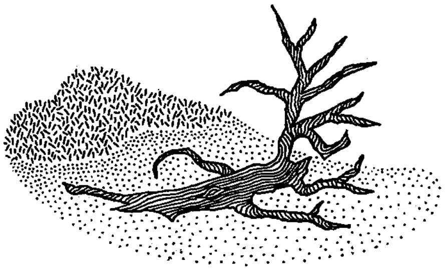
"Then sit down and eat with us and take a load off, and you can help me deal with my son," Cleveland said. "He's twenty-four years old and still three feet off the ground. He doesn't know what he's doing, or what he's *going* to do, and this artist junk is fine, but it won't take him anywhere. You've seen his paintings. And now he's got a girl. Just thinking about it all makes my blood boil at his damned Irish mother for leaving us high and dry."

Lola was sitting on the counter. She sipped coffee from a mug and gently kicked her heels against the cupboard below her.

"He's not ready to take on a girl, even part time," Cleveland said.

"You make it sound like he's hiring her."

"Listen, Howdy doesn't realize how attractive he could be to some people, and thank the Lord. Because of his money. You can't tell looking at Howdy or listening to him that he's a rich kid. He doesn't know it himself, bless him, so he's never used it to—to cure his loneliness."



"That's true," Lola said.

"He's been very lonely, and it's his own fault. He drives girls away with his dumb clothes and his chatter, before they can find out about his dough. *My* dough, I mean."

Lola was nodding and sipping coffee. "He's not so bad," she said.

"Oh, yes he is," Cleveland said, "but it's not his fault. I feel sorry for the poor wretch."

"Give him a chance," Lola said.

"I will, but not with Jack the gardener's goddam daughter."

Lola put down her coffee mug and jumped off the kitchen counter. She opened the broiler door and, using a dish towel, pulled out a long pan. She fanned away smoke, and scowled at two rows of burned chicken breasts.

"Well, that's a first," she said, sighing. "It's been a long day."

"Does Howdy look to you like he's thinking of marriage?" Cleveland said. "I need to know."

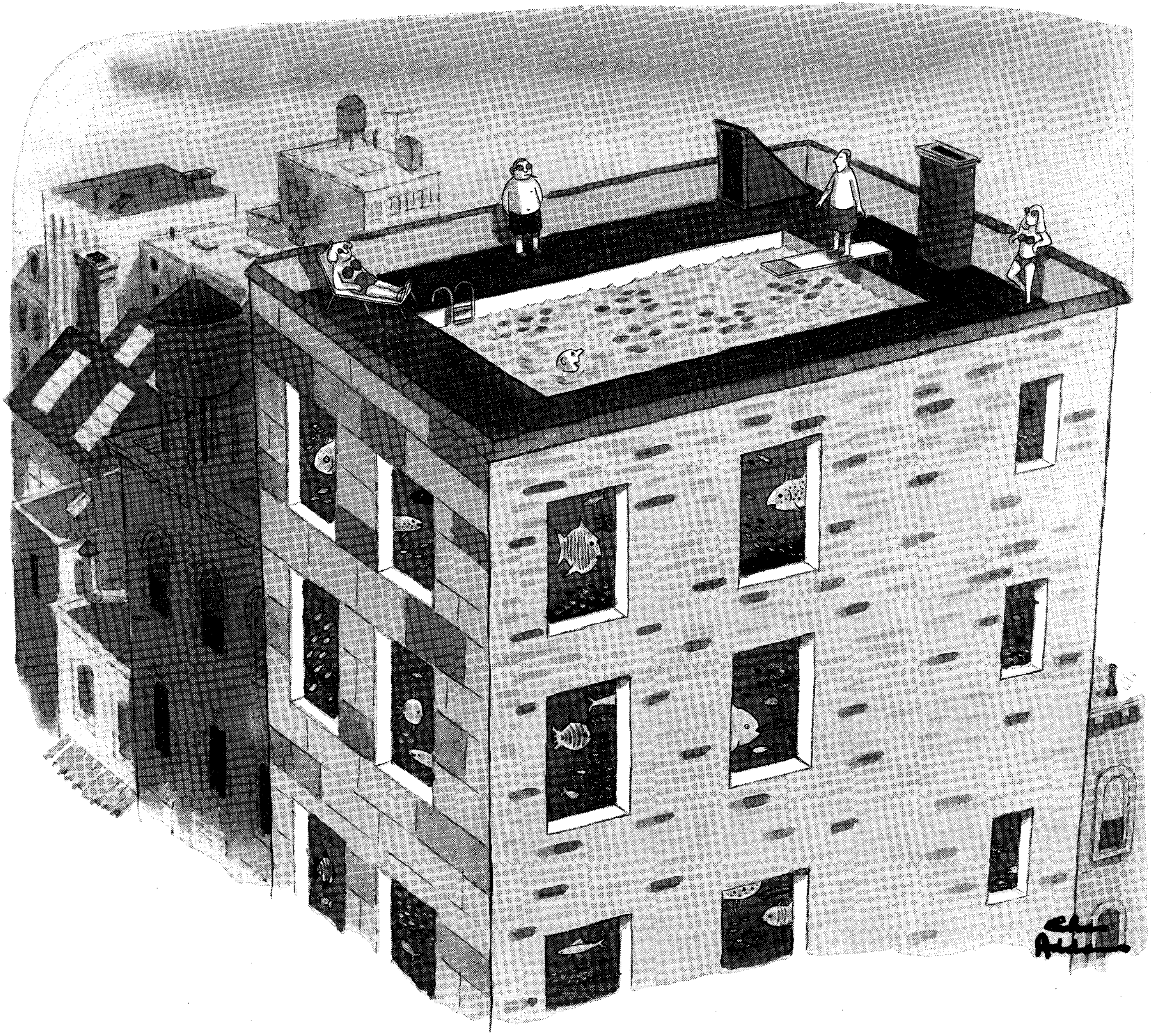
"It beats me, Mr. Cleveland," Lola said wearily.

"I think he told me he doesn't believe in marriage. He says it's 'stultifying.' Can you believe it. That's his screwball mama talking."

Lola put the blackened pieces of chicken onto a platter and took some rolls out of a bun-warmer. She and Cleveland carried the food into the dining room. Lola took off her smock and sat down at the table next to Stephanie.

"For this fall, I'm thinking about Europe," Howdy said. "Neither Steph nor I have been."

"Nor have I, since the war. It was a very untidy continent then," Mr. Cleveland said. "Anyway, what about your classes?"



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"What war?" Stephanie said.

"Think about it," Lola said.

"Oh," Stephanie said.

"Europe costs a fortune," Mr. Cleveland said. "Dan and Billy Willinger just got back, and Dan told me they paid eight dollars for a sweet roll and a Coke in Paris."

"God," Stephanie said.

"Dan Willinger's head of quality control for me," Cleveland said.

"We'd bicycle and backpack and stay in youth hostels. We wouldn't go to Paris," Howdy said.

"Still, it would be a little money, wouldn't it? Your fares over and back, and so forth," Mr. Cleveland said.

"You could work all year, save your money, and go in the spring," Lola said. "Work nights, even."

"Oh, sure," Howdy said. "That's one way. Steph can do lots of things. I heard about a good job I can get reading best-sellers onto tapes for the blind."

"Perfect," Lola said, and looked at Mr. Cleveland. He was chewing slowly, with his elbows on the table and a piece of chicken in his hands. He looked at her over the chicken.

"I'd like to go, too," she said.

"To be sure," Cleveland said. "They'll need somebody to see to their clothes, and secure their reservations, and shop those markets over there without getting robbed, and to put some decent meals together at roadside after the long days of bicycling in the Alps, and to figure out that foreign money. It'd be good for you, Lola—chuck your college degree. Who wants to be a sociologist?"

"I can't go yet," Stephanie said. "Maybe not for a long time. Somebody's got to take care of my dad, see?"

"Well, that's a shame," Cleveland said.

"Scratch Europe," Howdy said cheerfully.

"It's a dirty shame," Cleveland said. "I was getting all excited about going along myself. I know just where my passport is. I'd only have to collect my luggage and oil up my bicycle."

"You'd *have* to go, if Lola went," Howdy said. "You couldn't make out here without her. In fact, after all this time, I don't know if *I* could."

Lola had torn a roll in half and was beginning to spread it with butter. "I think you're both beginning to learn," she said.

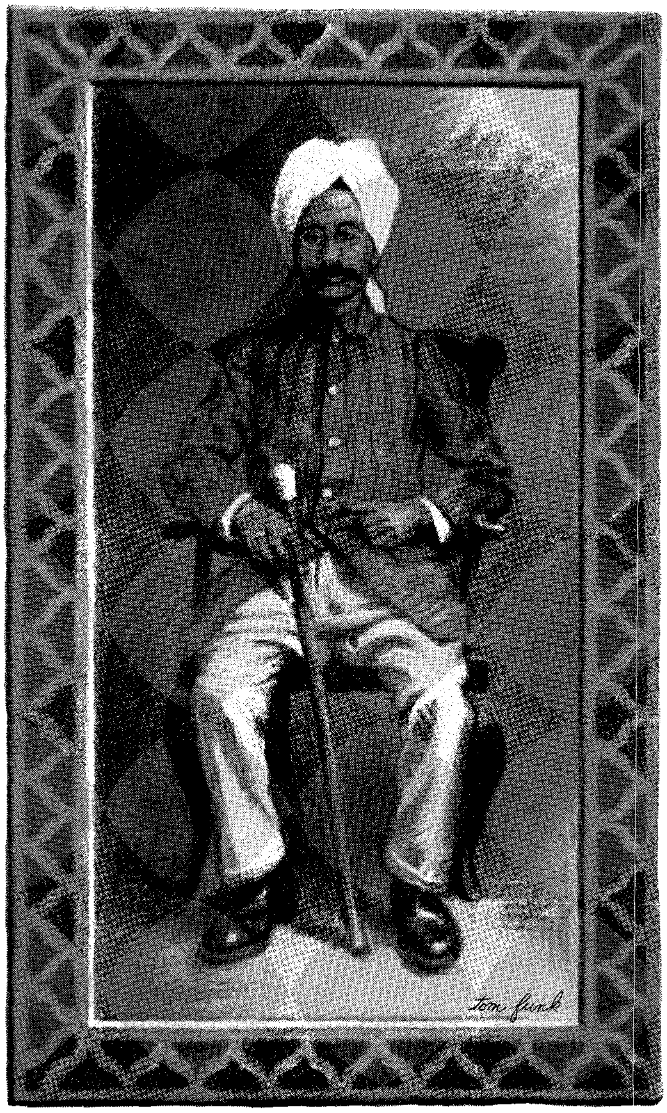
—MARY ROBISON

PROFILES

MAMAJI—I

GODDESS DURGA

DEEP in the city of Lahore, something over a hundred years ago, there lived a moody young woman known throughout the neighboring *gullis* as the Mother. Sometimes she would take it into her head to appear in a *gulli* with a young male attendant, who would call out in a singsong, to the haunting thud of a drum, "You are our great mother, our supernatural mother! You are the blessed one! You are the Durga Mata!" (Durga, one of the consorts of the god Shiva, is the goddess of destruction, and *mata* means "mother.") The *gullis* would resound with the thud of the attendant's drum, and crowds from the surrounding *gullis* would converge on the pair. Each of those who came would bear an offering: a handful of cardamoms or anise seeds, a bowl of raisins and peeled almonds, a basket of fruit—whatever he or she could afford. The people would sit everywhere on the dirt, watching expectantly. The thud of the drum would quicken, growing rhythmic and hypnotic. The woman, sitting languidly on the ground, would start to roll her head to the beat of the drum, as if possessed, but her body would remain inert. The people would edge forward, each hoping to be allowed to petition the goddess Durga through the Mother. Sometimes people would go to the Mother's spiritual sessions for months or years without being called upon and allowed to petition. "The spirit of Durga Mata has entered your head!" the young attendant would shout in ecstasy to the woman. "Speak, speak, Mother! Speak!" The people would watch tensely, afraid that, with no warning, the Mother would come out of her trance and get up and leave without hearing their petitions.



Babuji

One evening, during the full moon, people in the *gullis* heard the familiar thud of the drum. They had been waiting for its sound for almost a year, and everyone ran out to see the Mother. One of those who ran out was Leela; her daughter was already over eighteen and no one would marry her. Another was Ram Lal; his shop had burned down, leaving him without a livelihood, and with nineteen mouths to feed. Another was Ram Das; his bride was dying of a mysterious disease, and he wanted the Mother to intercede for her life. And there were Bulaki Ram and Mukandi.

It was the season of the *loo* (hot wind), which stirred up the dust in the *gullis*. The air in the narrow, grimy, cavernous *gulli* in which the Mother sat was heavy and suffocating. The people pressed around her as if they were all trapped in the bottom of a pit and only she could lead them out.

The Mother stared directly at Bulaki Ram and then—her head rolling from side to side to the beat of the drum—called in an unearthly, echoing voice, "You, the man with the white starched turban, what brings you to Goddess Durga?"

"All my ten children have died," Bulaki Ram cried out. "Every child that comes from my Mukandi's stomach dies. The evil eye has cast its spell on me. I don't know what to do."

"You and yours are all accursed," the unearthly voice said, and then it fell silent. As Bulaki Ram and Mukandi watched, the Mother's head started to roll faster and faster, until it seemed like a top out of control.

"Speak on, Mother, speak on!" the attendant shouted vehemently.

Bulaki Ram was fixed to the spot, afraid to take a breath lest the Mother come out of her trance without telling him how to lift the curse. He had attended her sessions many times before and had all but given up hope that she would call on him.

"Your house is under the evil influence," the woman resumed, haltingly. "And it is because . . . you have neglected . . . to pay homage to . . . the universal mother . . . Durga. In the dark underground room of your house, there is a small altar to Durga Mata in an alcove, but it is overlaid with dust and cobwebs. Go to the dark underground room of your house, dust the altar and sweep away the cobwebs, baste the altar with the holy cow dung, and light there the biggest mud lamp, with the richest ghi, to Durga Mata. Keep the mud lamp burning night and day for six months and pray at the altar daily. Tell your wife to keep all of Durga Mata's fasts. She will be with child. She will be delivered of a son. And if you take care of him he will bring the blessings of Durga Mata on your head."

Bulaki Ram and Mukandi were dazed, and hardly heard the crowd's murmurs of congratulations. They hurried back to their house, in Kucha Kaghzian (Paper Merchants' Lane), and went down into the dark underground room. They found the small altar in the alcove, dusty and covered with cobwebs, just as the Mother had said. They did exactly as the Mother had directed them, and their hope, so long extinguished, began to burn again.

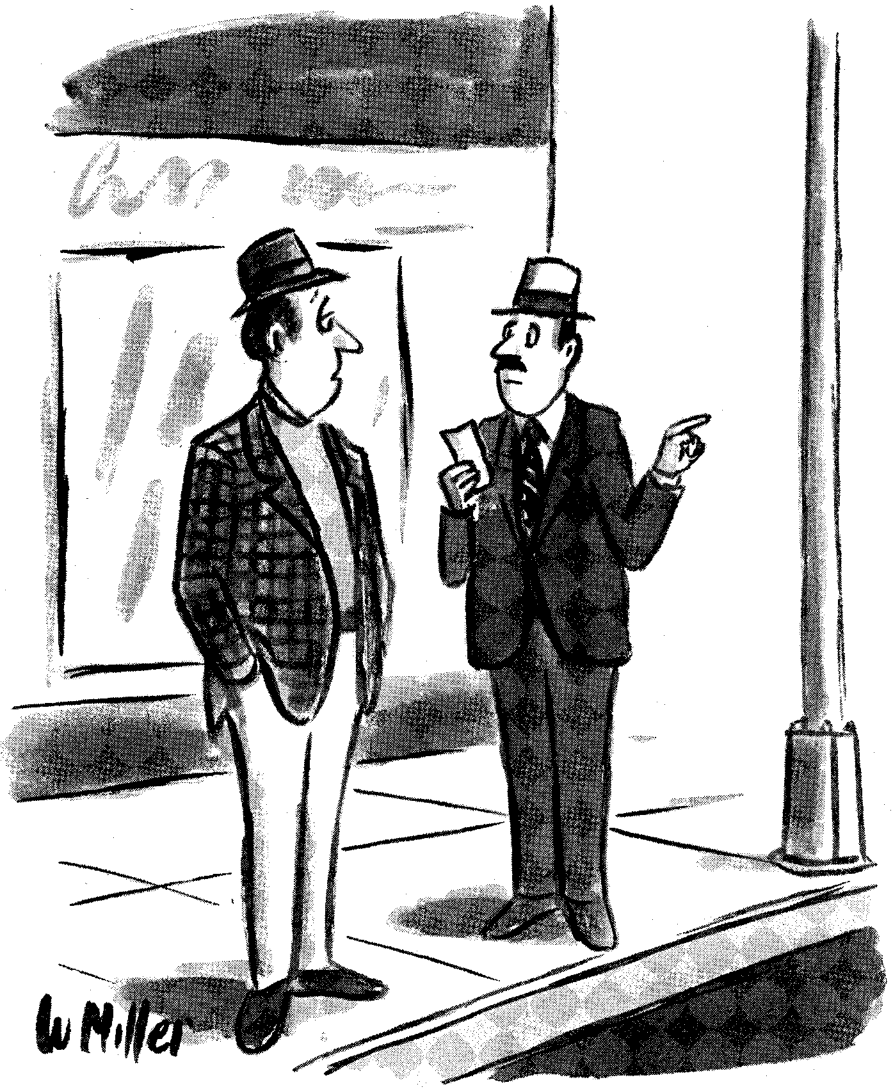
When the six months were over, Mukandi, it seemed, was still not with child, but Bulaki Ram's faith in the Mother was unshaken. "Let's go to Peshawar and make a new beginning," he said to Mukandi. "We've had nothing but misfortunes in Lahore." He had heard Peshawar spoken of by travelling merchants as a thriving cantonment, or permanent military station, in India's mountainous Northwest Frontier Province. He had seen two or three tall and fierce-looking Pathans from the Frontier Province working as watchmen in the houses of the rich outside the old city of Lahore. He had heard that the Pathans were the first cousins of the Afghans, in faraway Afghanistan, and that they spoke a strange-sounding tongue called Pushtu. When people in the *gulli* didn't understand something, they said, "It's all Pushtu to me."

Bulaki Ram rented out his house. He collected his few worldly possessions—bedding, clothes, pots, pans, and wooden kitchen tools—and packed a wicker basket with chapattis, stalks of sugarcane, and chick-peas for the journey. Finally, he set off with Mukandi and his aunt Ganesh Devi on the North Western Railway. This railway was a much-touted amenity of the British raj, although it had originally been built so that the government could move troops quickly to distant cantonments. None of the three had ever been on a train before. They looked ahead at the engine puffing smoke and behind at the guard puffing a cheroot, and wondered whether the engine was going to pull the train or the guard was going to push it. Then, miraculously, as if Durga Mata herself had begun to move the train, it thundered out of the station. They held on to their seats until the steady rocking motion calmed them. The train took them as far as the town of Rawalpindi, and Bulaki Ram and his family proceeded from there in a hired bullock cart along the seemingly interminable Grand Trunk Road, now and again exchanging greetings with wayfarers who rested in the shade of tall, leafy shisham trees that lined it.

When they reached Peshawar, after several days on the road, they felt sure that Mukandi was with child. About eight months later, on the twenty-fifth of November, 1872, Mukandi was delivered of a son. They named him Durga Das (Servant of Durga). This was my maternal grandfather, Babuji.

DIARY

BABUJI kept a diary for most of his long life. It was in a notebook of the kind that schoolchildren used to have. Taller than it was wide, the notebook opened from the bottom. The binding was of sturdy black cloth and the pages were thick and unlined; once white, they grew yellow with age. Like an old-fashioned book, it had a thin, worn tape for a marker. Babuji (Respected Elder, or Hindu Gentleman), as just about everyone called him—his full name was Durga Das Mehra—must have got the diary as a child, in the eighteen-seventies, but in the nineteen-seventies it was still in good condition, and thus was a credit to its Victorian manufacturer. Few articles could have survived so well the ravages of the Indian heat, dust, and termites. Most of the pages were covered with a thin, spidery script, written with a nibbed pen, mostly in blue or black ink but sometimes in purple. Babuji had begun by listing, in English, year by year, the major events of his life, but the order was more apparent than real, since some of the pages were blank and, besides, he had written in the diary from both ends. The front pages were mainly straightforward records of births, marriages, and deaths—with a curiously impersonal fatalistic or invocational comment or two appended—and the back pages were given over to random entries of accounts, in English, in Urdu, and in Landay (a special Indian language for keeping accounts), interspersed with home remedies, home truths, and maxims, in Urdu and in Punjabi, that Babuji must have noted down as he came across them. An eventful year might be given a whole page to itself, and several uneventful years grouped together on a page. In either case,



"I'm afraid I can't help you. I'm from New Zealand, and all I know is sheep."

an event was never described in more than a few sentences. The diary, in fact, read like a simple chronicle, and yet I found it affecting. Reading it, I felt I was opening a window on an extraordinary life—perhaps even on an extraordinary period. But part of that feeling was no doubt due to the fact that the diary had been inscribed to me, and handed over to me as a keepsake, in Babuji's ninety-ninth year, two years before his death. He lived until I was thirty-nine, and had been almost as familiar to me as my mother, yet the diary made me feel that he had also been a stranger. The inscription was on the flyleaf in a very shaky hand indeed, the last in a progression of hands—at first tight and neat, then increasingly hasty and careless, then merely perfunctory—themselves charting in their way his life's journey. The inscription read:

> I have great pleasure & Setisfection [the spelling and punctuation are his] in handing over this my life diary to dear Ved, who is my distinguished grand child. I feel proud of him. God bless him.
>
> DURGA DAS
> 23/7/71

Babuji's diary begins:

My birthday:—Monday i.e. 25th November, 1872
=Magher Sadi Dashmi st. 1929
=12th Magher Samwat 1929.

[The second date refers to the phase of the moon, and the third date refers to the Vikrami era of the Hindu calendar, which is based on the solar year but is calculated differently from the Christian calendar—the Hindu year 1929 corresponding roughly to the Christian year 1872. Most of the dates in the diary, however, are given in Christian years.]

Important Memoranda

Dear Ratan Devi (my first-born) died on the night of 8th May 1894, at about 10 P.M. Aged 9 months 6 days. Grief immense. Was very pretty and amiable. Trust in God and resign fate to Him, who does everything for good. Was born on Monday morning the 2nd August, 1893, at 2.50 A.M. [The date of Babuji's first marriage is not recorded in the diary.]

2. Suffered from jaundice for full three months and a half. A sad sequence to the death of my daughter. Sad & miserable. His Will be done.

17th Dec. 94—Grief immense. Did all the papers well in the Inter. Exam. ["Inter." was the Intermediate Exam for a B.A.] Failed in oral. A dire misfortune. The crowning calamity. [He was planning to study law, and it must have seemed to him that his failure had put his very livelihood in jeopardy; fear of poverty could never have been far from his mind. He did, however, pass his oral examination on a second try.]

Born a daughter on Wednesday the 24th July, 1895, at 1.20 p.m. Named Ratan Devi. [It was typical of him to give the newborn daughter the same name as the daughter who had died. Devi, which means "goddess," is a common invocational name for Hindu girls—a corresponding invocational name for Hindu boys being Das, which means "servant of god."]

1897

Born a son at 2.55 P.M. on Monday 20th, December. Named Ishwar Das.

1900

Born a son on 2nd Oct., 1900, named Bhagwan Das.

1902

Death of my beloved & model wife St. ["St." must here be an abbreviation for "Shrimati," the equivalent of "Miss" or "Mrs."] Devakiji ["-ji" is a suffix denoting affection and respect] after prolonged illness—Misfortune unbearable—God's will be done.

1903

Married on 21st July at Kasur [a town about thirty-five miles southeast of Lahore] to Lal Devi, daughter of Lala Bagu Ram Khanna. ["Lala"—or simply "L."—is an honorific of the Kshatriya caste, to which we belong.]

1905

Rebuilt my house in Kucha Kaghzian From Feb. to Oct.

1906

Born a son on 18th September at 4.20 P.M.—Received news at Quetta. [Quetta is a city up in the mountains, in Baluchistan, where many well-to-do people from Lahore used to go for vacations.] Named Narinjan Das.

1908

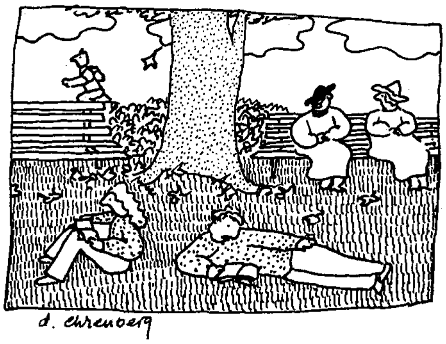
1. Purchased a site last year & built my new house outside Shahalmi Gate. Jath took place on Dusehra Day. [Jath is a housewarming ceremony, and Dusehra is a ten-day-long autumn festival centering on the Ramayana, which describes the epic victory of the god Rama over the demon Ravana. In orthodox Hindu homes, the entire Ramayana is recited, and on the evening of the last day—Dusehra Day—elaborate paper-and-bamboo effigies portraying Ravana with ten heads are burned in public.]

2. Born a daughter on 16th August at 7 A.M. Named Shanti Devi. [This was my mother, Mamaji.]

1909

1. Died Lala Duni Chand father of my first wife Devaki on Saturday, 27th Feb. at 8 A.M. at Rawalpindi. Much grieved.

2. Died my little dear son Narinjan Das of diphtheria, on Wednesday, 11th Aug. at 4.45 P.M. miserable. Child bright, intelligent & lovely. His will be done... this the 3rd catastrophe of my life. [It is hard to be sure which two earlier catastrophes he had in mind—probably the deaths of his daughter and his wife.]



1910

Betrothal of Ratan Devi my daughter with Bishan Das Overseer North Western Railway, Lahore, grandson of late Lala Thulla Mal Banker of Lahore.

4th Feby 1910. May Glad bless the engagement. ["Glad" is a slip. Although I have made the spellings of proper names in the diary uniform, I have preserved Babuji's other spellings.]

Elected Fellow of Punjab University Votes 183—First. [He had studied law at Punjab University, and he must have got a hundred and eighty-three votes and stood first among the elected fellows.]

Elected on 1st January. Gazetted on 4th March. [The *Gazette* was a government-subsidized publication, and important appointments were not considered official until they were announced in it.]

Born a daughter on 13th Octr. at 10 P.M. Named: Sumitra.

1911

Married Ratan Devi to Lala Bishan Das Overseer of Lahore on 4th Feb.—Basant Day. [Basant is a festival marking the arrival of spring. The Punjabis say "*Aya Besant pala udant*," which means "Basant came, cold fled."] May God bless the couple & grant them happiness, peace & prosperity.

11th April Ishwar Das, my boy, bitten by Puppy (subsequently proved to be rabies). Left for treatment at Central Institute at Kasauli 13th night. [This was India's only institution for the treatment of rabies.] Most miserable time. One of the bitterest moments of my life. Most anxious. Depends upon His Mercy.

August. Indescribable pain—mental shock. His will be done.

Sept. My little daughter Sumitra aged one died in my absence at Lahore. Returned from Bombay on 22nd. [Babuji had been practicing law for years now. He must have been away in Bombay on legal business.] Disease—Diphtheria which proved fatal in case of my son Narinjan Das. Must submit to His Supreme Will.

1912

Born a son on 16th August at Kasur Named Dwarka Das.

1913

"Firefly" my favorite horse died on 14th Dec. after good service.

A beautifull & serviceable animal. [Firefly was his carriage horse.]

Born a daughter at Lahore on ——— named Sheila.

Died above girl on ——— of high fever & breathing trouble.

His will be done. [It's not clear why he left out the dates of her birth and death.]

1915

Reelected Fellow of the Punjab University standing first—27th Feby.

Born a son on 17-7 at 9.40 P.M. named Lakshman Das.

1916

Had a severe indigestion & nervous attack on night of 23rd Jany which proved very obstinate.

Ishwar Das & Bhagwan Das passed their Inter- & Entrance Exams respectively in Second Division.

Spent Sept. at Kasauli & recruited my health. Change proved usefull.

1917

Purchased Kothi "North View" at Kasauli in partnership with L. Tirath Ram, Pleader. Registered on 17 1. [Kasauli, in the Punjab, was one of many hill stations that the British built for themselves in order to escape from the summer heat of the plains; *kothis* are bungalows in colonial style, which were also built by the British.]

Born a son to Ratan Devi at Mach on ——— named, ———. [Mach was an old-fashioned railway town in the Northwest Frontier Province.]

May he live long.

Passed a bad Sept. in Lahore on account of illness of Lakshman Das, Dwarka & Bhagwan Das. Lakshman Das was bitten by suspicious dog of my syce [groom] on 24th July and had to go to Kasauli with wife [that is, Babuji's wife] & Ishwar Das.

1918

Born twin daughters on 23rd April at 9.30 & 9.40 P.M. Senior named Dharam Devi.

Died Junior of the twin babies on 5th July at 12.15 A.M. after great suffering for these days.

Dear Ishwar Das died on 27-10 at 4.15 A.M. of Pneumonia Influenza after 14 days illness. Pleasure & pride of my life taken away. His will is supreme.

Most miserable. Born 20-12-97. Lost his mother [Babuji's first wife] in Nov. 1902. Passed his Matric from Model School in 1914. His inter. from D.A.V. College in 1916 & his B.A. Exam with Honours from Govt. College in April 18. A good boy with noble instincts of self sacrifice & service to others. Died nobly like a true believer in God reciting Om & Ved mantras. A life full of hope & promise for the country & the community taken away so abruptly. Affliction overwhelming, grief intense. Ostensible causes of his death were his own stubbornness, doctors' blunderings & my inexperience. Death an enigma & mystery. Where does the man go? Is human age fixed or not? Could dear boy have been saved by any human effort? Who knew that death of my dear boy Ishwar Das will be followed by the unexpected demise of his elder sister dear Ratan Devi. She with her husband, Bishan Das, & three children came here to mourn the loss of her brother. They all left for Mach on 9th Nov. On 18th night received a telegram informing that they all had Influenza. Bishan Das's brother & my servant went to see them by morning mail on 19th. At night came the news that Ratan Devi's infant son was dead and she was down with the Pneumonia. Munshie [clerk] Gujarmal & Malan Devi [Babuji's mother-in-law] were sent by next morn. train but on 20th night came the painfull news that Ratan Devi was no more. She expired at 2 P.M. on that day before the party from Lahore could reach. Her younger girl Kunti died on 27th morning and poor miserable Bishan Das came back to Lahore on 28th night with one surviving girl Kaushalya. May she long live & prosper as the remnant of her departed mother & brother & sister. This has filled the cup of my misery and has marked me out as a sinner deserving of all this punishment. Two of my eldest & pure souled children taken away within a month!!! This has made me despondent & lose all confidence in future. Life has become so uncertain & precarious.

May God Almighty grant peace to departed souls & give us all strength to bear it. The Influenza epidemic has worked havoc and the toll taken by it is most heavy. Thank God it has not been worse & I humbly pray that rest of my life be saved from such or other similar mishaps. *His Will is supreme & must be done.*

1919

1. The year passed in sorrow and in daily brooding over the loss of my dear ones who tragically departed this world one after the other at the end of last year. No light, no consolation. None has solved the mystery of Life and Death.

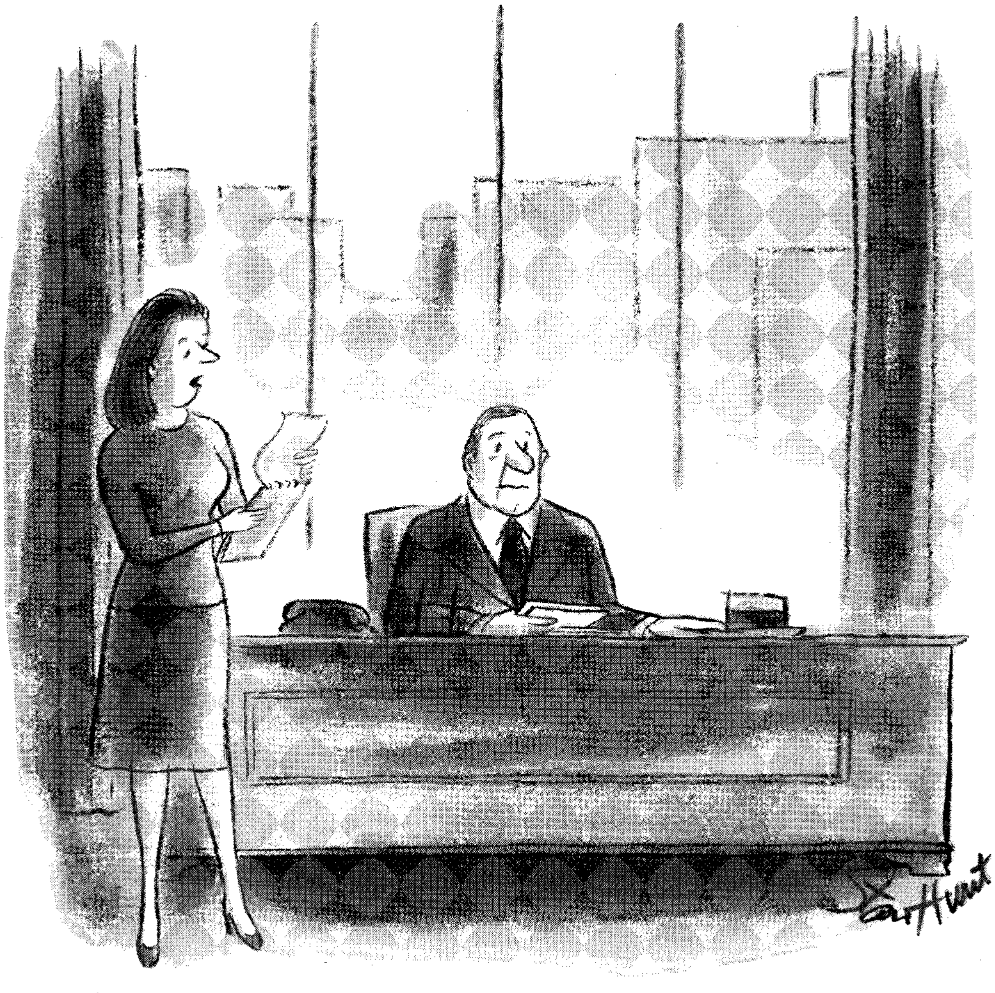
Growing scepticism of the last year wore off gradually & faith in the Supreme Power of creation restored. Real interest in the worldly side of life reduced to a vanishing point. The whole thing is really a farce & not worth the trouble & worry why men & women foolishly undergo & suffer.

2. Dear Lakshman Das had a very bad attack of typhoid in June which lasted till September off & on. God in his mercy spared him.

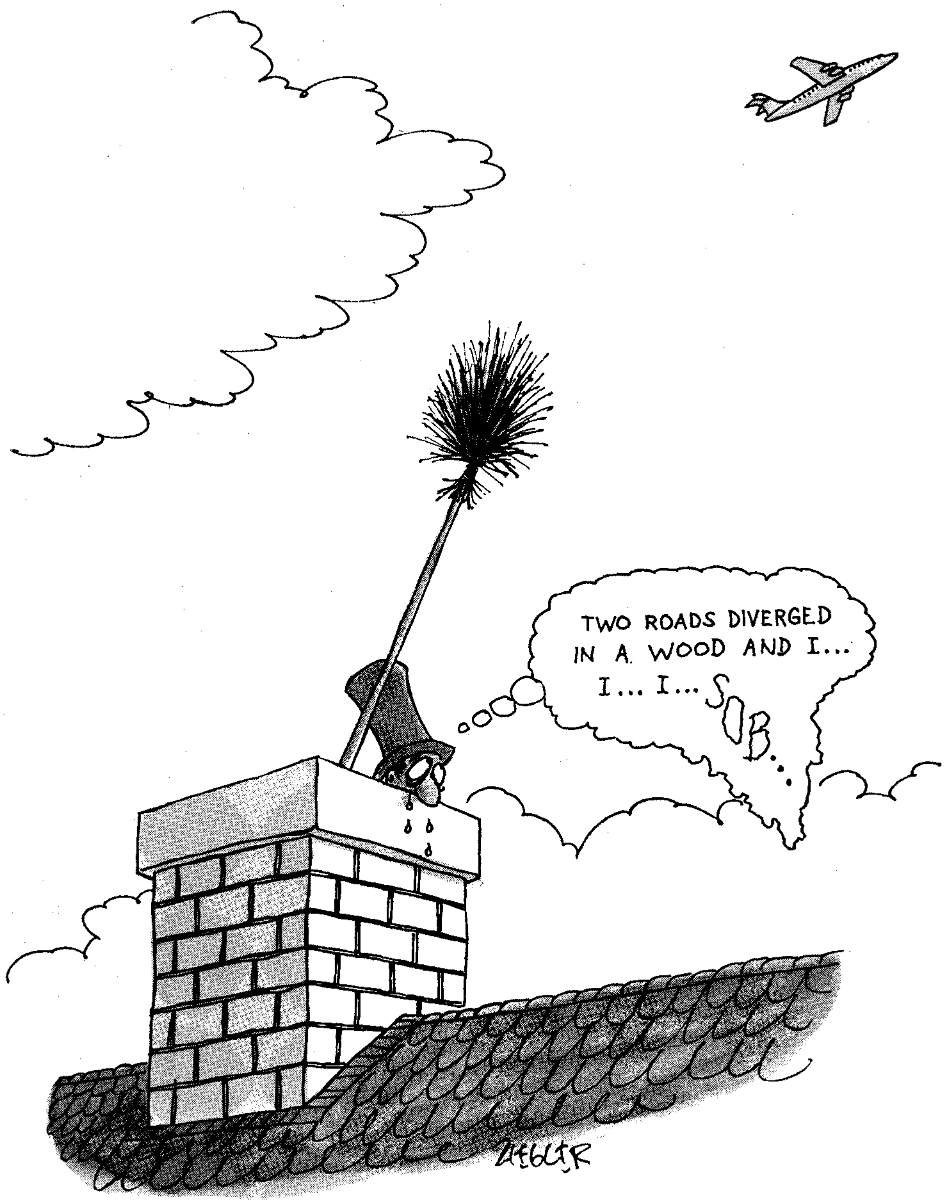
3. The Tribune [the Punjab's main English-language newspaper] started an agitation against me about my letter to the University opposing student strikes against the government. This step was taken bonafide & in the best interests of the Students but was misunderstood & misrepresented in some quarters.

The year was memorable for agitation against Rowlatt Act suspending constitutional guarantees and rights and introduction & enforcement of Martial Law in Lahore, Amritsar, Gujranwalla & Lyallpur.

Jallianwalla Bagh tragedy of Amritsar, the British Massacre of Indian protesters, was really scandalous & indefensible. Martial Law administration aimed at showing the inferiority of Indians. It shocked the sense of [British] justice entertained by educated Indians. It was an exhibition of racial superiority & as such seriously injured the good name & reputation of the British Govt. [Babuji was protesting against British



"Let's see, your schedule for today, as I have it, says you will arrive at the office late, glance through your mail, leave immediately for lunch, and never return, ever."


TWO ROADS DIVERGED IN A WOOD AND I... I... I... SOB...
ZIEGLER

atrocities and becoming involved, in spite of himself, in India's struggle for home rule.]

Amritsar Congress a grand popular success owing to Martial Law atrocities.

Bhagwan Das' health broke down in March just before his Inter. Exam.

Very anxious. His will be done.

Went to Kasauli for 10 days in Sept. Bhagwan Das went to Bombay in June & then to Dharamsala [a town in the Punjab]. Regained his health partially in winter & rejoined the College.

1921

Bhagwan Das' health again broke down in Feb. and he had to give up his studies.

Nervous dyspepsia. Went to Kashmir in July.

We all joined him at Srinagar in August & spent about 6 weeks there going about. Dear Ishwar Das' memory was more than once revived specially at Verinag where he had crossed swimming in 1916. [Ishwar Das was probably the only member of the family who knew how to swim. The town of Verinag was known for its ice-cold water.]

At Chashma Shahi, father suddenly remembered him & tears came out of his eyes. I too wept.

Returned to Lahore on 3 Oct.

1922

Bhagwan Das's health much improved. Proposed to go to England for studying Elec. Enging considered & given up. He had mild attack of Typhoid at end of August.

Born a daughter on 4th Septr at 1.20 A.M. named Pushpa. Went to Solon for 2 weeks & returned on 26.9. Stayed with P. Madhoram, Vakil [pleader].

Another affliction! Dear Gopal died of accident under tragic circumstances when I was out for a walk on the evening of 10th Oct. [Babuji does not record the birth of Gopal. He was two years old when he died.] Simply bewildered & stunned by this sudden blow of Fate!!! Losing faith in everything.

1923

Spent Vacations at Mussoorie [a hill station in the United Provinces] with family.

Dear old father passed away at 2 A.M. on 23rd Dec. after 2 weeks' illness. He got fever on Sunday, 9th Decr & subsequently Pneumonia. Heart became weak & brain was affected. He was almost delerious throughout due to poisoning of the system. Throat, mouth & tongue became inflamed. His will be done, aged over 86.

1924

Bhagwan Das passed his F.E.L. [The initials stand for First Examination in Law.]

Plague affected the city & had to shift to No. 22 Davis Road for a month in May. [Davis Road was in the civil station, some distance from the old, walled city of Lahore, the center of the epidemic.]

Lakshman Das and Dwarka had bad attacks of fever in June.

All went to Dalhousie on 16th August & returned on 30.9. Lived in Afzal Villa (middle Bakrota) and enjoyed the trip. Paid a visit to Khajiar & Chamba. [Bakrota is a few miles below Dalhousie, a hill station in the Punjab. Afzal Villa probably belonged to one Afzal Hussein, a Muslim lawyer of Babuji's acquaintance.]

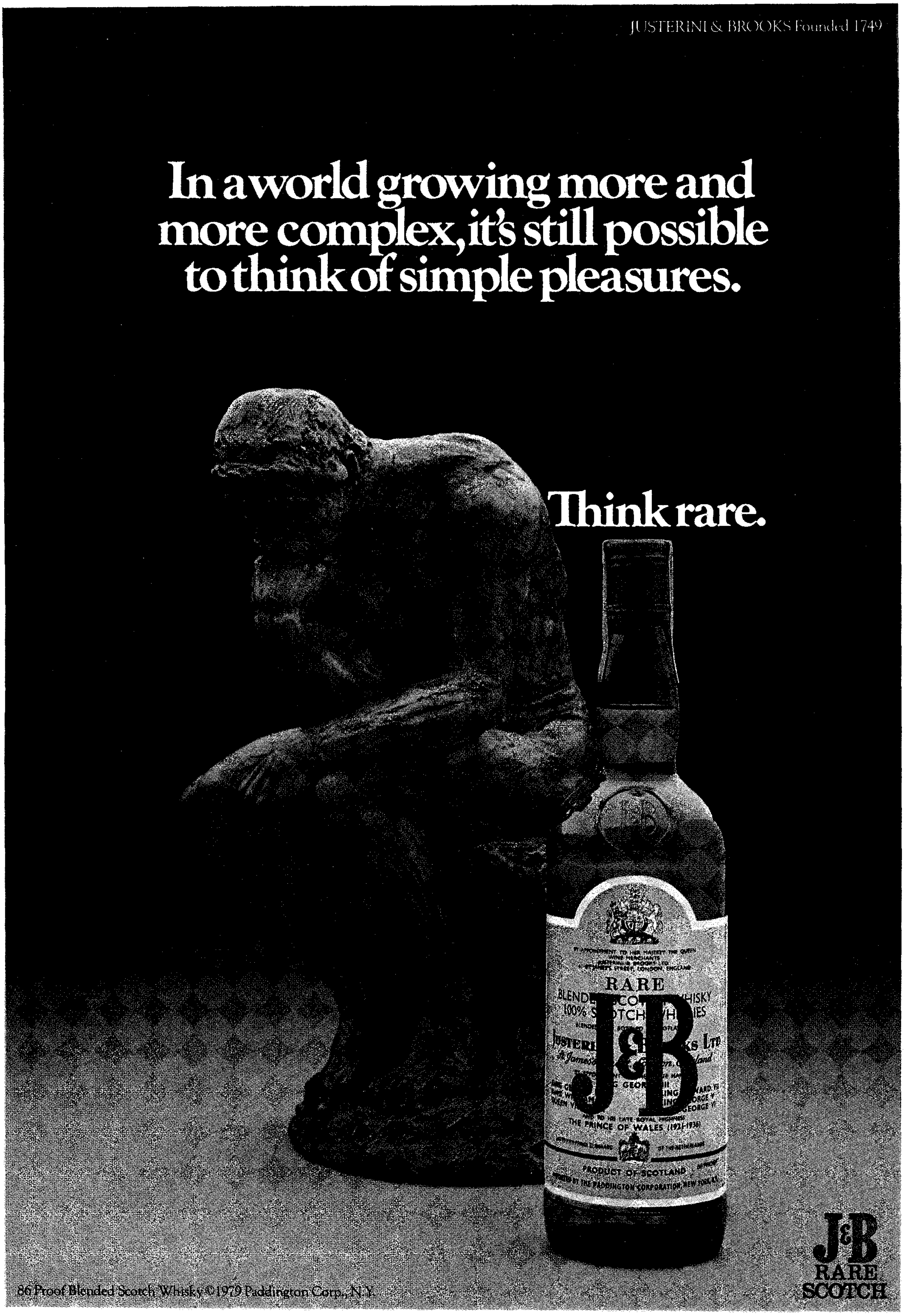
On return all family down with fever & cough for a week. Thank God the year passed safely & peacefully.

His blessings invoked for the new year.

Reading these first pages of my grandfather's diary made me curious about everything connected with him, with Mamaji, with that whole side of my family, and I felt the need to look further than the diary and its terse entries, to other clues—to other diaries, to school copybooks, to letters, to family gossip and remembrances, and to land deeds and other public records—in order to gain a better understanding of my antecedents.

FOREBEARS

AROUND 1849, or about twenty-three years before Babuji was born to Bulaki Ram and Mukandi, Bulaki Ram had to put the torch to the funeral pyre of his father, Miri Mal, beside the River Ravi near Lahore. Bulaki Ram, who was twelve at the time, and had earlier lost his mother, was the eldest son, and it was his duty to send his father's soul to rest. He stood, dazed, at the head of a long, shallow brick tub, in which his father was laid out on a neatly stacked bed of dry logs, with more logs stacked on top of him. Ganesh Devi, the sister of Miri Mal, told the boy that without the weight of the second stack his father would sit bolt upright as soon as the fire was lit under him, and Bulaki Ram would have to hit his father over the head to get him to lie back down, for unless his father was cremated in a restful pose his ghost would wander the *gullis* of Lahore in the night, wail-



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In addition to having extraordinary power, the new Saab Turbo is uniquely equipped to control it. A longer wheelbase, new suspension geometry and front wheel drive give the car cat-like agility – even on rain, snow and ice. Bilstein gas shocks and rack and pinion steering help you cling to the road. Power-assisted 4-wheel disc brakes help the Michelin TRX radial tires come to smooth, sure stops.

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The new Turbo 5-door will carry a family of five in style and comfort. The interior is of soft velour. Front seats are fully reclining and heated. Air conditioning, power steering, and a sliding sunroof made of steel are standard.

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ing. The fire started up in such a rush that the boy was thrown back several feet. He watched the fire go higher and higher as Ganesh Devi fed it with ladles of ghi and handfuls of *smugary* (frankincense and myrrh).

Within two weeks of setting fire to his father, Bulaki Ram had to tear down Miri Mal's little house in Kucha Kaghzian—the house in which Bulaki Ram was born and raised. He then had to divide the small plot of land, fifty or sixty square yards, with his younger brother, Bhagat Ram, and start building a new house, half the size of his father's. Bulaki Ram and Bhagat Ram were the only surviving children of Miri Mal, and, according to the Hindu law of inheritance, property was divided equally among all male issue—the result being, of course, that the inheritance tended to become smaller with each generation. (The European law of primogeniture, which prevented such fragmentation of property, was unknown.)

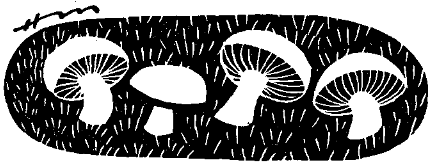
It appears from the narration of itinerant Hindu bards who regularly visited the family and recited its genealogical tables that the family was Lahori through and through (with distant roots in the rural western-Punjab area of Jhang), and had lived for generations there in Kucha Kaghzian, in the heart of the city, except during the nineteenth-century Sikh Wars, when for a time the family might have fled the old city and hidden outside its walls. Kucha Kaghzian was a choked cul-de-sac about six feet wide, which lay over the impacted ancient ruins of vanished cities, each more mean, congested, and corrupt than its predecessor. The house that Bulaki Ram built was, like many of the other houses in the lane, a two-story *pukka* (lasting) structure, of baked bricks and mortar. Three sides were windowless, but in the front two narrow windows directly overlooked the big open drain, about a foot wide, that ran along the middle of the lane and carried its effluent to the city sewers. A couple of makeshift partitions and an earthenware jar were set up on one end of the roof as the lavatory for the house. The upper floor and the roof could be reached only by a small outer staircase, hardly wide enough for one person. Morning and evening, one or another member of an Untouchable family of sweepers, who claimed service of Bulaki Ram's Kshatriya family as a hereditary right, would come up the stairs, empty the contents of the earthenware jar into a bucket, and carry the bucket to a nearby street and dump it into a communal cart. Periodically, a bullock was hitched to the cart, and the cart was pulled along to the city refuse dump, some of its contents spilling through an old, tattered gunny cloth that covered it.

Bulaki Ram and Bhagat Ram also inherited several stalls in the Fish Market, a *gulli* that got its name from the fact that it was shaped like a fish. (As it happened, the sale of fish there was banned, because the shopkeepers in the *gulli* were all Hindus who considered the eating of fish to be spiritually polluting.) Bulaki Ram and Bhagat Ram, being Kshatriyas, and so belonging to the governing or military caste, did not themselves sit in the market stalls but rented them out, for about twelve annas a month (an anna, one-sixteenth of a rupee, was equivalent to about a cent and a half), to shopkeepers who sold everything from soap, combs, and bangles to cooking oil and lentils.

It seemed that Bulaki Ram did not have a head for business, and anyone could take advantage of him. But Bhagat Ram was shrewd, and soon became known for his clever dealings. He would buy a dozen mangoes cheap from one vender and sell them to a vender in the next *gulli* for a pice or so more. (A pice was one sixty-fourth of a rupee.) The mangoes were bought on a few hours' credit, so he was able to turn a profit without investing a pice of his own. He was on the move much of the time, and was so fleet-footed that few could catch up with him as he dashed from *gulli* to *gulli*, buying, selling, haggling, dealing.

Bhagat Ram eventually let his house in Kucha Kaghzian and went to Kasur in search of better prospects. (According to legend, the Hindu god and epic hero Ram sired two sons, Lav and Kush; Lav founded Lahore, and Kush founded Kasur.) Bhagat Ram died around 1900, and was survived by three sons and a daughter. One of the sons was named Krishan Dayal, another Har Dayal, but no one could later recall the names of the two other children.

IN 1852, when Bulaki Ram was fifteen years old, Ganesh Devi—who lived with him, because he was her eldest surviving close relative and therefore had the duty of supporting her—presented him with a twelve-year-old bride named Mukandi and with a new turban, to signalize his responsibilities as head of the household. Ganesh Devi, who had been widowed in childhood, was Miri Mal's eldest surviving relative, and it was therefore her duty to see that her nephews were married and the family perpetuated. Mukandi was a thin, fair-skinned girl, five feet tall; she came just up to Bulaki Ram's chin. Bulaki Ram's new turban was of white muslin so fine that it could be drawn through Mukandi's wedding ring.



Bulaki Ram had not been seen in public without a turban since an incident in his tenth year. At the time, he had been sitting in his father's house in Kucha Kaghzian on a day when the air was stagnant—there wasn't so much as a stirring of wind to cool his neck. Feeling hot and uncomfortable, he had taken off his turban. Suddenly, someone had come up behind him and cuffed him on the head, taking away his breath. "Sitting with a naked head?" his father had cried. "You dishonor your family!" Bulaki Ram, humbled, had brought his palms together, touched his forehead to his father's feet, and begged forgiveness. The cuff on his head was Bulaki Ram's initiation into the importance of the turban to the males of the exclusive Kshatriya subcaste of Dha-ee-ghar ("Two and a Half Houses") Lahoris, to which he belonged. Among the Dha-ee-ghar Lahoris, for a man to walk the *gullis* without a turban was considered disreputable, and no insult was greater than pulling off someone's turban. In fact, in those days the only time a Dha-ee-ghar Lahori voluntarily removed his turban in public was when he placed it at the feet of someone whom he had injured and from whom he sought forgiveness. (The custom of going about with the head exposed became accepted only gradually, with the experience of seeing hatless British masters.) After that early transgression, Bulaki Ram would keep his turban tied next to his pillow when he was asleep, in case he might have to get up unexpectedly in the night. Often, he would draw the sheet over his head in his sleep.

IN Peshawar, Bulaki Ram and Mukandi continued to pray to the goddess Durga, in thanks for their baby son, Babuji. They, along with Ganesh Devi, lived in a small rented room in the native city, three miles from the British cantonment. Like many *shehris* (city dwellers), Bulaki Ram believed that sunlight spread consumption, so he kept both the door and the wooden shutter of the single window of their room closed against the sunlight practically all the time, and the family was forced to struggle along in the dark, close room by the flickering light of the cooking fire and of a few kerosene mud lamps. There was only a little chimney to draw out the smoke. Mukandi and Ganesh Devi went daily to a nearby stream to wash the clothes. They sewed and they cooked, and they were careful to keep the fire going.

In Peshawar, Bulaki Ram became an itinerant cloth vender. He would buy cheap, rejected cloth—seconds—at a discount from Kirpa Ram & Brother, well-known cloth merchants in the cantonment, and would skillfully cut it into lengths suitable for shirts and pajama trousers, without wasting any of the cloth. Then he would bundle the lengths in a sheet, and, with the bundle on his back, go from door to door peddling the cloth at the homes of the British officials and soldiers in the cantonment. Partly because few other venders seemed to know about the seconds, and partly because the cantonment was growing, he was able to make a good living. He became known as the *gathriwallah* (bundleman) from Lahore.

Bulaki Ram couldn't get over the abundance of Peshawar. "Why, I can buy two sparrows for one anna here," he would say to Mukandi, bringing home some ready-cooked birds from the bazaar for supper. (Mukandi was a vegetarian and did not cook meat in the house.) "In Lahore, I couldn't get even one sparrow for one anna. And what fat sparrows they are, too! And they come ready-cooked from the bazaar, so that you don't have to go near the meat. I'll feed them to Durga Das with my own hands, and he'll grow up to be healthy and strong, like a Pathan."

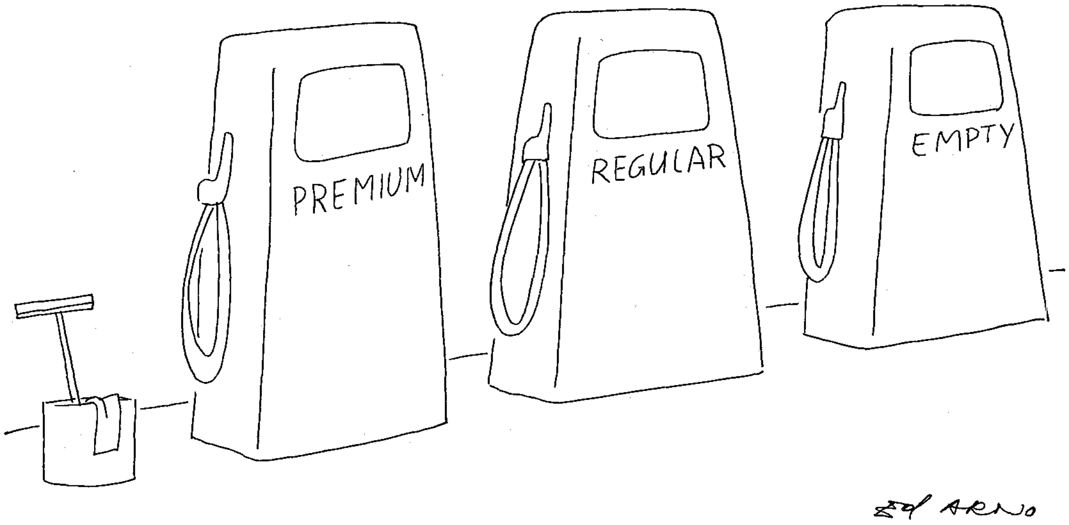
At least once a day, Babuji was given a fried sparrow, two glasses of boiled milk with its skin on it, and plenty of vegetables. He was also fed peeled and soaked almonds and *suji halwah* (*suji* is a form of wheat flour that is a little grittier than white flour), and his chapattis were laced with lots of *ghi*. Bulaki Ram was so solicitous of the health of his son and heir that the child was always made to sleep with woollen socks on and was never allowed to put his bare feet on the floor. If Babuji was ever seen barefoot, Bulaki Ram would rush to his side with wooden clogs. But, no matter what Bulaki Ram did for him, Babuji remained small of stature. Bulaki Ram believed that this was because the child used to slip out of the room to sit in the open air.

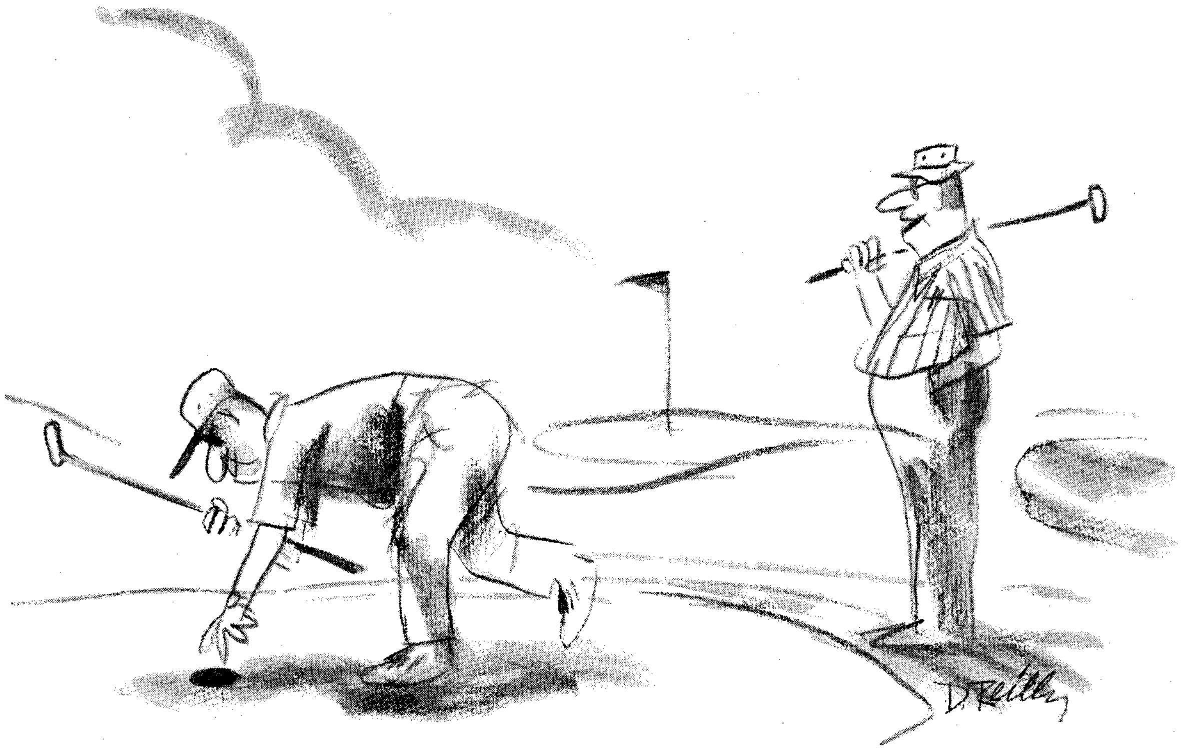
Every Saturday, Bulaki Ram would arrange on a brass platter a bowl of melted ghi, a ball of wheat dough, and a couple of spoonfuls of rice and *dal* (lentils). He would show Babuji his reflection in the ghi—to ward off evil spirits—and then give the bowl of ghi to a Brahman, who had come for it, and who would bless the whole platter of food. The family would eventually eat the food. On that day, Bulaki Ram would not eat meat or eggs, and Mukandi would observe a fast, eating only when the sun had gone down. During the annual Durga festival, Bulaki Ram would give thank offerings of food to eleven poor families and veils to eleven poor girls.

Bulaki Ram and Mukandi celebrated Babuji's first birthday and then his second birthday—he was their first child to reach this age. Soon afterward, Mukandi gave birth to another child—a daughter. They named her Durga Devi, after the goddess Durga. No special attention was lavished on Durga Devi; she was left to grow up as she would. At the time, not even sons were given much education, because, as their fathers never tired of saying, "in the end, son, you're going to sit in the shop." But Bulaki Ram, though himself unlettered, looked to education as a means of freeing Babuji from the fate of a bundleman. And so every morning Bulaki Ram would walk with Babuji about half a mile to school, and every afternoon he would walk to the school to fetch him back.

The school, Edwardes Memorial Mission High School, was named after Sir Herbert Edwardes, who had been the chief commissioner of the Northwest Frontier Province at the time of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 and had earned government acclaim by rushing the Army contingent under his control to Delhi to help quell the Mutiny. After the Mutiny had been suppressed, the Church Missionary Society of England commemorated his deed by sending missionaries out to Peshawar to start one of the first schools in the Northwest Frontier Province. The missionaries constructed the school, living quarters for themselves, and the All Saints Church. In time, these buildings, along with a few small British-type shops, became the nucleus of the British community, which was set apart from the godowns and *mandis* (open markets) of the native city. Bulaki Ram could scarcely pronounce the name of the school, but as he walked back and forth with Babuji he would speak of the place as another Durga temple, with mysterious benevolent powers.

WHEN Babuji was seven, he caught a mysterious fever and started turning yellow. Bulaki Ram first treated the child himself with ancient remedies he knew, and then, when Babuji didn't respond, took him to an English doctor in the cantonment. "The boy has jaundice," the doctor said, in a mixture of Hindi and English. "Take him to Murree Hill. Its foggy mountain air will do him good." Bulaki Ram wrapped Babuji up in blankets, and, with Mukandi, Ganesh Devi, Durga Devi, and their few household goods, they set off in a bullock cart for Murree, a hill station near Rawalpindi. The family camped there for many days, until Babuji's fever went down and he regained his normal color. Bulaki Ram felt that the child's fever had been a sign from the goddess Dur-





"Bankruptcy doesn't seem to have hurt your putting eye a bit, Pete."

ga for him to leave Peshawar, and that the child's recovery was a sign that he could safely live once again among his own people in Lahore. So instead of returning to Peshawar he went home to Lahore.

The family passed three comfortable years in Lahore. Bulaki Ram still owned a couple of stalls in the Fish Market, from which he received—for those times—a good rent. And he now formed an advantageous connection with some Pathan traders, from whom he bought cloth at a favorable price. From sunrise to sunset, he was out climbing the staircases of tenements with shops below, calling at the doors, and showing his wares to whomever he found at home. He soon made a name for himself as a *gathri-wallah* with an inexhaustible store of durable cloth and a sweet tongue. He started doing so well that he was able to hire a boy servant to carry his bundle for him. Babuji was entered in the Rang Mahal Mission School, which accepted boys from devout homes, whether Hindu, Muslim, or Christian. Because the school was in the heart of the city, it did not have playing fields, such as the government's Central Model School, outside the city, had, and so wrestling was one of its main sports. Babuji, it turned out, showed more interest in wrestling than in his studies. Though he was small and frail, he aspired to be a wrestler, because he had seen that wrestlers walked boldly around the mean *gullis* through which his father cautiously wound his way. Previously a solitary child, he now began to form friendships and adjust to his new surroundings.

Bulaki Ram returned home one evening in the monsoon season—the year was 1882—and found Mukandi sitting on a little benchlike stool with her head bowed over a twig of green chick-peas, which she was peeling into a cloth on her lap. "There is no way to lift the evil eye," she groaned, pressing her hand to her stomach. "I didn't want to tell you, but I am burdened with child again."

Bulaki Ram was about forty-five; Mukandi was forty-two. They were both healthy, yet they were frightened, because they could never forget that it was in Lahore that they had consigned to fire or water, as Hindu law commanded, the bodies of ten infant children. Bulaki Ram squatted down at her side. "We should never have come back to Lahore," he moaned.

Next day, Bulaki Ram and his family waded for a mile and a half through *gullis* and streets to the railway station. It had rained the night before, so that the open drains overflowed and flooded the *gullis* with disease-carrying sludge. For the second time, they boarded the North Western Railway. At Rawalpindi, they again hired a bullock cart for the slow, arduous journey to Peshawar. As their bullock cart lurched along the Grand Trunk Road—past the familiar shisham trees—its wooden wheels bumping and echoing, Bulaki Ram felt they had left Lahore behind once and for all. But they had scarcely passed the third milestone on the road when Mukandi started crying quietly, "Ram, Ram, I am dying. O God Ram." Clutching Bulaki Ram's hand, she writhed under a coarse mud-brown blanket. Bulaki Ram shouted to the driver to stop the cart. He jumped down and, with the help of the driver, gathered some sticks and made a fire on the shoulder of the road. He began praying to the goddess Durga. Ganesh Devi, kneeling over Mukandi on the floor of the bullock cart in order to screen her from the children, started calling out instructions—for the driver to get some water, for Bulaki Ram to heat a brick and wrap it in a cloth. Bulaki Ram rushed to Mukandi's side with the hot brick, and he heard her whisper haltingly as she struggled to catch her breath, "Promise me you won't get married. Be mother and father to Durga Das and—" She screamed and then was silent. Bulaki Ram heard the cooing of doves overhead. The children began to wail, and Ganesh Devi beat her breast. Bulaki Ram looked into the bullock cart. Mukandi's face was unnaturally relaxed, and next to her a baby girl lay motionless.

Bulaki Ram cremated his wife and stillborn daughter—their thirteenth child—in the unfamiliar town of Rawalpindi, and, blaming Lahore for his new misfortune, continued his journey to Peshawar with a howling child under either arm and Ganesh Devi wailing by his side. He resolved as he made his way along the Grand Trunk Road to honor his wife's last wish, and, although he lived nearly forty years longer, he never remarried. In all those years, he scarcely mentioned his wife's name—it was as if he couldn't bear to revisit his grief—and his children and grandchildren grew up without knowing her name. (One day some years before Bulaki Ram's death, when, as an old, wizened man, he was once again living in Lahore, he took his grandchildren to a festival celebrating Lord Krishna's birth. They were all sitting on the ground waiting for a folk play about Krishna to begin. A bearded man who, if anything, looked even older than Bulaki Ram came up from behind and said, "Brother, the grandchildren of cursed Mukandi are not allowed on this holy ground." Bulaki Ram recognized him as a former neighbor. Mamaji's younger brother Dwarka, who was three at the time and was sitting in her lap, started chanting, "Brother, Mukandi's grandchildren are not allowed here. Brother, Mukandi's grandchildren are not allowed here." Bulaki Ram covered the child's mouth with his hand and said, "You idiot! Mukandi was the noblest woman on earth. She was your grandmother." He had tears in his eyes. That was how Mamaji learned her grandmother's name.)

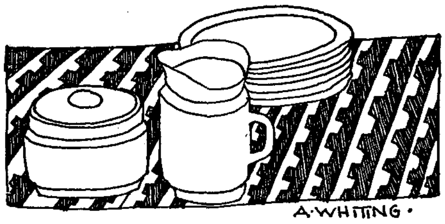
WHEN the bereaved family reached Peshawar, Bulaki Ram found another dark little room and set up his household. Ganesh Devi took over the wifely duties. The room was often filled with the sharp, smoky smell of frying sparrows; unlike Mukandi, Ganesh Devi ate meat, and liked to cook the sparrows at home.

Durga Devi spent her days at her great-aunt's side, watching and learning, and Babuji, who was now ten, was readmitted to his old school, which in the interval had grown to include college-preparatory classes. Indeed, it was now called Edwardes Collegiate Mission School.

Bulaki Ram had become so adept at cutting the seconds into lengths for pajamas and shirts that he could now undersell the craftiest of venders. He did so well that he was soon able to open his own cloth shop on the edge of the cantonment. Ever since his childhood, when he had been given concoctions of roots and herbs to cure him of stomach aches, he had been interested in the Ayur-Vedic system of medicine. (The Ayur-Vedic system, which is based on the Hindu Scripture, the Ayur-Veda, and relies on herbal compounds—together with the Unani system, which is based on ancient Greek medicine and relies on metallic compounds—is more commonly used in India than the Western system of medicine.) The concoctions had invariably been administered to him with recitations of mantras, as the Ayur-Veda prescribed, the remedies having been passed from generation to generation, along with religious laws and caste taboos. Bulaki Ram had used these remedies with good results on his children and on his neighbors and their children, and had gradually earned the reputation of having a special touch with medicines and people; it was thought that his suffering had aroused the compassion of the gods above and they had bestowed the touch upon him. Now, in his shop, he daily encountered poor people in rags who complained of colds and stomach aches, of coughs and blood discharges. He would minister to them, sending each one home with a concoction and a prayer, a comforting word, and, often, a small purchase of cloth. His grateful patrons would return with their wives and children and aunts and grandmothers in tow, all needing a cure and, of course, a length of cloth.

BULAKI RAM, who had all along been yearning to go home to Lahore, but had not dared to go, for fear of what the evil eye might wreak upon him next, now somehow persuaded himself that the evil eye must have been placated by the death of his wife and by his long exile. He was tired of living in Peshawar. He had never learned to feel at ease with the Pathans. Instead of spending time in their homes with their women and children, the men were apt to carouse around the bazaars late into the night, singing songs to each other and breaking out in fits of laughter. Bulaki Ram had never managed to learn their intractable tongue, Pushtu, so he didn't know what the songs meant, but he could tell that they were lascivious from the way the men hallooed and hooted. He longed to hear familiar Punjabi voices, to be among his own kind. Besides, Durga Devi was already thirteen years old, and in order to be married she had to be seen and evaluated by people of her own subcaste, Dha-ee-ghar Lahoris. Above all, Babuji had just passed his Middle School Examination, and Bulaki Ram felt that Lahore, which he had heard was the supreme educational center of the world, was where the boy should continue his studies.

Bulaki Ram closed up his shop, took what savings he had, and set off with his family for Lahore. He never returned to Peshawar; in fact, in later years only one memento remained of the family's life there—a piece of cream-colored paper set in a black bevelled frame. (It was the first of several such framed pieces of paper, which were almost the only ornaments on the whitewashed walls of Bulaki Ram's dwellings and, later, of Babuji's.) The memento had an impressive picture on it—a lion and a mysterious horse with a horn on his forehead, both standing on their hind legs and trying to climb onto a shield and take the crown above it. To Bulaki Ram, the picture—a reproduction of the royal coat of arms—looked like the imprint of a sacred official ring, perhaps from the finger of Queen Victoria herself. Above and below the picture were words that he could not read but in which he took great pride:



THE UNIVERSITY OF THE PUNJAB
SESSION, 1887

This is to certify that Durga Das, Student of the Edwarde's Mission School, Peshawar District, passed the Anglo-Vernacular Middle School Examination, held in January 1887.
REGISTRAR'S OFFICE: Lahore.
The 11th April 1887.
W. BELL, *Registrar*,
PUNJAB UNIVERSITY

DESCRIPTIVE ROLL

Father's Name: Bulaki Mal.
Caste: Hindu.
Residence: Lahore.
Age at year of passing: 14 years.
Remarks: Durga das is a sharp, quiet and steady lad and very regular in his attendance in school. He now leaves as his father is changing his place of abode. Conduct very good.
PESHAWAR
24 May, 1887
M. GHOSH, *Head Master*
WORTHINGTON JUKES, M.S., *Principal*

Babuji had obtained the certificate by writing this letter to the principal:

PESHAWAR
17-5-87

To
His honor the Reved.
W. Jukes
Peshawar

Hd. Sir

I beg to bring your honour on my miserable state—that I wish to be obliged by your honour, by giving me the certificate of my good conduct, & I am reading & learning in this school. Also your honour can ask about me from Masters. I hope your honor will soon grant me the same.
Yours obedient
Student
DD

As a precaution against the return of the evil eye, Bulaki Ram filled his house in Lahore with freshly painted earthenware idols, mostly of the goddess Durga—flourishing a cobra around her neck, brandishing a trident with each of her ten arms, making a battle charge with her coterie of giants and lions. Each idol, however, portrayed her with the gentle face for which she was known. Morning and evening, the family would sit in front of the idols and sing hymns, beseeching the goddess to spare them from the epidemics of smallpox and plague in her arsenal. Bulaki Ram joined the Sanatan Dharmis, an orthodox religious party, and started taking his children regularly not only to Hindu temples but also, as an added precaution, to Sikh temples. The better to serve his goddess, he also stopped selling cloth and became a full-time practitioner of Ayur-Vedic medicine, constantly seeking out Brahmans and asking them for new Ayur-Vedic prescriptions.

Parents

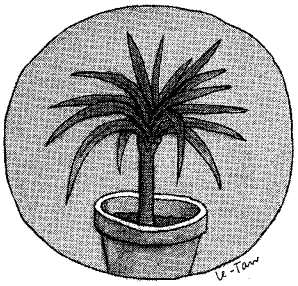
ONE early-autumn day—the year was probably 1887—Bulaki Ram took Babuji some distance outside the old walled city of Lahore to the new, rising British civil station and enrolled him in a school named Dayanand Anglo-Vedic High School, which was known as the D.A.V. School and had been founded in memory of Swami Dayanand Saraswati. (*Swami* means "holy man.") Swami Dayanand had himself founded the Hindu reform movement known as Arya Samaj (Aryan Society), of which the D.A.V. School was a part. The school had been recommended to Bulaki Ram by his neighbors as a good Hindu secondary school, and Babuji was immediately accepted there, because he had stood first in the District of Peshawar; in fact, he had won a two-year government scholarship of four rupees a month—enough to pay for his tuition and books at the D.A.V. School.

Around the same time, Ganesh Devi chose a wife for Babuji. It was felt that he was getting on in years—he was already fifteen—and that, being the elder, he had to be married before his sister. His bride-to-be was a poor, weak twelve-year-old girl named Devaki, who had bad eyesight but who belonged to a Dha-ee-ghar family living in Kucha Kaghzian. She had an adoring, puppylike nature and had had a devout upbringing. Soon after Devaki was chosen, Ganesh Devi died in her sleep. Babuji regarded his marriage to Devaki as the fulfillment of his great-aunt's last wish. Babuji and Devaki were married quietly one night, without the customary wedding band music, and also without the customary wedding horse, on which the bridegroom rides to the bride's house, because Devaki's parents were afraid that a celebration might attract the attention of some predatory rich Muslim, and that he might abduct her, so that he could boast to his cronies that he had a high-caste Hindu "lily" among his wives.

Two or three years later, Babuji passed his matriculation, or school-leaving, examination. In his schools in Peshawar and Lahore, he had acquired a solid Indian Victorian education, which eventually helped him (as it helped so many of his contemporaries) to become a member of the Indian establishment—a sort of shadow of the British establishment. In truth, the quality of his schooling was as much a tribute to Indian students and teachers as to the British missionaries and rulers who designed it. Yet the rendering of official titles and ranks, the pronunciation and spelling of historic battles and place names, and even the meaning of mathematical terms and equations were imperfectly grasped and remembered—their character changing in the act of transmission, so that Indian education acquired a distinctive colonial flavor, like Indian English.

To become a good citizen of the Empire, Babuji had to write down and commit to memory lists of the official titles of government posts. (One of his lists read, "Deputy Surgeon General, Lahore; Quarter Master General, Lahore; Deputy Inspector, Punjab; Deputy Commissioner, Ludhiana; District Judge, Peshawar; Divisional Judge, Lahore; Scission Judge, Calcutta; Assistant Commissioner; Royal Kings Rifle Artillery; Band Master General, Delhi.") To improve his English vocabulary, he had to copy out lists of English words with their definitions. (For instance, "down—soft, fine hairy covering; proboscis—trunk; cartilaginous—grisly; hardly less—almost; visced—sticky; humous—moisture; tendinous—sinewy.") To improve his

handwriting, he had to write out exercises that seem to have been intended to help his soul as much as his penmanship. ("Do not laugh if I submitted myself to the sorcery of the world. I am no better than Solomon who had wind as his support.") To train his ear to the sound of English, he had to take down in English dictation whole stories, which at the same time served to increase his familiarity with things Western. ("In the pleasant valley of Ashton, there lived an elderly woman of the name of Preston," one began, and another, "A Russian nobleman was travelling in the early part of the winter over a bleak plain.") To grasp stylistic differences, he had to copy the texts of entire essays and historical narratives in English. ("The beauty of an object is the state of its highest perfection, i.e. which admits of no improvement," he wrote, and "He struggled against the increasing illness with all his might. Day after day, the journal records his taking cold baths, being carried on his couch to take part in the daily sacrifices, and afterwards, conferring with his Generals, and giving orders for the extended expedition, but ever at night the fever returned with increasing violence.") In learning geometry, he had to master, among other things, many definitions. ("A point is that which has no parts or which has no magnitude;" "A line is length without breadth;" "A straight line is that which lies evenly between its extreme points;" "A superficies is that which has only length and breadth.")



Every year, he was required to take government examinations in all his studies: in algebra ("Divide $x^4 - 2nx^3 - [n^4 + n^2 + 3]x^2 - 2n^3x - n^2 + 1$ by $x^2 - [n^2 + n + 1]x - n - 1$"); in mensuration ("Find the value of the interior angle of a regular Duedacagon, and also the value of the exterior angle of a regular Quindacagon"); in history ("What do you know about the following battles—Crecy, Mortimer's Cross, Brunnabourgh, Ethandune, Mesham, Hastings, Stanford Bridge, Bannockbourne and Felkirk?"); in geography ("Draw a map of China, marking everything accurately," "Give the exports of Scandinavia and those of Persia; give also the names of the chief towns," and "Where are the following, and for what are they noted: Cologne, Pisa, Demeraira, Kampore, Golhanda, Kalikat, Nanhin, Cairo, Freetown, Quebec, Ava, Tassisudan, Lisbon, Tabrez, Jaddha & Portsmouth?"); in English ("How would you characterize Scott's genius?" and "Explain the following as fully as you can, give notes where necessary: The war and chase/ give little choice of resting place/ A summer night in Greenwood spent/ were but tomorrow's merriment"); in languages and translation ("It is said that Persian, English, and Sanskrit belong to the same family of language. Give some words of all the three languages that verify the statement," and "Translate into Persian: 'The monarch of Persia has been pronounced one of the most absolute in the world & it has been shown that there is reason to believe his condition has been the same from most early ages. The words of the King of Persia has ever been deemed law and he has probably never had any further restraint imposed upon the free exercise of his authority' "); in logic ("Give examples of Disjunctive, Assertary, Problematic, Verbal and real propositions and describe the logical character of the following propositions:—'You must not leave the room till I return.' 'This is the 1st of May 1890' "); and in political economy ("What is the proper function of money? Enumerate the qualities which the substance selected as money should possess," and "What is Socialism? Name some of its well-known advocates and point out its economic defects").

Although Babuji seldom scored more than fifty per cent on any given examination paper, he often stood first in his class.

After finishing D.A.V. School, Babuji went to D.A.V. College, in Lahore. The college, which was an affiliate of Punjab University, had also been founded in memory of Swami Dayanand and was dedicated to the teaching of "all human knowledge, in Sanskrit and in English." From the first day, Babuji felt at home, and he congratulated himself on not having gone to Government College, though it was an older and more celebrated affiliate. Government College students tended to be a little idle and dilettantish, dressing in starched and ironed clothes and wearing British-type laced shoes, and they cultivated a secular outlook, taking pride in speaking English and in playing British games like cricket and hockey. Babuji preferred to be one of the D.A.V. students, who, in the Arya Samaj manner, were studious, dressed in simple muslin clothes, wore Indian slipperlike shoes, and cultivated a religious outlook, taking pride in their mother tongue, Hindi, and in Hindu culture.

At college, Babuji soon fell under the influence of a leading Arya Samaj teacher named Hans Raj. Every Sunday morning, he accompanied Hans Raj to an Arya Samaj service in a large, bare hall, where the worshippers—many of them prominent Lahoris—sat on a mat on the floor in front of a brazier of burning coals. The service always began with the *havan* (a sacred Vedic fire ceremony), during which the worshippers would toss handfuls of *smugary* and tablespoonfuls of ghi into the fire, and chant Sanskrit mantras. The *havan* was followed by an *updesh* (a short sermon), by some uplifting *bhajans* (hymns), and by an Arya Samaj lecture—on, for instance, the glories of the Hindus' Aryan past. After the clamor of the crowded Kucha Kaghzian and the D.A.V. College classrooms, Babuji found the crackle of the offerings on the fire and the chanting and singing of the worshippers very soothing. He was also thrilled by the self-righteous harangues, and he enjoyed mingling with the prominent Lahoris. But in later years he could remember only one recurring theme of the meetings: the Ghas (Grass) Party of the Arya Samaj is namby-pamby and false; the Mas (Meat) Party of the Arya Samaj is virile and true. Swami Dayanand had died some six years earlier, in 1883, and a schism had soon developed between his vegetarian and nonvegetarian disciples.

Some years after entering D.A.V. College, Babuji passed the Intermediate Exam, or First Arts. This meant that he had completed half the work toward a Bachelor of Arts degree. At the time, that was as far as a student could go at D.A.V. College, so Babuji went on to another affiliate of Punjab University—Forman Christian College, run by the Punjab Mission of the American Presbyterian Church. In due course, he became a Bachelor of Arts. Then he spent three years at the Punjab Law School and qualified for the practice of law, after which he enrolled as a court pleader and started practicing law in the Lahore District Court. In January, 1899—a date that Babuji later remembered clearly—the Chief Justice of the Punjab High Court raised him to the status of a pleader who could appear

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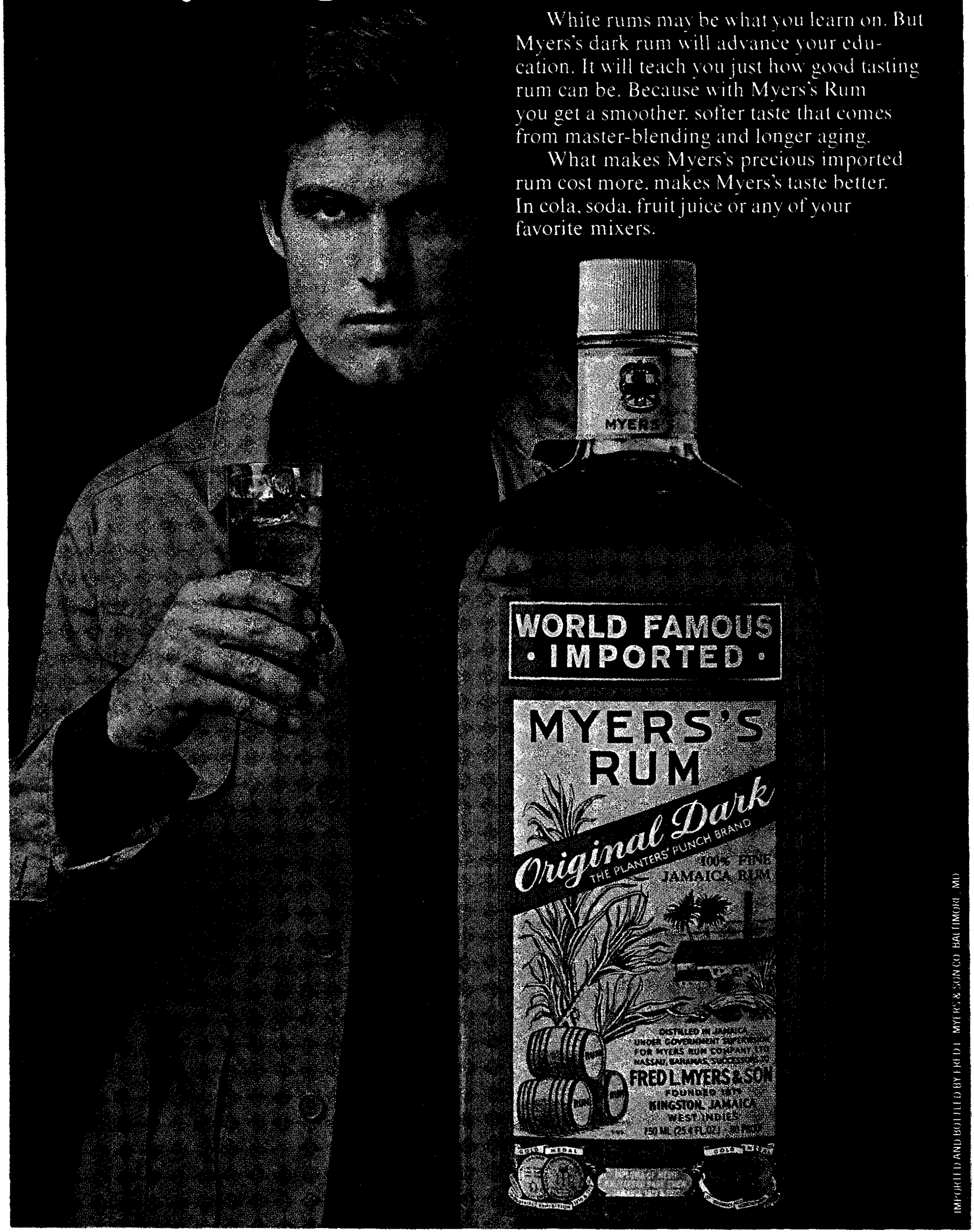
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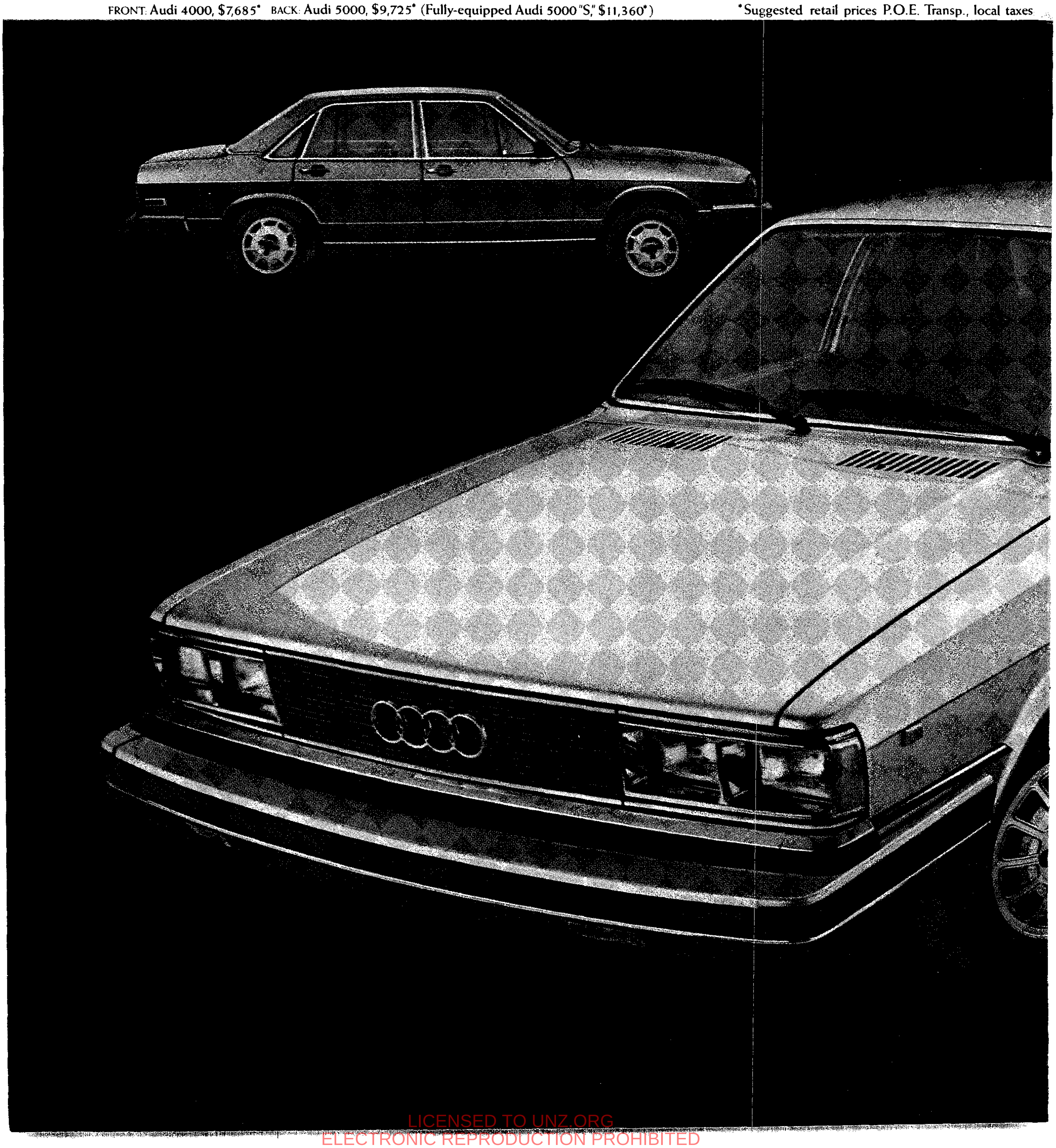

AVE SAID ABOUT THE AUDI 5000.
NG ABOUT THE AUDI 4000.

and dealer delivery charges additional. Metallic paint, additional.

For some months now, there have been reports from the Continent about an exciting new car—"the Audi 5000's scrappy kid brother"—designed by the same team of engineers that created the 5000.

In the February issue of Road & Track there appeared an advance road-test report on this new car, written by R & T's "Letter from Europe" columnist (whose credentials as a driver include the winning of the LeMans 24-hour classic some years ago).

Here is what this gentleman had to say about the new Audi 4000—or the Audi 80, as it is called in Europe—after "a quick run through Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France and over several passes in the Alps, as well as over some 250 miles of motorways where the Audi cruised at around 90-100 mph..."

* * *

"...a brilliant piece of engineering..."

* * *

"...when I tried the car on the 'colonial' tracks of a rival manufacturer's proving ground ... there wasn't the slightest squeak or rattle. The light weight is obtained by proper stressing of the various components of the shell and systematical weight saving where it can be done without harm to comfort, quality and strength. This is a game at which Ferdinand Piëch, who leads the Audi developmental team, was unbeatable when he designed racing cars from 1965 to 1972, and he certainly hasn't lost his touch."

* * *

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(—March "Letter from Europe" column, R & T.)

* * *

Test drive the new Audi 4000, and find out why the Europeans are so impressed with it. For nearest Porsche+Audi dealer, call this toll-free number: (800) 447-4700. (In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.) He can also supply you with information on leasing and overseas delivery.

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before the Punjab High Court. Now that Babuji had acquired such status, he started using a surname—Mehra, the name of his family group within his subcaste. This use of a family-group name was becoming a common practice among new Indian servants of the British Empire.

WHEN Babuji's sister, Durga Devi, was a little over seventeen, the local matchmaker—a buxom fifty-year-old busybody who knew the economic worth and caste status, the scandals and secrets of everyone in every choked byway or blind alley around Kucha Kaghzian and beyond—stopped Bulaki Ram as he was going into his house, and said, "Brother, have you heard of Nedou's Hotel?"

"What would I know about hotels, Sister? I like my lentils and bread as my daughter-in-law, Devaki, cooks them."

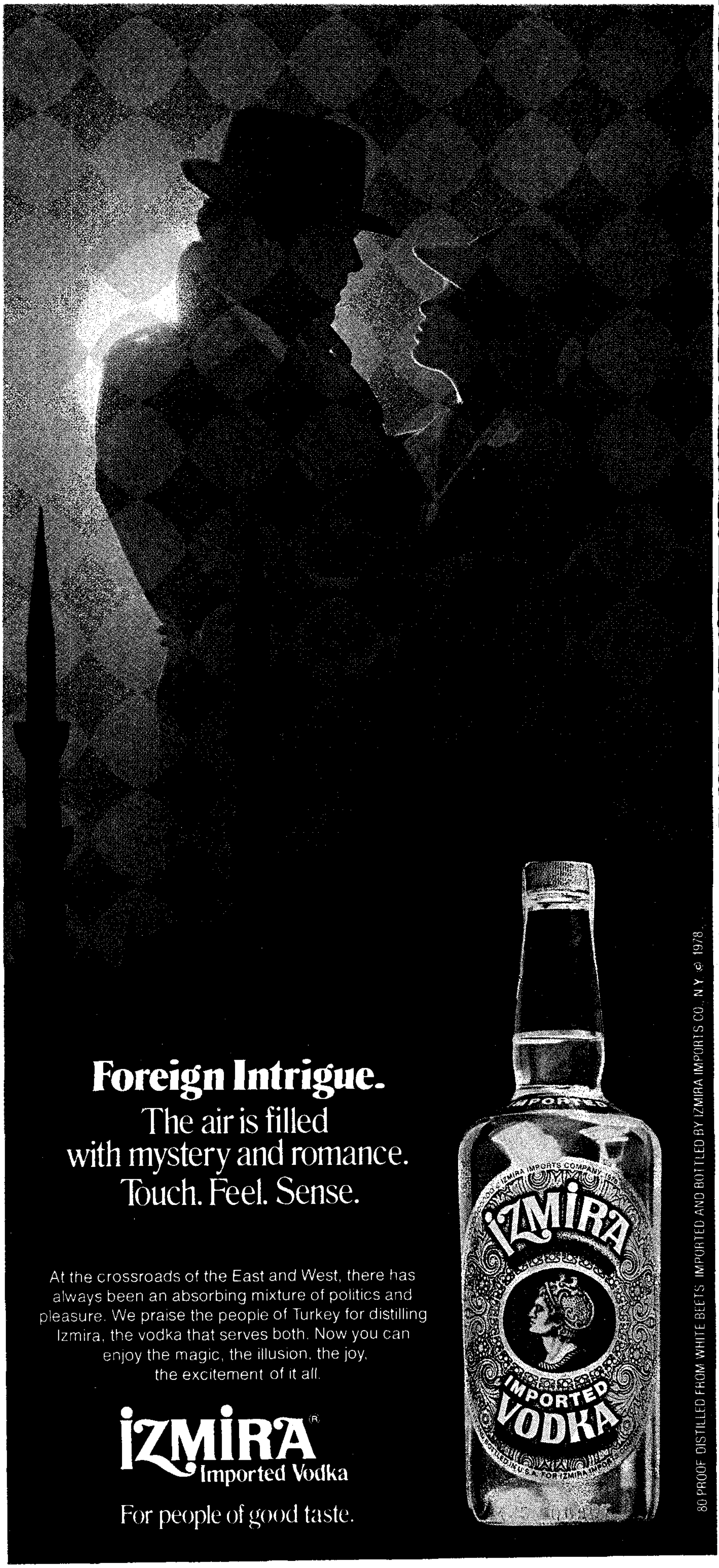
"Nedou's is an English-type hotel in the new city," the matchmaker informed him self-importantly. "You'd probably have to spend a lot of money to get bread and lentils there."

Bulaki Ram, moving closer to his door, motioned the matchmaker to one side to save her from being spattered by a bucketful of slops that had just been tossed down into the *gulli*.

"At Nedou's, there is a clerk who belongs to the Dha-ee-ghar family of Seths. He has a *ghora-gari* [horse-drawn carriage], and a son called Moti Ram. Moti Ram would make a good husband for Durga Devi."

Durga Devi had grown up into a dyed-in-the-wool *shehran* (city woman)—a good infighter, with rigid notions of caste and class and of family hierarchy. When Babuji brought Devaki to the house, Durga Devi had immediately made it clear to her that she, Durga Devi, was mistress of the house; she had told the new bride that ever since Ganesh Devi's death the ring holding the keys to the family's cupboards, trunks, and tins had hung from where she tied and tucked her sari at the waist, and she meant to keep it there. Devaki hadn't so much as chirped a protest; she was a year or so younger and of compliant disposition. Durga Devi had thereupon set about fortifying and expanding her domain. She ordered Devaki around. She would call for a glass of lemonade, and when Devaki brought it she would send it back: the drink was too sweet; it was too lemony; it wasn't strained, for she thought there was a pip in it. Durga Devi was never satisfied.

Bulaki Ram, who was anxious to see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Durga Devi married, betrothed her to Moti Ram on the matchmaker's say-so, without inquiring closely into his character. Soon afterward, having loaded Durga Devi down with gold and silver armlets and anklets, combs and earrings, necklaces and nose rings, he gave her in marriage to Moti Ram.

Moti Ram had had an erratic childhood. When he was a boy, his mother would sometimes take him aside as he was setting off for school, and—handing him a few coins to buy potato croquettes with his favorite mint chutney from a vender—ask him to follow his father's carriage and then tell her how his father had spent the day. She suspected her husband of visiting nautch and singing girls in the Tibbi Bazaar, deep in the bowels of the old city, where, she had heard, these girls lured men to their beds. Thus, while Moti Ram's classmates were reciting multiplication tables and taking Urdu dictation, Moti Ram was often running after carriages or hiding in doorways to watch them. He seldom, if ever, saw his father—let alone a nautch and singing girl—for he was unable to distinguish his father's carriage from any other; besides, he was on foot, and the carriages went too fast for him. He would fall asleep in a doorway, only to be startled awake by the sound of a carriage rushing away. In time, his mother realized that she had nurtured what she called a "myopic bungler," but by then it was too late for him to change his ways. He was an only child, his mother was indulgent, his father was prosperous, and Moti Ram grew up to be a spoiled young man who liked to stand around and tell tales to his classmates about his father's exploits with women.

When Moti Ram and Durga Devi had been married only a few months, Moti Ram's father died, and it fell to the young man to support his mother as well as his wife. His mother pleaded with the Nedou's manager to give Moti Ram his father's job as clerk, and when the job was offered to Moti Ram she persuaded him to take it. But Moti Ram was quite unable to sit behind a desk, keep accounts, and manage the hotel bearers. He soon lost the job, and settled down into his old life of a ne'er-do-well. The more furious Durga Devi became at this, and the more she nagged him about his idleness, the more he loved her for her fiery nature.

IN 1902, when Devaki, Babuji's wife, was barely twenty-seven, she died, after a long struggle with consumption. In her short life, she had cremated her mother, then a brother, then a second brother, then a sister—all, like her, victims of consumption, the scourge of the cities. (She was survived by one brother, the only member of her family left to carry on the name.) She had spent most of her adult life as the wife of a self-absorbed student, an Arya Samaj zealot, and she left behind three children: a seven-year-old daughter, Ratan Devi; a five-year-old son, Ishwar Das; and a two-year-old son, Bhagwan Das.

So it was that, at the age of thirty, Babuji became a widower. But the day Babuji completed the prescribed year of ritual mourning Bulaki Ram was again visited by the local matchmaker.

"Brother, let's marry your son—what do you say?" she said, sitting down next to Bulaki Ram on the charpoy. "His three children have been motherless now for a year. It tears at my heart to hear them cry. Surely he doesn't want to stay a widower, like his lonely father. Surely he feels that it is his responsibility to give a good Dha-ee-ghar girl a home."

The Dha-ee-ghar subcaste was a very small one, consisting of only four family groups—the Mehras, the Khannas, the Seths, and the Kapurs. No one could marry in his own family group, and so a Dha-ee-ghar who insisted on marrying within his subcaste was restricted to three family groups. Moreover, a widow was not permitted to remarry, whereas a Dha-ee-ghar man not only was allowed to remarry but also could have several wives, fathering children with each. In fact, a Dha-ee-ghar man, no matter how old, or even decrepit, was a prize, and Babuji was the best-educated and the most prosperous Dha-ee-ghar man in Kucha Kaghzian.

"Sister, I've been urging my son to take a wife after the period of mourning," Bulaki Ram said. "But he won't hear of it. And once he makes up his mind he's like the Iron Pillar in Delhi."

"What nonsense, Brother! Your will is his consent."

A couple of days later, the matchmaker arrived at Bulaki Ram's house with a basket of sweetmeats, a coconut, a gold ring, and one silver rupee. It was the *shagan*—the token of betrothal—from the family of one Lal Devi, who was to become my grandmother. Not only had Babuji not been consulted in the matter but the family in whose name the *shagan* was given had not been consulted, either. However, it was traditionally in the domain of the matchmaker to give such pledges in a neighbor's name.

LAL DEVI was the daughter of Baggu Ram and Malan Khanna, who lived next door to Babuji in Kucha Kaghzian. Their branch of the Khanna family was in the grain business in Kasur, and at the time of the *shagan* it happened that Lal Devi and her parents were in Kasur, where Baggu Ram had long been involved in a court case over his father's property. His father had had two wives, of whom the first had given him a son and a daughter, and the second had given him Baggu Ram. After the father's death, some years earlier, Baggu Ram's half brother and the husband of his half sister had conspired to take over Baggu Ram's share of his father's property—something they felt justified in doing because Baggu Ram did not have a male heir. Baggu Ram had taken them to court, even though he felt that his best hope of getting back his share of the property lay not in winning a case in court—for the courts only beggared disputants—but in getting a male heir. Just recently, Malan had been delivered of a son, Shiv Das, and the couple had rushed to Kasur to show him off. And, in fact, as soon as the conspiring relatives were satisfied that Baggu Ram actually had a male heir, they abandoned the court case and divided up the family property with him. Baggu Ram and his family returned to Lahore to find the entire *gulli* waiting to congratulate them. Baggu Ram thought he was being congratulated on having won back his property, and he thanked everyone by saying, "Brothers and Sisters, it was God's will that I should have my rightful property given back to me."

"What does your property amount to when you've found such a paragon of a son-in-law?" someone cried out.

"What son-in-law?" Baggu Ram asked.

"Why, Bulaki Ram's son," a neighbor explained. "The matchmaker has already given a *shagan* for Lal Devi."

"Thank the good Lord!" Malan cried. She liked the thought of her daughter as the wife of a coated and booted Hindu gentleman who carried a walking stick and went to court.

Baggu Ram, however, as soon as he reached home, sat down on the floor and wept. "I don't want to touch fore-heads with *shehris!*" he cried—his family had its roots in a small village near Kasur. "I am a simple man. I will marry my daughter only to a *paindu* [villager]."

Malan listened to him for some time and then said cunningly, "Dear, are you a member of the Kshatriya caste or not? Once a *shagan* has been given in a Kshatriya's name, can he ever go back on it? Don't forget we are descended from the same Kshatriya caste as Maharaja Dasharatha, who says in the Ramayana, 'The tradition of the caste is: Your word must not be broken even if you have to die for it.' " Malan went on to console Baggu Ram by saying, "Lal Devi will have lots of money to buy fruits and vegetables. She will wear good clothes and fine jewelry. She will have a very nice bed to sleep in. A servant will wait on her. If she married a *paindu*, she would spend all her time cooking food and preparing buttermilk and carrying them under the hot sun to the fields. Anyway, Lal Devi is almost seventeen years old."

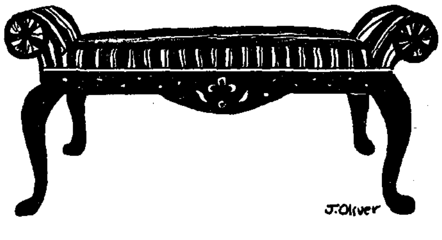
Malan herself had been married when she was only eight years old. In fact, on her wedding day, when she was being prepared for marriage to Baggu Ram, who was fourteen years older than she was, she thought she was being prepared for the ceremonial good-luck swing under the wedding horse of the man she took to be the bridegroom who was coming to fetch her aunt. As the bridegroom arrived, and everyone started laughing and clapping, murmuring about how handsome he was, no one could keep Malan still long enough to henna her hands and feet. During the wedding ceremony, she sat in her mother's lap, wriggling, laughing, and hiccupping, and then she was lifted into the bridal palanquin and told by her mother, "Be a good wife to your lord and master, Baggu Ram. Make sure he always has clean clothes to wear and good food to eat and a nice bed to sleep in." Malan, finally realizing that she was being carried off by a stranger, started wailing. The family covered the palanquin with a heavy woollen shawl to muffle her screams, and she was taken away.

The very first day of Malan's married life, her mother-in-law ordered her to cook a meal for Baggu Ram. She didn't know how to knead the dough, let alone roll it and cook it into a chapatti. And it was months before she realized that she was not only a housewife but also a stepmother: Baggu Ram was a *dohaju* (a widower who had remarried) with a son and a daughter about her age, who were living in the house. Until then, she had regarded them simply as playmates. Within four or five years of her marriage, Malan underwent several pregnancies, but, because of her tender age, they ended either in miscarriages or in stillbirths. By the time she was thirty-three—her age at the time of Lal Devi's *shagan*—she had had nine pregnancies; but only two children, Lal Devi (Bright Goddess) and the long-awaited male heir, Shiv Das (Servant of Lord Shiva), had survived. (In the interval between her marriage and that of Lal Devi, her stepdaughter had died in a plague epidemic, and her stepson of consumption.) Still, Malan felt that her married life had been a happy one.

Baggu Ram had a well-paying regular job as a clerk with the North Western Railway. It always thrilled Malan to go to the railway station and see Baggu Ram sitting in a chair behind a desk and writing something in a government file. She felt there was a direct connection between his pen and the train that mysteriously flew out of the station and disappeared into the distance, like a stone flung from a wooden sling. He was the only Indian she knew who daily sat in a chair, and she kept telling everybody in the *gulli* that the government thought so highly of Baggu Ram's work that one day, when he was old, it would pay him for doing nothing. She thought of his pension as a "pen-shunt"—the ultimate reward for his moving "pen" that "shunted" the train.

After the news of Lal Devi's *shagan*, Baggu Ram remained restless and intransigent for ten or fifteen days. Then he yielded to the inevitable and agreed to the marriage.

SHORTLY after the *shagan*, Babuji and his family went to Kasur for the wedding. At the ceremony, the officiating Brahman asked Babuji, "What would you like to call your bride?" During a wedding, the husband generally gave his wife a new first name, to signify her birth as a new person. "Dhan Devi," Babuji replied. The name meant Wealth Goddess. Arya Samaj condemnations of idolatry notwithstanding, Babuji thought that every time he called "Dhan Devi" he would be invoking the name of a goddess who could shower blessings upon him and make him prosperous.



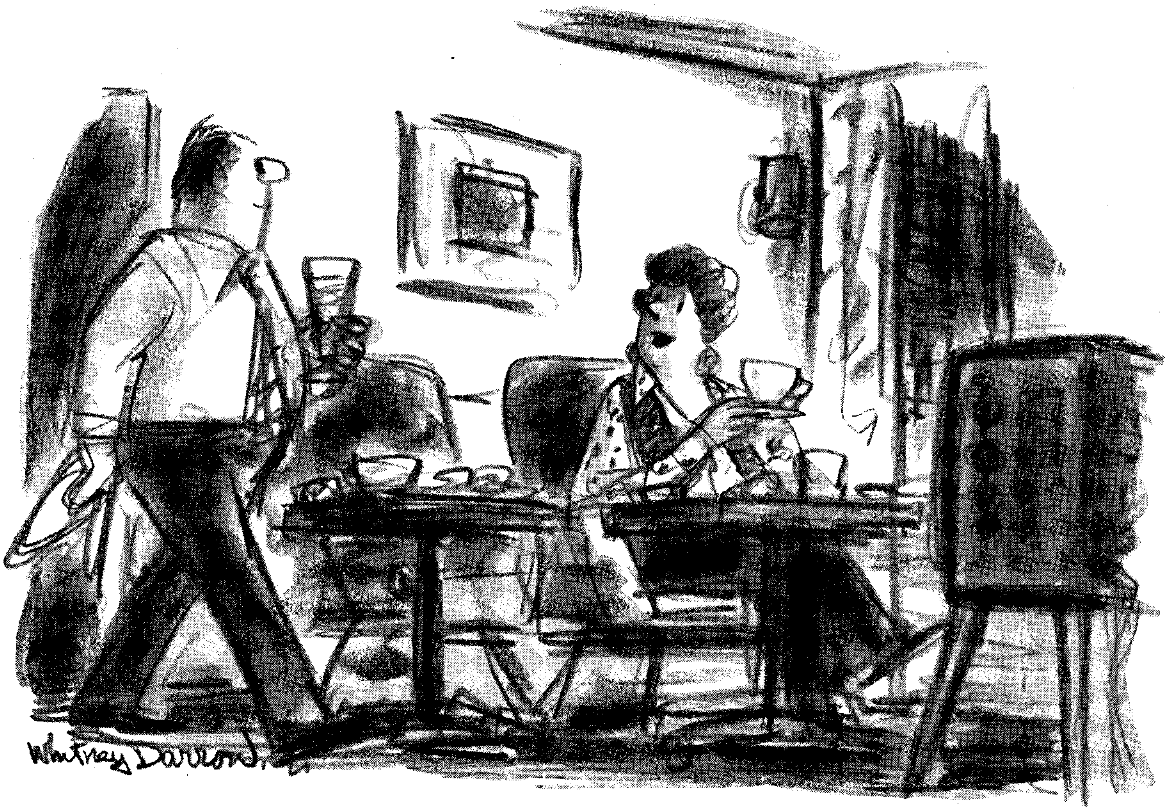
It was only after he brought his bride back to Lahore and unveiled her that he saw the face of the woman with whom he was to spend the next sixty-nine years of his life; because boys and girls were so strictly forbidden to have any contact with each other, he had never before caught even a glimpse of her, though she lived next door. She was petite—about four feet nine—and pretty. She had a fair complexion, long black hair, and a small face, with a round chin and a turned-up nose. She was not quite nine years older than Babuji's daughter, Ratan Devi. To her own children, to her stepchildren, and to her grandchildren, she was known simply as Mataji.

Baggu Ram never really recovered from having given his only surviving daughter in marriage to a *shehri.* Soon after the wedding, he was retired from his job with the railway and put on pension. He sold his house in Lahore and went with Malan and Shiv Das to Kasur, where he lived for the next few years. Then he developed a boil under his right jaw. He returned to Lahore for treatment. The boil was excised, but the wound would not heal. He started losing weight rapidly and grew very weak. He and his family took shelter with Babuji. When he was dying, he called Babuji to his bedside. He caught hold of the arms of Malan and Shiv Das—the boy was just five—and had Babuji hold them. "Be their support," Baggu Ram said to his son-in-law. "Don't let go of Shiv Das's arm until he can stand on his feet and look after my wife."

Baggu Ram died that night.

CONVERSATION didn't interest Babuji; it was something that women engaged in to pass the time, and its self-evident frivolity mirrored a woman's nature. Sports generally didn't interest him; they were something that the sons of rich men went in for because they had nothing better to do than to waste their time and their fathers' money. Babuji's main passion as he was settling down into his professional career was Arya Samaj.

Babuji had come to feel embarrassed when he saw his father sitting and chanting every morning before the idol of Goddess Durga and anointing it with ghi. In the evening, while Babuji was massaging his father, kneading and pressing his legs—a Hindu filial ritual—he would tell his father about Arya Samaj, dwelling on points that he thought would appeal to his father's



"Just after you left, fourth body discovered in trophy room. The old boy himself, Lord Manleigh. Blunt instrument again. Charred remains of young Manleigh's English horn found in library fireplace. Back at the Hog and Dove, proprietor reports stranger put foot to barman's singing basset hound. Inspector satisfied incident in no way connected with dark doings at Manleigh Hall. I ate your cherry tart."

• •

nature: Arya Samaj was a charitable society that did good works; in addition to schools and colleges, it ran orphanages, homes for widows, and ashrams; many Arya Samajists were pure and strong, because they practiced celibacy; Arya Samajists were committed to restoring Hindus to their ancient, martial Aryan values and to promoting Ayur-Vedic medicine; Arya Samajists believed in discipline. Somewhere he would slip in the fact that Arya Samajists were also dedicated to purifying Hinduism of superstition and idolatry. "How often have I heard you say, Baba [Father], that a young man who doesn't cultivate discipline and purity will not amount to much in this world?" Babuji once asked. He would repeat slogans that were current in the city—taking care to make homey comparisons. For instance, he tapped the wall behind Bulaki Ram's head and said, "This wall, Baba, is our defense against the overflowing drains of Kucha Kaghzian. Arya Samaj is the wall against the flood of conversions to Christianity and Islam."

Bulaki Ram listened to his son's Arya Samaj talk, yet always distractedly, with only a part of his mind, as if it were in the nature of things for father and son to drift apart and live in separate worlds. But he began to look interested when Babuji told him one evening that the real purpose of the movement was to recover the Aryan Hindu heritage of the Vedas. "Our family is here today only because of the Ayur-Veda and Goddess Durga," Bulaki Ram responded enthusiastically. "That is why we have always honored Goddess Durga in our house." He asked Babuji to press down harder on his legs.

"But you are only honoring a clay idol, and Arya Samaj is against all forms of idolatry," Babuji said, thinking that he might succeed in making a convert of his father after all.

Bulaki Ram, however, retorted sharply, "Goddess Durga has watched over you even as I have, and this is how you repay her!"

Babuji felt both ashamed and lonely. He knew that the bazaars and *gullis* he had grown up in were depraved, but he also knew that his father was as pure as any Arya Samajist. After this conversation, Babuji always felt uncomfortable not only when he saw his father praying to the idol but also when he heard Arya Samajists denouncing superstition and idolatry. Perhaps as a consequence, he continued to profess Arya Samaj principles but, when it came to practice, often reverted to his father's ways, thus causing detractors to say that he had "a mouth of elephant's teeth, one set for show, the other for chewing."

The life of Swami Dayanand, who was born in a village near Ahmedabad in 1824, is wrapped in legend. It is said that when he was fifteen and was keeping a nightlong vigil in a Shiva temple, he saw a mouse nibbling at an offering before the Shiva lingam. At first, he was aghast at the sacrilege. Then he had a flash of insight: the god Shiva could not be omnipotent, or he would have smitten the abomination. For years, Swami Dayanand was troubled by what he had seen, and when he was twenty-one he went up into the Himalayas on the traditional yogi's search for salvation. Here he met a blind monk, who told him that idol worship was decadent, and had no source or sanction in the original text of the Vedas at all; in fact, idol worship was the most flagrant example of the superstition that had hidden the truth of Hinduism from believers for thousands of years. This truth would be exposed and the ground prepared for complete reformation, he said, only when all superstition was cast out. In the presence of the blind monk, Swami Dayanand vowed that as long as there was breath left in his body he would labor to that end.

In 1875, when Swami Dayanand was fifty-one years old, he founded the Arya Samaj, with the slogan "Back to the Vedas!" and with tenets of faith which were later codified as follows: God, formless and unseeable, is the source of all existence; men and women must wean themselves from superstitious untruth by studying the Vedas, which contain all human knowledge;

and Hindus should always follow their dharma (moral duty), practice love, righteousness, and justice, and look for their own good in the furtherance of the good of others. Swami Dayanand and his followers founded branches of the Arya Samaj in many major cities. His greatest success, however, was in the Punjab and in the United Provinces.

When Swami Dayanand died, in 1883, his disciples decided to found an institution of learning in his memory, but they eventually fell out among themselves about the direction that this institution should take. The Grass Party, considering itself true to the tradition of the Vedas, wanted the institution to use Sanskrit and Hindi and to revive the Vedic guru-and-chela system of learning. The Meat Party, considering itself modern, wanted the projected institution to use English—the nation's official language—and to prepare its students for participation in the civil and military services. The Grass Party established itself in the United Provinces, and the Meat Party in the Punjab. Beginning with the founding of the D.A.V. School in Lahore, the Meat Party gained so much support that in time there was hardly a town of any consequence in the Punjab which did not have its own D.A.V. school, while the D.A.V. College in Lahore, starting with a few dozen students, went on to become the largest college in Punjab University.

Babuji was one of the star alumni of D.A.V. College, which continued to attract bookish boys who had patriotic, religious fervor. In fact, after he qualified as a lawyer he started playing an increasingly important part in the affairs of the Meat Party. It became for him church, club, professional society—his entrée into social and political life.

New House

IRRITATED by the oppressive heat, which seemed never to budge from a hundred and ten degrees, and also by the humming and buzzing of mosquitoes and wasps and the noise from Kucha Kaghzian below, Babuji lay on the roof of his father's house—where the family slept in summer—and brooded. Babuji was thirty-three, and he felt that he was spending his life like a drone in the honeycomb of *gullis* filled with cobblers, coin minters, grain sellers, colliers, and cloth peddlers. Even such professional people as lawyers, government servants, and schoolteachers, who, like him, worked outside the old city, came home to their dark cells in the evening, and mostly buzzed back and forth between *gulli* and *gulli.*

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J. Capa

Babuji remembered walking as a child along the road outside the wall of the old city of Lahore and pointing to the birds and insects that nested in the crevices of the ancient wall as high as he could see. He and his parents were going to Peshawar, and the road to the railway station seemed endless. He remembered calling out the names of the gates to his parents as they passed them. There were Lahori Darvaza, Shahalmi Darvaza, and Mochi Darvaza—the Gate of Lahore, the Gate of the Great Emperor Alam, and the Gate of Cobblers. (The name Mochi Darvaza was actually a corruption of Moti Darvaza, or Gate of Pearls.) He remembered thinking how glad he was that his father was not a *mochi;* the *mochis* he saw working inside Mochi Darvaza were black and hairy, like monkeys. Bulaki Ram said that Mochi Darvaza was a realm of ungodly darkness, because Muslims and Untouchables lived there and they consumed their capital, spending it all on food, drink, and many wives, while Shahalmi Darvaza had a godly lustre, because Hindus lived there and they conserved their capital. Babuji came to think of each gate as closing off a separate hive of *gullis*, a different group of workers, another whole city—even though these gates were only a few hundred feet apart and consisted of little more than arches, their portals having long since fallen under the ravages of conquerors and the siege of weather and time. He felt glad that he lived near Shahalmi Darvaza.

As he lay on the roof, he could not ignore the stench of raw sewage from the open drain below, and he imagined the sewage sluggishly moving through the network of *gulli* drains, slapping against the doorsteps of the houses, inundating the footpaths, washing over the bare feet of children, as the collected filth made its way to the Ganda Nallah (Dirty Drain), which surrounded the old-city wall, and as it moved on from the Ganda Nallah to the river in which the ashes of his ancestors had been scattered and to which the corpses of his nameless brothers and sisters had been committed. In a sense, he felt trapped in the drain of Kucha Kaghzian. He felt trapped in the *gullis* through which his father as a bundleman had daily wound his way. He felt trapped on his ancestral plot of land, where generations of Mehras had died, leaving scarcely a hand mirror to mark their passage through its various houses.

A number of bridges over the Ganda Nallah connected the old city to the Circular Road, which, like the Ganda Nallah, formed a circle around the old city, separating it from the new. Ever since Bulaki Ram took Babuji outside the old-city walls, across the Ganda Nallah and the Circular Road, to enter him in the D.A.V. School, some nineteen years earlier, Babuji had daily walked the mile or so to his school, college, or court, and the mile or so back. Sometimes, in the evening, he would walk, for pleasure, into the new city, pushing his way through the crowds in the fashionable Anarkali Bazaar, which lay to the south of the two main gates—Shahalmi Darvaza and Lahori Darvaza. (The bazaar was named after a courtesan, Anar Kali—Pomegranate Blossom—who had supposedly been buried alive on this spot, by order of the Moghul emperor Akbar the Great, for her illicit love of his son Selim.) From Anarkali, Babuji would walk southeast to the upper Mall, around which stood the beckoning British city, with its impressive monuments and buildings. He would pass the University Hall, the Museum, the General Post Office, the statue of Lord Lawrence, the statue of Queen Victoria, Nedou's Hotel, and then Government House (the governor of the Punjab lived there), with the Lawrence Gardens opposite. But whether he was attending school, college, or court, or taking his evening walk, in the end he would have to retrace his steps to the congested old city.

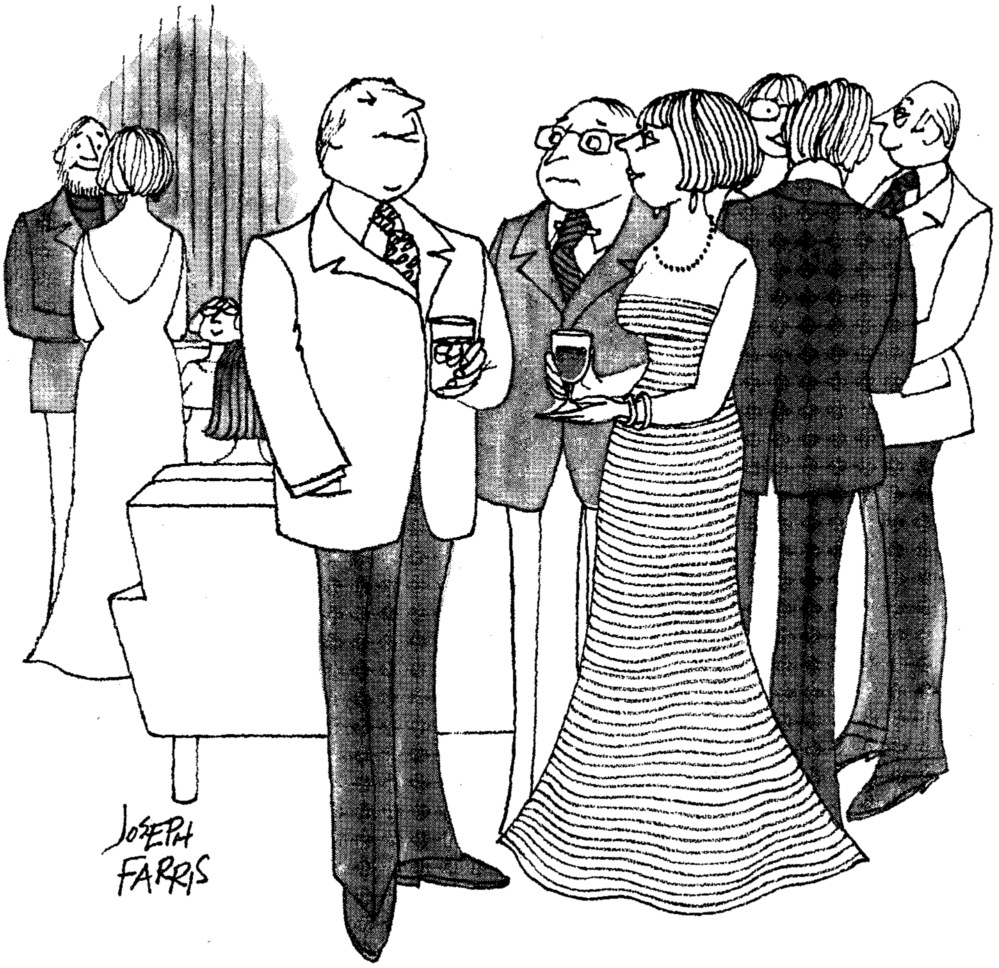
Every day—especially after he had become a lawyer—he would try, as he went past the open British gardens and the imposing British buildings, to devise some way to uproot his family and set them down in the new city. But, even as he thought up scheme after scheme, he knew there was only one scheme that would succeed, and this was to exercise enough prudence, diligence, and caution to save up—sometimes no more than a rupee a day—for each brick of a new house in the new city. Every morning, he would dream of the day when he could leave the old city for good, and every evening he would go back to his father's house to sleep. The old city seemed to hold him like a powerful bear, and was as frightening to him.

Beyond the ancient wall and across the Ganda Nallah, a stretch of wasteland lay between the Circular Road and the new city. At one time, it had been used as a rubbish dump, and donkeys and cows had been let loose there to forage, but recently some of this wasteland had been landscaped with grass and tall shade trees, and named the Circular Gardens. As Babuji returned from court now, he saw athletes wrestling there and doing calisthenics or yoga, and sometimes he saw people holding an engagement or a marriage party. To him, the air in the Circular Gardens felt fresh, clean, and lively.

As he remembered it many years later, it was only a few days after his restless, anxious night on the roof that he persuaded Bulaki Ram to rent out the house in Kucha Kaghzian (the house was sold just before the Partition of India, in 1947), and they moved to a *pukka* rented house on the new-city side of the Ganda Nallah and the Circular Road. The house was near Lahori Darvaza, and it overlooked the Circular Gardens. Within a year, Babuji had built his own house, also *pukka*, and also on the new-city side of the Circular Road, but looking out on Shahalmi Darvaza. It almost immediately came to be known as the Shahalmi Gate house. It was one of a long, tight row of identical brick houses, each about three and a half stories high, with the low, cramped doors of houses in the old city (anyone wearing a formal turban, wound over a turban cap, had to stoop to enter)—houses built by recent émigrés from the old city, who had taken little more than their first step outside it.

Babuji was to live in the Shahalmi Gate house for the next eighteen years—until 1926—and it was in this house that Mamaji was born, brought up, and married to Daddyji, my father. A short distance in front of Babuji's house was a mosque with a sort of yard, where Muslim laborers from the old city would gather in the evening to joke, gossip, and pass around a hookah. Just in back of the house was a hay stall, where all day long victorias, gigs, and tongas would draw up and syces and drivers would alight to feed and water their horses. All day long, there were the new-city sounds of the clip-clop, neighing, and snorting of horses, the shouts and imprecations of syces and drivers, and the knocking and grinding of carriages. The Shahalmi Gate house had a little enclosed front courtyard, where the family would hang out its wash to dry, or set up a charpoy for sitting in the evening. Behind the courtyard was a *daori* (entrance hall) a few feet square, which served as Bulaki Ram's headquarters. He would post himself in the *daori* for hours at a time, and, sitting on a small charpoy, would direct the household affairs—bargain with hawkers and venders who came to the house with their wares, chat with neighbors, keep the family's accounts. Beyond the *daori* was a large room containing a big desk and a few chairs with jute sacking for seats. This room served as Babuji's office. Opening off it was a small chamber fitted with two charpoys, where father and son slept. Farther along was a still smaller room—the *munshi khanna* (clerk's room). This was the eye of office and domestic storms, for it was the perch of Babuji's *munshi*, Gujarmal, who served him for thirty years, from 1899 to 1929. He was a sort of factotum: when he was not at court touting cases for Babuji, he was in the *munshi khanna*, at Babuji's beck and call, or else he was functioning as the family's majordomo—bringing from the bazaar samples of shoes and clothes on approval for the women, who rarely ventured out of the house.

A narrow staircase led up from Babuji's office to a gallerylike room just under the second floor. Here the family would spread out sheets and take naps in the burning afternoons of the Lahore summer. The staircase continued to the second floor, where there were several small rooms, one of them a kitchen. At mealtime, a servant would dish out the food, and the family, sitting on a cotton mat on the kitchen floor, would eat from brass plates and brass bowls with their fingers. (The family did not use any cutlery even after Babuji introduced into the house, some years later, the new custom of sitting on small wicker stools and eating off small tables.) The meal would begin and end with everyone in turn washing his or her hands with water poured from a jug into a basin. (There was no plumbing in the house, and water had to be carried from a communal tap at the end of the row of houses.) Around the kitchen were a storeroom, a prayer room, and two



"You may quote me any time you wish. Everything I say is in the public domain."

other rooms, in which the women laundered and sewed the clothes for the family, talked, and slept. On the third floor were a few more rooms, including the *chaubara*, which was the women's sanctuary. It contained steel trunks to be filled bit by bit with saris and matching blouses, petticoats and shoes, bangles, chains, pendants, earrings, compacts, mirrors, combs, silver kohl flasks, embroidered tablecloths, sheets—everything a girl would need to make herself a desirable bride and to establish herself in a new house. Just the fact that a house was prosperous enough to have a *chaubara* invited perpetual speculation among families in the neighborhood with unmarried sons—speculation about the size and weight of the dowry, about the width of gold borders on saris and the number of silver buttons on blouses. Girls who had grown too old to run about the *gullis* with their brothers and cousins would spend hours with their mothers, grandmothers, and aunts behind the locked door of the *chaubara*, absorbing the ways of the world while they learned to do cross-stitching, make buttonholes, and concoct home remedies for headaches and indigestion, and also learned the knack of making meals without seeming to measure the ingredients.

Above these rooms was the roof of the house. It had a parapet, and the family slept there on charpoys during the hot summer nights. If a sudden summer rainstorm broke, they dragged the charpoys inside the *barsati* (rain shelter), an open shed with three walls and a corrugated-tin roof. (Every summer morning, the bedding was rolled up, the charpoys were stacked, and both bedding and charpoys were stored for the day in the *barsati* to protect them from bird droppings and detritus.) Next to the *barsati* was the lavatory.

ORDINARILY, Baggu Ram's widow, Malan, would have turned to her husband's family for support, but she couldn't, because of the residue of bitterness over the old property dispute. She used to say, "Nothing can sweeten bad blood between half brothers. The spectre of their quarrels will walk alongside their children and their grandchildren and their widows." She had no blood relative to turn to except her daughter. And yet, as a good Hindu parent, Malan could at first no more imagine herself accepting a glass of water from her daughter's house than she could imagine herself stealing mangoes from a fruit vender. When

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Muncie — Van Tassel's Fireside Furniture & Clock Gallery
Nappanee — Pletchers Furniture Village
New Albany — Schmitt Furniture
New Castle — Holthouse Furniture
New Castle — Schuffman Furniture
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Westport — Westport Home Furnishings
Winchester — Holthouse Furniture
Zionsville — Village Clock Shop
IOWA
Cedar Rapids — Smulekoffs Furniture
Davenport — Wayne Montgomery Floor Coverings
Des Moines — L. Ginsberg & Sons
Des Moines — *Pidgeons Gurner*
Fort Dodge — Elliot Home Furnishings
Garner — Rasmussen Furniture
Pleasantville — *Bare's Drug*
Sioux City — Dick Ahlers Clocks
Waterloo — Balkos
KANSAS
Overland Park — Kansas Clock Works
Shawnee — Fuhr Furniture
Wichita — Manor House Int.
LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge — Heirloom Clocks
Bossier — Bossier Clock Shop
Houma — Lighting World
Lafayette — Ceiling Fan Gallery Ltd.
Lafayette — Maison De Hallmark
Lake Charles — LaFitte *Furniture* Co.
Marrero — Hacienda Lighting
Metairie — Eddie Huber Watchmaker
Monroe — Gibson Products
New Iberia — Furniture Place
New Orleans — Dixie Furniture Co.
New Orleans — Mintz Furniture
New Orleans — Southern Time
Westwego — Bon Marche Furniture
MICHIGAN
Birmingham — The Time Shop
Bloomfield — Wigg's Furniture
Detroit — Pioneer Furniture
Flint — Peoples Furniture, Inc.
Frankenmuth — Oscar Rau Furniture Center
Livonia — House of Maple & Pine
Niles — Cunninghams Clock Shoppe
Saint Joseph — Cunninghams Clock Shoppe
Sterling Heights — Pioneer Furniture
Warren — George Omelenchuk
MINNESOTA
Brooklyn Park — Jorgenson Gift Corp.
Clara City — Furniture Fair
Duluth — Anderson Furniture
Lakeville — Gephart Furniture, Inc.
Mankato — Johnson Furniture
Marshall — Larson's Home Furnishings
Meadowlands — *Schneiderman's Furniture*
Minnetonka — Norse Products
Moorehead — Simon's Home Furnishings
Redwood Falls — *Larson's Home Furnishings*
Rochester — Picadilly Square
St. Cloud — Hennen Furniture
Worthington — Rickbeils Furniture
MISSOURI
Bridgeton — B-K Furniture & Appliance Co.
Bridgeton — Carafiols
Clayton — Carafiols
Columbia — Factory Store
De Soto — Mueller Elec., Inc.
Festus — Town and County, Inc.
Kansas City — Jones Store
Kirkwood — Carafiols
Lebanon — Ozark Gift Shop
Millersburg — Factory Store
Reed Spring — Wilderness Road Clocks
Springfield — Phelps Clocks & Furniture
St. Louis — E. P. Buescher Jewelers, Inc.
St. Louis — Carafiols
St. Louis — *La-Z-Boy Showcase Shoppe*
St. Louis — Mason Antique Clocks
St. Louis — Tyme Shoppe
Washington — Altemueller Jewelry
MONTANA
Somers — Levengoods Clock Shop
NEBRASKA
Crete — Wanek's
Omaha — Nebraska Furniture Mart
NEVADA
Las Vegas — Bertha's
Las Vegas — Garrett's
Las Vegas — Southern Nevada Clock Co.
NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — American Furniture
Carlsbad — Skeen Furniture
Hobbs — Miller-Waldrop
NORTH DAKOTA
Minot — Voellers Furniture
OHIO
Akron — Cheton's
Akron — Old World Clocks & Curios
Ashtabula — Fornash Furniture
Bowling Green — Perry House
Cincinnati — Swallens
Cleveland — Brookside Furniture
Cleveland — J. L. Goodman
Cleveland — The Higbee Co.
Cleveland — Ivanhoe Furniture
Cleveland — King Interior
Cleveland — Kronheims
Cleveland — Mantel & Goetz
Cleveland — Morgan-Hershman
Columbiana — *Miller Furniture*
Dayton — Dayton Home Furnishings
Dayton — Rikes Department Store
Dayton — South Dayton Home *Furnishings, Inc.*
Defiance — Ken's Furniture
Duncan Falls — Clyde E. Thompson Furniture
Elyria — Kaplan's
Findlay — Brindles Wayside Furniture
Fostoria — Roth Furniture
Fremont — Ann Len's Wayside Furniture
Galion — Nicholl's Furniture Co.
Gallipolis — Larry's Wayside
Genoa — Samsen Home Furnishings
Hamilton — Ringel's Furniture Co.
Ironton — Woods Furniture
Kent — S. C. Bissler
Lancaster — Stewart Bros.
Laura — Roark Furniture
Lima — *Gregs Clock Shop*
Logan — Elberfeld Company, Inc.
Marion — Nicholl's
Martins Ferry — Reichert Furniture
Maumee — Roger's Furniture
Medina — Lexington House
Mentor — Pummel's
Mineral Ridge — Eckert's Interiors
Monroe — Furniture Assocs., Inc.
Mt. Vernon — Connell's
North Georgetown — North Georgetown Furniture
Olmstead Falls — Kucklicks
Parma — Basista Furniture
Rittman — Rufeners, Inc.
Sandusky — Herman's Furniture & Colonial Shoppe
Springfield — *Atherton's*
Steubenville — Good Department Store
Sugarcreek — Andreas Furniture Co.
Toledo — La Salle's
Toledo — Mitchell's
Toledo — Pioneer Colonial
Van Wert — Pollock Furniture
Vermillion — Dewey Furniture
Warren — King Quality
West Carrolton — Roberd's Furniture
Wheelersburg — William Furniture
OKLAHOMA
Ada — Perry & McGee
Altus — Capri Home Furnishings
Bethany — Jamestown Home Furnishings
Claremore — Smith Furniture
Enid — Accessories A La Carte
Enid — Garfield Furniture
Lawton — Christophers Home Furnishings
Muskogee — McLain Furniture
Oklahoma City — Crossmore Green
Sapulpa — Rule Furniture Co.
Sapulpa — *Well's Furniture*
Tulsa — Garbe's, Inc.
Tulsa — Will Rogers Store
Wagoner — Marna's Hallmark
Woodward — Sooner Furniture
OREGON
Corvallis — Blackledge Furniture
Eugene — M. Jacobs Fine Furniture
Portland — Harold Kelly's Home Furnishings
Roseburg — W. Miller's West Harvard Furniture
Salem — Hogg Brothers
SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen — Hay Furniture
Rapid City — Furniture World, Inc.
Sioux Falls — Dick Ahlers Clocks
Watertown — Zimmers Furniture
TEXAS
Amarillo — Alamo Carpet
Amarillo — Stitch 'n Time
Amarillo — Swiss Clock Shop
Angleton — Driskill Clocks
Austin — McGuire's Clocks
Beaumont — Balboa Co.
Corpus Christi — *Braslan Furniture*
Corsicana — Hand's Furniture
Dallas — Homestead Clocks
Dallas — Lighting World Unlimited
Duncanville — Deford Lumber
Ft. Worth — Sams Appliance & Furniture
Ft. Worth — Southwest Furniture
Garland — Hollenshead Appliances
Houston — Alberto s Watch and Clock, Inc.
Houston — Annette's
Houston — Chappel-Jordan
Houston — Clocks, Incorporated
Houston — Fran's Touch of Class
Houston — Royal Clock & Lighting
Hurst — Arc Electric
Lubbock — Tick Tock Clock Shop
Lubbock — W. D. Wilkins
McKinney — Howell's Furniture
Odessa — Frontier Furniture
Orange — Long's Warehouse Furniture
Pittsburgh — Patterson's Furniture Village
Richardson — Clock Castle
San Angelo — Jones Plating
San Antonio — Charlotte's Antiques
San Antonio — First Impressions
San Antonio — Georgetown Manor
San Antonio — Leal's Jewelry
San Antonio — Mr. Time's Clock Shop
Terrell — Wilsons Furniture
Tyler — Antique Clocks
Tyler — Swann Furniture
Waco — Brewer Furniture
Wichita Falls — *Hult Furniture Galleries*
Wichita Falls — *Pilgrims Clock Shop*
UTAH
Orem — Dalley's Clocks
Salt Lake City — Granite Furniture
Salt Lake City — Kolby Time & Instrument
Syracuse — R. C. Willey
WASHINGTON (state)
Auburn — *Ken Schoenfeld Furniture*
Bellevue — Coopers Fine Furniture
Federal Way — David Allen Fireplace and Home Furnishings
Lynwood — Coopers Fine Furniture
Port Angeles — Kaufman Miller Furniture
Renton — Renton Fireplace Shop
Richland — Richland Bell Furniture
Spokane — Bell Furniture
Spokane — Burgan's Furniture
Spokane — Larsen Clock Center
Tacoma — Meirs House of Clocks
Tacoma — Ray's Clock Shop
Vancouver — Time & Gem World, Inc.
WISCONSIN
Appleton — Spolars Jewelry & Clocks
Brookfield — Boston Store
Fond Du Lac — *Fox Keepsake Diamond Center*
Kenosha — M. T. Duczak Furniture
La Crosse — Ross Furniture
Madison — American TV of Madison, Inc.
Mequon — Just-In-Time, Ltd.
Milwaukee — Gordons Furniture
Milwaukee — Milwaukee Boston Store
Random Lake — Wilk Furniture
Wausau — Fine Clock Shop
Wausau — Wausau Furniture Co.
WYOMING
Casper — Plains Furniture

Sale dates may vary.

Ridgeway

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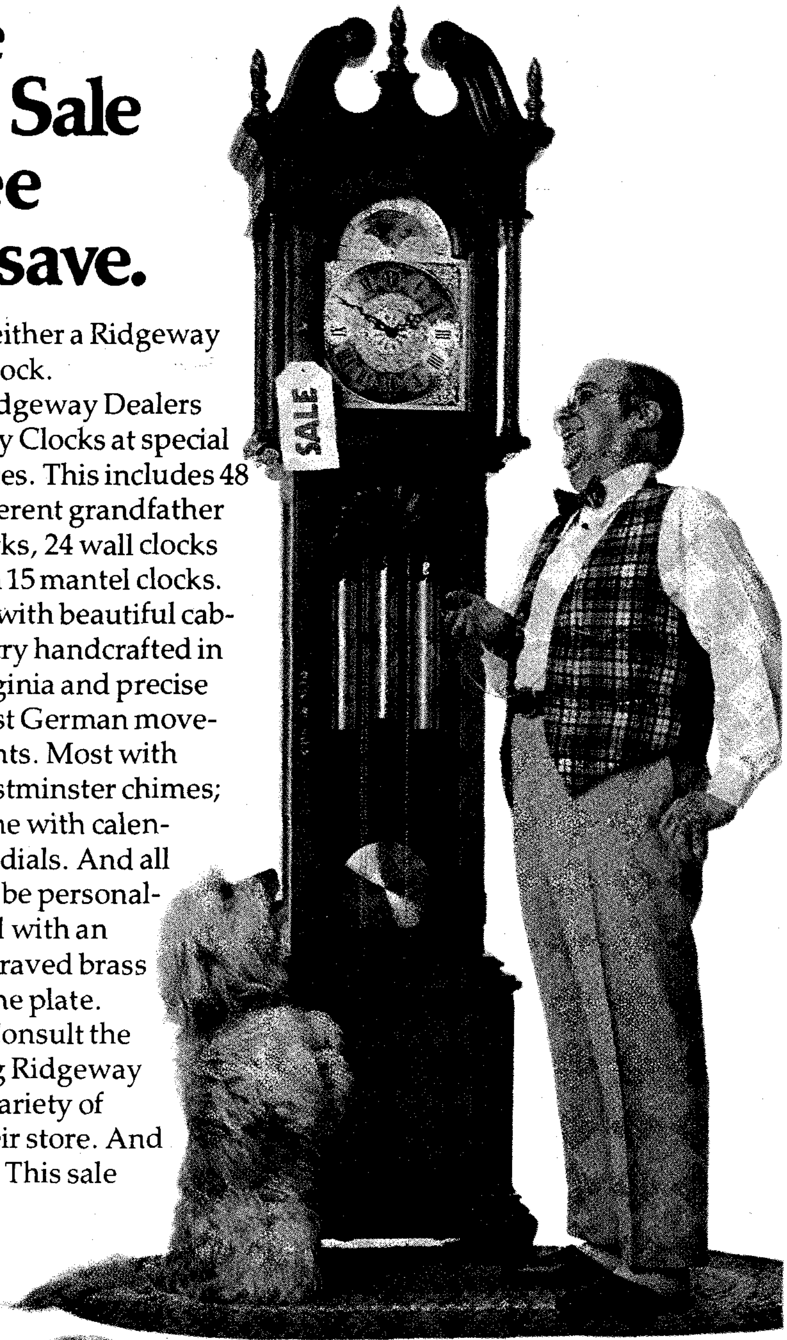

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Ridgeway

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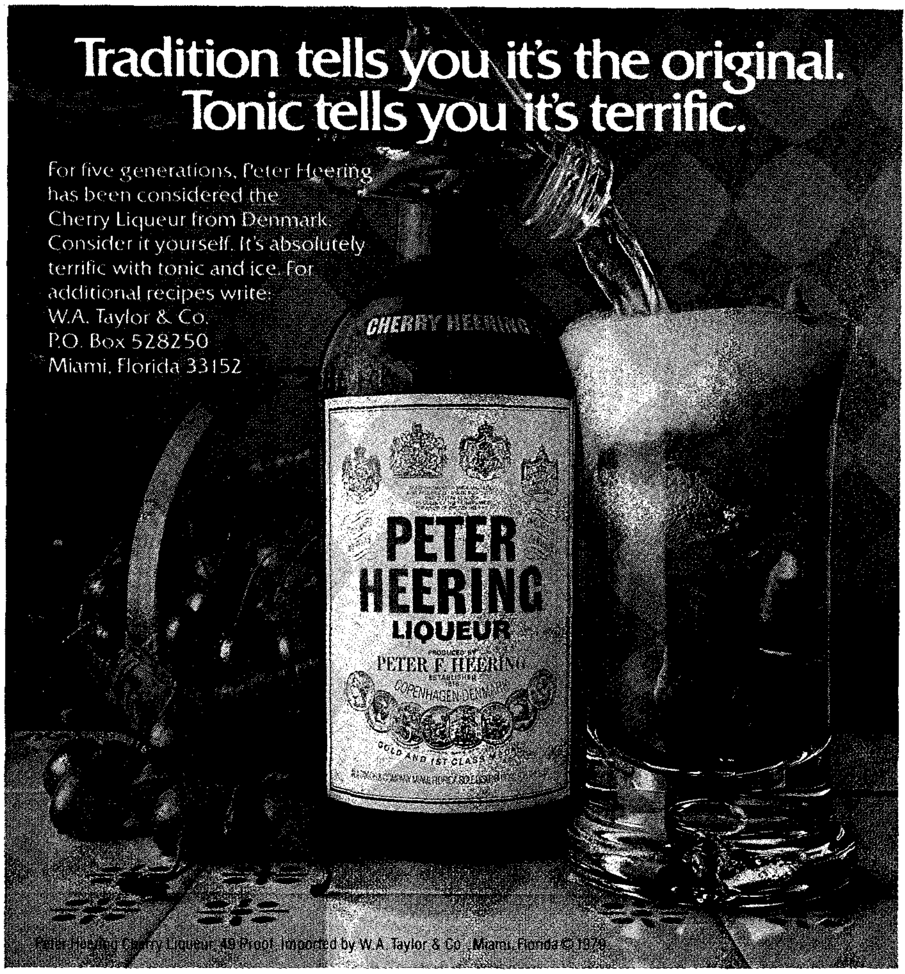
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she and Baggu Ram gave their daughter to Babuji in marriage, they had completely relinquished all claim on her; after that, she belonged body and soul to Babuji and his family.

Yet when Baggu Ram, on his deathbed, handed over the charge of his wife and son to Babuji, Malan went home, took out her savings of three thousand rupees, removed the gold bangles from her wrists and the gold bracelets from her ankles, undid her gold earrings, chain, and pendant, gathered together her eleven silk saris embroidered with heavy gold thread, rolled up these possessions and everything else she owned in a couple of bedsheets, and, dragging Shiv Das behind her, arrived on Babuji's doorstep. She put her precious bundles—in a sense, her second dowry—at Babuji's feet and said, "Everything I took away with me as an unwilling bride of eight I willingly give to you as a poor widow. As long as there is life in my hands and feet, I will serve you and your loved ones. In return, all I ask is a home for my son and bread and lentils for myself."

Babuji pulled the small boy to him and pointed to his walking stick in the corner. "Are you a naughty boy?" he asked. "Do you see that stick over there? It always stands in that corner." The child started to howl. Malan pressed him against her to muffle his cries and quickly took him into the house.

Babuji sent his *munshi* to fetch the pawnbroker, and by the end of the day he had pawned most of Malan's possessions, lent out the money they brought, and also her savings, at a high rate of interest, and worked out with pencil and paper the income he would get from the interest and balanced it against the cost of keeping mother and son and educating the son. The projected debits and credits came out even. Moreover, Malan tried to make up for receiving the hospitality of her daughter by ceaselessly working in the kitchen and around the house. (She lived until 1942, when, in her seventies, she suffered a brain hemorrhage.) Naturally intelligent and kind, she didn't begrudge the family anything. After all, she felt, the recipient of her sacrifices was none other than her own daughter, and Shiv Das was blessed in having the watchful and learned eye of Babuji upon him.

But Babuji took no particular interest in Shiv Das's education. In the morning, Shiv Das would set out for the D.A.V. School. He would circle the row of houses, deposit his schoolbag in a ditch, and spend the day eating *halwah* and playing games with other truants. If Babuji did ask "How was school today?" Shiv Das would regale him with stories, complete with imitations of teachers he'd never met and lessons from books he'd never read. He was a born storyteller, and for years he was able to stay a step ahead of the truth. But when the results of his matriculation examination were published in the papers, the truth caught up with him. He had failed all his subjects and distinguished himself by scoring some of the lowest marks in the examination. "Because of a promise to your dying father, I took hold of your arm!" Babuji said, exploding into a rage. "I've held on to it through thick and thin, and this is how you repay me!" Babuji took hold of Shiv Das's arm again, picked up his walking stick, and swung it, aiming vaguely at the boy's bottom. "Get out!" Babuji yelled. Malan felt that she didn't have the right to utter a word of protest.

Shiv Das was fifteen years old and penniless. He traded the only talents he had—for games and for storytelling—to get himself across India to Calcutta and land himself a job as an assistant clerk: folding letters, sealing and stamping envelopes, tying files with red tape, overseeing the office peons. It was the first of an endless series of jobs. Along the way, he married, and, though he was never quite able to support his wife, fathered three children. Thus he began a long career as one of the family's many poor relations—impecunious but cheerful.

MATAJI prayed for a son throughout her first pregnancy. As a widower's second wife, her position in the family was insecure. Moreover, Babuji's first wife had left three children, and Mataji had been brought up hearing stories of the dire misfortunes of women who were cursed with stepchildren. ("Beware of suckling a *dohaju's* children," she remembered hearing one of the *gulli* women say. "They'll gnaw at your breast and then spit at you in the *gulli*.") And, as ill luck would have it, she was expecting her baby in the dreaded month of September—the month following the last rains of the monsoon, when the networks of open drains overflowed and the pools of stagnant water bred mosquitoes and fever everywhere. By September, the so-called month of fever, there was scarcely a *gulli* in the old city or a house in the civil station which hadn't been struck by the fever, and sometimes its victims never got over it, the disease of sudden chills and fever becoming either chronic or fatal. Mataji feared for her September baby. But the baby, when it arrived—on the eighteenth of September, 1906—was a son. He had bright eyes and a full head of golden hair. Babuji named him Narinjan Das.

On the sixteenth of August, 1908, Mataji was delivered of a second child—a daughter, named Shanti Devi. This was Mamaji. When Mamaji was barely a year old, Narinjan Das contracted diphtheria and died within a matter of days. Babuji was away on one of his vacation trips. On his return, he guessed from the frightened silence of the house that there had been a death in the family, and, from the frightened look on Mataji's face, that it was a son.

In 1910, Mataji was delivered of a third child. It was another daughter, who died before she was a year old.

As an Arya Samajist, Babuji had forsworn superstition, but the old dread of Lahore as a fatal place for Bulaki Ram's progeny began to stir in him. So in 1912, when Mataji was well along in her fourth pregnancy, Babuji, after himself making substantial offerings to Goddess Durga, sent her off to Kasur in the care of Malan. On August 16th of that year, Mataji gave birth to a son. Malan hired a barker to go up and down the neighboring *gullis* shouting the news of the family's good fortune: "He's come, he's come! Baggu Ram's daughter has a healthy boy again!" She also hired a "loud" two-man band of flute and drum to parade through the *gullis* playing Punjabi folk tunes. The barker and the band brought out the neighbors, who arrived with their congratulations. Each was served a stick of crude sugar and a cup of tea rich with fresh milk.

A grain merchant bringing flour from Kasur to the Shahalmi Gate shouted the news to Bulaki Ram in his *daori*, and Bulaki Ram and Babuji travelled by train to Kasur, where, in a cozy domestic ceremony, they named the child Dwarka Das, invested him with a gold bracelet on each wrist, and put a new gold necklace around Mataji's neck. The bracelets were so heavy that they practically pinned Dwarka Das's arms to his sides, and he bellowed and kicked. Mataji and Malan revelled in his cries, because they were a sign of health and also restored the two women's position in the family—a position that had been shaken by Narinjan Das's death. But no sooner had the men turned their backs than Mataji took off the baby's gold bracelets and put him to her breast.

Over the next decade or so, there was hardly a year when Mataji was not suckling a child or mourning the loss of one. She gave birth to eleven children, of whom just six survived to adulthood.

ONE rainy day late in the monsoon, Mataji was in bed. She was completing the rigidly observed forty-day lying-in period after the delivery of her tenth child, Pushpa. She called for some cold water, and Mamaji brought it to her in a clay pitcher. Mamaji was fourteen now and had practically taken charge of the household duties during Mataji's confinement.

"It's so quiet," Mataji said. "Where are the other children?"

"The boys must be up on the roof flying kites."

"And Pali?"

Pali was the nickname of Gopal Das. He was two years old, and was noisier and more active than any of the other children had been at his age. A few days before, however, he had come down with pneumonia. A practitioner of Hindu medicine had directed that he should not be given anything to eat—only a glass of milk each day, with regular doses of Howard's Chocolate-Covered Quinine, to ward off the complication of malaria. Hungry and sick, Pali had become peevish, and when he was not asleep in his crib he cried continuously.

"He must be asleep," Mamaji said.

Mataji lay back on her pillow. "Did you think to take his temperature?" she asked. "When I am in bed, the whole house seems to come to a—"

There was a crash. Mamaji ran to see what had happened.

"Has someone fallen down on the roof?" Mataji cried weakly, raising herself. When she received no answer, she got up. Never a strong woman, she was worn down by frequent deliveries and long months of breast feeding and now by her convalescence, and she felt dazed and unsteady on her feet.

Just as she began struggling up the stairs to the roof, she heard Mamaji shout from the next room, "Get down, Pali! Medicine!"

Mataji rushed into the room. There was Mamaji trying to lift Pali down from a chair and take the bottle of quinine from his left hand, while with his right he clung fast to a shelf scattered with quinine tablets. His mouth was covered with chocolate.

Pali looked sheepishly around at Mataji and brought out, between a cry and a swallow, "Toffee."

Mataji hit him on the back. "You dolt! You fool! It's medicine!"

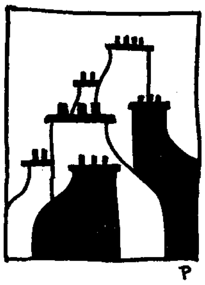
Pali spat out a couple of half-chewed tablets, and she wiped his tongue with her finger.

It was around six o'clock in the evening. Bulaki Ram had gone with the *munshi* to the bazaar to buy vegetables and milk. Babuji was taking his evening walk.

Mataji called out for a servant to fetch Dr. Salig Ram, who lived next door. Dr. Salig Ram was not home, but within a couple of minutes the servant returned with Prakash Mehrotra, a family friend in the last year of medical college, whom he had happened to meet in the road. Prakash Mehrotra took one look at Pali, dissolved some salt in a glass of hot water, and started spooning the solution into Pali's mouth. Before he was able to force down two spoonfuls, the boy died, with both Mataji and Mamaji holding him.

Babuji returned home an hour or so later. He saw a small, solemn crowd in front of his door, and knew immediately that there had been another death in the family.

Babuji stared at the empty crib and lashed out bitterly at everyone: Why hadn't Mamaji immediately stuck her finger down Pali's throat and made him vomit? What was wrong with her finger—didn't she have one? And Mataji—if her legs could carry her to the room, what was wrong with *her* finger? Why hadn't Prakash taken Pali to the hospital? Why had Pali been left alone in the first place? And why had the Howard's Quinine been left out on a shelf?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"It's all your fault," he called out, to the room—to the household—at large.

Mamaji and Mataji, had they dared, could have explained. In all of Lahore, there was hardly a house worthy of the name which did not have Howard's Quinine in the bedrooms. Pali, because of his empty stomach, had had such a fast reaction to the quinine that nothing could have saved him. He had died within minutes of being discovered. But they were women, and in front of men they were supposed to be silent. They bore Babuji's bitter reproaches without a word.

Babuji was devastated. First he had lost a daughter, Ratan Devi; then a son, Narinjan Das; then another daughter, Sumitra; then another daughter, Sheila; then one of twin daughters, Krishna; then another daughter, a second Ratan Devi; and now Pali. And, worst of all, he had lost his oldest son and support, the keepsake of Devaki, the boy whose gentle face never ceased to remind him of her—his Ishwar Das. The death of Ishwar Das had taken place four years earlier, but to Babuji it might have been yesterday.

THE Shahalmi Gate barber had run along the spidery *gullis*, striking his scissors against a brass plate and shouting, "Ishwar Das, the eldest son of Durga Das, is dead! He will be cremated at sunrise! All those whom he knew and who knew him, let them gather at the house of his bereft father and beat their breasts!"

When Ishwar Das died—he succumbed to influenza, pandemic in the world in 1918—he was just twenty-one years old. He had looked after his half brothers and half sisters as if he and they had, in Mataji's words, "come out of the same stomach." A serious boy of religious temperament, he had excelled at his studies, first at Central Model School and later at Government College, and he had been active in the Young Men's Arya Samaj Association—patterned after the Y.M.C.A. He had intended to dedicate his life to teaching.

The morning after Ishwar Das died, his body was placed on a narrow plank, which was hoisted up onto the shoulders of Bulaki Ram, Babuji, and two neighbors—Dr. Salig Ram and his brother, Advocate Tirath Ram—and carried along the Circular Road to the cremation ground near the River Ravi. Old men dragging young children, women with their heads covered—weeping and beating their breasts and moaning "*Hai, hai!*"—walked behind the bier, all prodded on by the professional mourners. These were a troupe of deformed gypsies, such grotesque human specimens that Ishwar Das's mourners had only to look at them either to laugh or to cry. Cast out by their families and often unable to have families of their own, such gypsies earned their keep by marching in funerals and crying laments, or by dancing at weddings and giggling as they made bridal-bed suggestions. Curious children came out of the *gullis* and fell in behind the procession to follow it to the cremation ground.

At the cremation ground, a Brahman handed Babuji a burning brand, and he stepped forward and lit the pyre of his son as the Brahman chanted Vedic mantras and the assembled mourners threw *smugary* and ghi to intensify the flame.

Afterward, all the women in Babuji's house huddled together upstairs in the *chaubara*. An ageless woman from the troupe of professional mourners, who had a beard and a deep voice, stationed herself in front of them and began beating her breasts, chanting, "Oh, mothers and sisters, he's left you! *Hai, hai!*"

"*Hai, hai!*" the women cried after her, beating their breasts.

"Oh, Ishwar Das, why have you left your home? *Hai, hai!*"

"*Hai, hai*—our beloved Ishwar Das is gone!"

"You have left your loved ones ever sorrowing. *Hai, hai!*"

"*Hai, hai!*"

Some of the women, the better to beat their breasts, tore off their blouses and threw a bedsheet over their shoulders. The atmosphere in the room was heavy and close, and the women, worn out by their exertions and tears, were dripping with perspiration.

"Oh, Ishwar Das, you have left your father and grandfather bereft!" wailed the bearded woman. "You have left your brothers and sisters bereft!"

"Our beloved Ishwar Das has left us. *Hai, hai!*"

"In the flower of manhood, a god-fearing, god-loving man, cut down in his prime! Oh, mothers and sisters, are your eyes dry so quickly? Are your hands so weak? Hearts so little? Grief so short?"

The bearded woman slapped her thighs and beat her chest faster and faster.

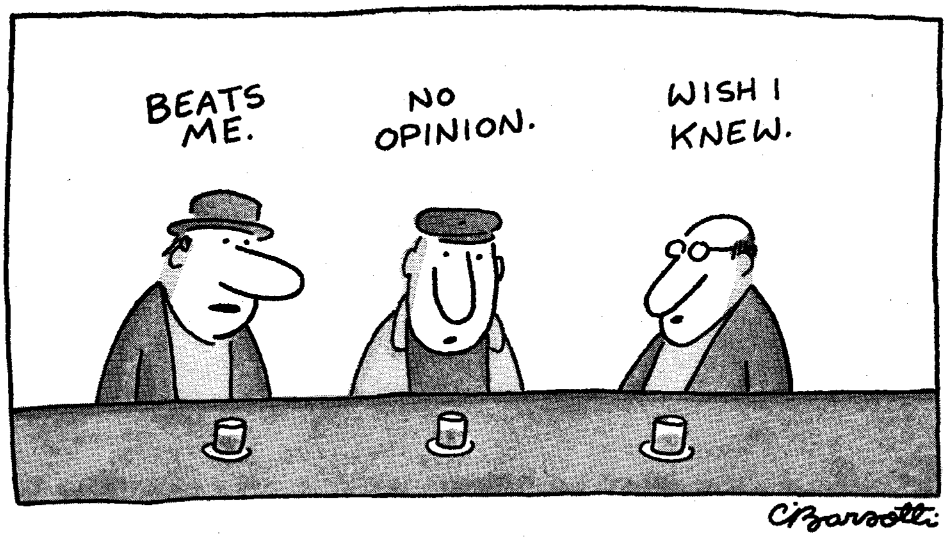
The women repeated her movements as if they were being drilled in grief by a sergeant. With a quick jerk of the hand, a woman wearing a sheet would toss aside her sheet long enough to slap her breast hard and expose the redness to her neighbors, now and again surreptitiously glancing over to size up her neighbors' welts.

Babuji's sister, Durga Devi, stole frequent glances at Mataji's chest to see if the redness revealed true grief or if she was only making a show of grief while secretly feeling relieved that one of her stepchildren had fallen.

Now Mataji, aware of Durga Devi's eyes on her, pounded her breast and secretly prayed to Goddess Durga to make her crimson from top to toe.

The chorus of lamentation for Ishwar Das lasted thirteen days. Less than a month after his death, the family received news that his twenty-three-year-old sister, Ratan Devi, her as yet unnamed infant son, and her daughter, Kunti, were all dead. They, too, had succumbed to influenza. And a new chorus of laments was begun.

THE NIGHT THE SPIRIT WENT OUT OF THE GUYS AT KELLY'S BAR-AND-GRILL.


BEATS ME.
NO OPINION.
WISH I KNEW.

A YEAR or so after Pali died of quinine poisoning, Bulaki Ram, who was eighty-six, contracted a fever, which was diagnosed as pneumonia. He then developed a lump on his neck, and began to have trouble swallowing, and moving his head. He also had trouble sleeping, because he could find no comfortable position in which to lay his head. Soon he became delirious, and after two weeks he died in his sleep.

In Kucha Kaghzian and the Fish Market, on the Circular Road opposite the Lahori Gate and the Shahalmi Gate, in the streets and bazaars of Lahore, Rawalpindi, Peshawar, Murree, and Kasur, people remembered Bulaki Ram as an enterprising bundleman, as a father with a mother's touch, as a tireless head of his family. Some of them had grown up hearing the warning "Goddess Lakshmi is fickle. She never stops with anyone for long," and as they watched Bulaki Ram's progress in the world they had marvelled at his steady good fortune. Some attributed it to the offerings he used to make to the poor, others to his not succumbing to the temptation to take a second wife.

From the time Babuji began earning his own livelihood, he had always turned all his income over to Bulaki Ram as a matter of course. "I'm the earner, and, Baba, you are the spender," he would say. And, indeed, Bulaki Ram had been free to spend the money any way he liked—to buy fruits and vegetables for the day's meals, to pay the children's school fees, to buy clothes and jewelry for his granddaughters. Babuji had never asked any questions, but whatever was left over at the end of the month he would lend out at a high rate of interest.

As long as Bulaki Ram was alive, no grandchild could step across the *daori* without being greeted, lifted, patted, and hugged by the old man. It was to him that the children always ran with their quarrels and demands; they knew Babuji mostly by his walking stick—the sound of it at the doorstep, the sight of it leaning inside the doorway—and understood that he had no time for them.

The moment a granddaughter was born, Bulaki Ram would start collecting a dowry for her. He would buy a clay coin bank for her and, when she was old enough to know about her dowry, would regularly give her a coin, and watch her dip it in the milk of a holy cow and deposit it in her bank. When the coin bank was full, he would empty it to add to the dowry, sometimes sitting an entire day by a jeweller to make certain that a given piece was fashioned out of twenty-two-carat gold and that its workmanship was of high quality.

As soon as the neighbors heard that Bulaki Ram had died, they came to Babuji and set up a great clamor. They wanted him to hire a band of horns and drums to accompany his father to the cremation ground—to parade and serenade according to custom. "He lived to be a wise old man," a spokesman for the neighbors said. "He lived to see his grandchildren grow taller than he was. Such venerable men should be sent on their way with happy tunes in their ears."

"What idiocy!" Babuji burst out. "I've lost my father, and you want to sing and dance! They didn't have a band when I got married, and I am supposed to hire a band now!"

"You must get your head shaved as a sign of respect for your old father," the spokesman continued, ignoring Babuji's outburst as that of a grieving man who had temporarily taken leave of his senses. "You must get an impressive bier. The bier of someone like Bulaki Ram should be decorated with flags and coconuts, with many fruits and flowers. We must have some trimmings from the bier to give to our children as good-luck charms for long life."

Babuji declared angrily, in a tone that left no doubt of his meaning, that he would not have any music, would not have his head shaved, would not have an ornate bier, and would not even make any offerings to the gods. He was an Arya Samajist, and would not follow any of the Sanatan Dharmi customs. (Only five years earlier, when Ishwar Das died, the observance of Sanatan Dharmi customs of professional mourning had been taken for granted in the house. Since then, the Arya Samaj and Babuji had become increasingly stubborn in their opposition to all forms of superstition and to all orthodox customs in both private and public life.)

Babuji and some close friends, accompanied only by a group of Arya Samajists singing hymns, carried Bulaki Ram's body to the cremation ground and placed it on the funeral pyre. Throughout the simple cremation ceremony, Babuji remained dry-eyed.

Back at home, the professional mourners had quietly gathered. Babuji had them chased out, and forbade Durga Devi, Malan, and Mataji to wail or beat their breasts. They could cry all they liked, but they must not mortify themselves in any way.

For days, many of the neighbors talked of nothing but Babuji's heartlessness. No band, not even one professional mourner, and his own wife forbidden to grieve as she liked for her father-in-law! Arya Samaj principles were all well and good, but was respect for a dead father to be sacrificed to them?

Babuji had little idea of the consternation he had caused all around him. Years later, he could remember only two or three disconnected moments: his father's body half sitting up on the pyre, as if to protest the ignominy of death; the mourners involuntarily stepping back, as if the stare of his father, the most loving of men, had already become, in their superstitious minds (Arya Samajists though they were), the evil eye; at home, Durga Devi garlanding the children with strings of cardamoms and almonds. (Cardamoms were used to ward off the evil eye, and almonds were talismans of life.) He remembered retreating to the little room next to his office, where he and his father had slept for fifteen years.

BABUJI's sister, Durga Devi, and her husband, Moti Ram, had three sons, Chuni Lal, Panna Lal, and Madan Lal, and two daughters, Ratan Devi and Vidyavati. By the time the last child, Madan Lal, was born, in 1919, Moti Ram had gone through all his father's savings.

Durga Devi turned for help to Babuji, who bought a little betel-nut-and-*pan* shop and made a gift of it to Moti Ram, took in the eldest son, Chuni Lal, and arranged to pay Durga Devi a monthly allowance in perpetuity. It is said that the shock of having to go every day to the shop and work there—Durga Devi saw to it that he did not squander her brother's bounty as he had squandered his father's—made Moti Ram an invalid. Although Durga Devi was now in and out of Babuji's house every day—she practically lived there—Chuni Lal was so incensed with his mother because of her treatment of his father that he refused to have much to do with her, or, for that matter, with either of his brothers or with his sisters. (Bulaki Ram lived to marry off Chuni Lal and Panna Lal, and when he died Babuji continued his support of Durga Devi, Madan Lal, and Vidyavati; Ratan Devi had died in the interval.)

Chuni Lal grew up to be a self-centered young man. He finished school and became a draftsman in an architect's office, got married, fathered four sons and two daughters, and built himself a house on Beadon Road, in the new city. Constructed on a plot of land only fifteen feet square, it was the smallest *pukka* house in the area, and therefore became something of a landmark.

Panna Lal and his wife, son, and five daughters lived as a "joint family" with Madan Lal and his wife, three sons, and two daughters, and with Durga Devi and Moti Ram, in a four-room house, also on Beadon Road. Panna Lal and Madan Lal, neither of whom had gone beyond the eighth standard in school, borrowed five hundred rupees from Babuji and rented a long room in Anarkali, curtaining off the back part of it for storage and filling the front with dolls, hair oil, socks, bandages, hairpins, soaps, combs, brushes, handkerchiefs, notepaper, and pencils. The two brothers were good businessmen, and the shop was such a success that they were able to pay back Babuji's loan, with interest, in a matter of months; in fact, the shop did so well that eventually they took on as a third partner Ram Chander, a brother of Madan Lal's wife. Ram Chander, who was unemployed, had been agitating for a share in the shop, and now he moved, with his wife and his several children, into the four-room house on Beadon Road.

The moment Ram Chander became a partner in the shop, he began to feel that the shop was only big enough for two, and that he should be one of the two. For years, he schemed how to "deal out" Panna Lal, so that "the two brothers-in-law might do business together." The atmosphere in the shop became bitter.

One morning—the year was 1943—as Panna Lal was busy arranging boxes and unpacking new merchandise in the back of the shop, he called out to Ram Chander, "It's hot back here. Would you please go across to the vender and get me a glass of cold buttermilk?"

"Yes, Brother," Ram Chander answered obligingly. "I'll be back with it before you have to lift another box."

As soon as Panna Lal drank the glass of buttermilk, he collapsed on the floor and died.

Cries went up among some sharp-witted customers standing in front of the shop—cries that were picked up by the crowd in the bazaar:

"He's been poisoned!"

"His brother-in-law has poisoned him!"

"He is dead in his shop—of buttermilk!"

Ram Chander tried to run out of the shop, but the crowd, pressing to see what had happened inside, blocked his way. Many assumed—though there wasn't any definite proof—that Ram Chander had in fact murdered his brother-in-law.

"I've lost my brother," Madan Lal wailed, "and you don't have the pity to leave us alone."

Eventually, the crowd dispersed.

It was feared that Panna Lal's wife would prosecute Ram Chander and break up the joint family, but when she heard of her husband's death she said nothing. She quietly cremated her husband, and quietly mourned him for many days.

In time, she called Madan Lal's wife to her side and said, "Sister-in-Law, I bear no grudge against you or your loved ones—against your brother, Ram Chander. What has happened has happened. There's no use in taking revenge or having the family broken up with enmity. My wish is that we—all three families—should continue to live together."

"Sister-in-Law," said Madan Lal's wife, "if my brother, Ram Chander, is responsible for Brother-in-Law Panna Lal's death, I want you to prosecute him."

Madan Lal joined them, and said, "Sister-in-Law, prosecute him if you think he's guilty. Take him to the court and let the judge decide. Blood is one thing, crime another."

Panna Lal's wife wouldn't hear of it.

For many years—long after the deaths of Durga Devi and Moti Ram, and even after Partition, when Babuji and all his relatives were uprooted and fled to Delhi—the families of Panna Lal, Madan Lal, and Ram Chander continued to live together. In Delhi, they started a wholesale business, making and selling mirrors, and eventually built a house in Punjabi Bagh, within bicycling distance of the house where Babuji had resettled. (Chuni Lal and his wife and children also migrated to Delhi, but, as before, they stayed apart from the rest of the family, meeting them only on important family occasions.)

Whenever Babuji, toward the end of his life, remembered Durga Devi, he would mention with pride his role in helping her and her family, and he could point with delight to the fact that one of Durga Devi's grandsons was a chartered accountant and two of her granddaughters were university graduates.

AS a student, Babuji had started taking an interest in politics, and in 1893 he attended the annual session of the recently formed Indian National Congress Party. Its annual sessions were essentially debating pageants staged by some Indian lawyers and academicians and a few British reformers, who advocated more rights and freedoms for the few educated Indians. Babuji attended the 1893 session—the first to be held in Lahore—as a volunteer. He did little more than show the Congress dignitaries to their places and try to meet the "grand old man" of

Indian politics, Dadabhai Naoroji. All the same, he was fired up by being in the same room as such dignitaries, and the more so when he learned that the liberal goals of the Congress were the same as those of the Arya Samaj.

In 1898, because of his unflagging espousal of Arya Samaj principles, Babuji was elected Secretary of the Meat Arya Samaj, now called the College Party, and in 1900 he was made a member of the Managing Committee of the D.A.V. College Trust Society, which handled requests for financial support from practically every Arya Samaj college and school in the Punjab. To Babuji, Arya Samaj increasingly seemed an island of probity, patriotism, and high-mindedness amid the moral depravity of Indian bazaars and *gullis*, on the one hand, and the pretensions of British cricket fields and churches, on the other. He became known for his attacks on orthodox Hindus, who condemned the Arya Samaj for its rejection of two thousand years of Hindu religious tradition and its acceptance of corrupt, seductive Westernism. He also became known for his attacks on Anglicized Indians, who dismissed Arya Samaj as a childish attempt to update animism with modern rationalism, and as being, in its way, as superstitious and idolatrous as the "decadent" religion it sought to reform.

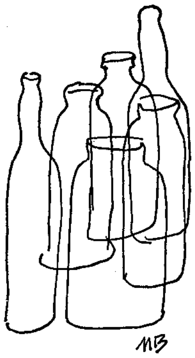
In 1910, he stood as a candidate for one of the three elected seats in the governing body of Punjab University, known as the Senate. Founded in 1882, Punjab University was the only channel through which a Punjabi could hope to join the civil or military establishment or participate in the political and cultural life of the province. Although Babuji could easily have been appointed to the Senate, he objected to such a perquisite on principle, contending that appointments involved string-pulling and influence-peddling, while election by one's equals conferred respect and honor. As it turned out, he garnered more votes than anyone else, partly because D.A.V. College was the largest constituent of the university, and the votes were cast by "registered graduates," alumni in good standing. Altogether, he served as a Senate Fellow for six successive five-year terms—three of them in the Syndicate, a smaller and more powerful governing body within the Senate. In 1912, he became vice-president of the D.A.V. College Trust Society, under Mahatma Hans Raj, its president. (Hans Raj, his old teacher, had become known as Mahatma, which means "great soul," in part because he had renounced a distinguished, financially secure career in the civil service for the lowly position of a college teacher, which carried only an honorarium, and in part because of his intellectual contribution to the college.) In 1918, Babuji succeeded Hans Raj as president of the society, and paid this tribute to the Mahatma, who had been his mentor since his student days: "Mahatma Hans Raj has tended to the root of all political troubles—want of character in a man. In his opinion, strong, honest, truthful men with character cannot remain political slaves for long. He has believed all along that if Indians were to become physically strong, religiously pure, and socially open-minded, their political emancipation would follow. Thanks to Mahatma Hans Raj—and to Swami Dayanand—every Arya Samajist is an iconoclast, and a religious purist, who stands out in any crowd as a man of consequence. The simple Hindu greeting of '*Namaste*' ["I greet you in the name of God"] opens the door of brotherly love and hospitality among total strangers all over India."

Within the year, the brotherly love that Babuji had spoken of turned to enmity between the followers of the two leading College Party apostles of Swami Dayanand—Mahatma Hans Raj and Lala Lajpat Rai. When Swami Dayanand died, thirty-six years earlier, he had left behind thirteen apostles, chosen for their *tan* (self), their *man* (mind), and their *dhan* (philanthropy). Babuji was not one of these apostles, but he had come to think of himself—in the course of his nearly thirty years' association with Mahatma Hans Raj—as the fourteenth apostle. The enmity between Mahatma Hans Raj and Lala Lajpat Rai was touched off by Mahatma Gandhi's call, in 1919, for a national civil-disobedience campaign to protest the British refusal to grant Indian home rule, and by the repressive measures taken by the British to quell the Indian protest that followed. In response to Gandhi's call, students and teachers at colleges everywhere went out on strike, but Babuji, with the support of Mahatma Hans Raj, would not close down D.A.V. College, on the ground that Arya Samaj was essentially a religious movement, not a political one. Besides, Babuji was concerned about jeopardizing the careers of teachers and students. He felt, too, that Gandhi's campaign of

I TOLD YOU SO
STEVENSON

noncoöperation pandered to the antisocial, selfish, anarchic traits in the Indian character—traits that he felt had allowed the British, natural champions of law and order and united effort, to subjugate India in the first place. Babuji therefore saw Gandhi as an antediluvian force, and a pernicious one, and made his stand on twin principles *cum* slogans: "Politics has no place in educational institutions" and "I am a coöperator."

Lala Lajpat Rai, or Sher-e-Punjab (the Lion of the Punjab), as he was popularly called (he was deemed by the Punjabis to have proved his leonine qualities by, among other things, standing simultaneously for two seats in the Punjab Legislative Assembly and winning them both), believed, as Babuji and Mahatma Hans Raj had themselves once believed, that religion embraced everything—politics, social life, economics—and he had a greater following in Lahore and the Punjab than any other leader. In fact, popular feeling in Lahore ran so strongly in favor of Lala Lajpat Rai and Mahatma Gandhi that Babuji, Mahatma Hans Raj, and their associates felt they were under siege.



One hot evening, Babuji was sitting in his office at home correcting a draft of a letter to the *Tribune*—a sort of Bible of the Punjabi establishment—in which he attacked Lala Lajpat Rai's views. He was distracted by the approaching sound of a group of men chanting something. He was surprised; under martial law—imposed in response to Mahatma Gandhi's civil-disobedience campaign—all public gatherings had been banned. He looked out and saw the silhouettes of men marching in a group toward his house. They were waving black flags and shouting, "*Hai, hai,* toady *bachcha* [child]! *Hai, hai!*" Babuji was indignant. It was one of the mock funeral processions for which Lahore had become notorious before the imposition of martial law, and the men were marching in *his* "funeral." Babuji picked up his walking stick and went out. He shook the stick and shouted, "You fools! You idiots! When will you ever learn?" Then he marched back into the house and shut the door against the mob.

Despite the closing of other colleges, Babuji managed to keep D.A.V. College open. Martial law finally broke the strike at the other colleges, and all the students and teachers at the university returned to their classes. Babuji and Mahatma Hans Raj were elated at having struck a blow for Arya Samaj and for the separation of education from politics; they also savored the defeat of Lala Lajpat Rai on the issue.

In time, even Babuji and Mahatma Hans Raj fell out. The occasion of their quarrel was a difference of opinion over the appointment of a Sanskrit professor at the college, in 1924. Mahatma Hans Raj supported a relative, on the ground that he was the best-qualified man for the position, while Babuji favored another candidate, on the ground that he was better qualified. Babuji wrote Mahatma Hans Raj a stern letter accusing him of nepotism. Mahatma Hans Raj's man nevertheless got the appointment. This conflict marked the beginning of Babuji's disillusionment with the Arya Samaj movement. As time went on, he came to feel not only that the movement had fallen into the hands of a self-serving clique but also that its members were hypocrites. (Aside from preaching merit and indulging in nepotism, they preached widow marriage but took care not to marry widows themselves, with the result that the fate of widows remained as bad as ever.)

Around 1930, Babuji withdrew from Arya Samaj—his faith for almost forty years.

As a man of consequence in Lahore—in university circles and at the High Court bar—Babuji went about in a victoria, a curtained carriage, driven by a syce and drawn by a chestnut-colored horse named Firefly. The horse died in 1916, and thereafter the carriage was drawn by a brown-and-white horse, which Babuji also named Firefly. The victoria was so well known that on seeing it people would step aside to let it pass. Returning home from the court, Babuji would often have the syce pull up by the edge of Anarkali and then have him dash in to pick up a tin of Babuji's favorite glucose biscuits. In the evening, Babuji would go out for long drives through the gardens. He would take deep breaths, as if he couldn't get used to the idea that he was smelling clean, fragrant air. When he wasn't riding in his victoria, it stood conspicuously outside the High Court or the Shahalmi Gate house.

In addition to Firefly and the victoria, Babuji kept a cow, which was tethered in his back courtyard. Each day, the first draught of milk was put aside for him. It was boiled and mixed with Ovaltine and served to him in bed morning and evening, always in the same cup and saucer—a ribbed, pastel-colored English-china teacup with a handle that fitted Babuji's forefinger exactly.

Babuji laid down strict rules for family gatherings—births, engagements, weddings, festivals, funerals. The ceremonies connected with such gatherings all had to be simple. (The women of the house did not abandon the more elaborate Sanatan Dharmi rituals, but they performed them in secret in the *chaubara.*) He was very particular that on every occasion all the "kittens," as he called the girls of the house, and all the "naughty boys," as he called the boys, should be around him, and that every relative from his first or second marriage, close or distant, should be invited. He took pleasure in the continuity represented by such gatherings, which always included, for instance, Devaki's only surviving relative, a brother, and Ratan Devi's husband, Bishan Das, and her only surviving child, a daughter named Kaushalya. Devaki's brother would come with his wife, two daughters, and only son, and Babuji would never fail to remark that the brother of poor Devaki had risen to be manager of the Bombay branch of the Punjab National Bank, or that anyone who saw Kaushalya couldn't help noticing her bright face—how easily and how often she laughed, as though she had never known tears.

From the moment Babuji had his Ovaltine in the morning to the moment he had his Ovaltine at night—winter, spring, summer, monsoon, and autumn—he liked a certain order to his life, for it provided an anchor in the turbulence of calamity and change that threatened to overwhelm him.

Babuji's diary—his stark record of births and marriages, deaths and calamities, vacations and returns—continues:

1925

12/1. Born a daughter at 3 a.m. named Vimla. (Lohri Day.) [Vimla, Babuji's fifteenth child and Mataji's eleventh, was born in the middle of the winter festival called Lohri, when people can be seen in the courtyards of their houses, on rooftops, on roadsides—in any open place—warming themselves in front of blazing fires, tossing oilseeds into the fires, and munching *raoris,* or crystallized-sugar sweets.]

28/3. Lakshman's tonsils removed. [Lakshman, Babuji's third son by Mataji, was then ten years old.]

Bhagwan Das passed his LL.B. Exam. [Bhagwan Das, Babuji's second son by

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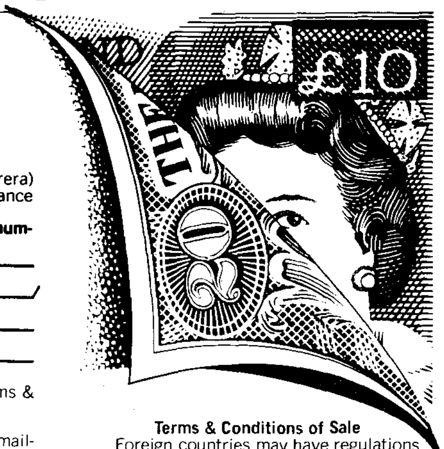

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Devaki, was then twenty-five; he was rather old to be qualifying as a lawyer, but he had taken seven years—instead of the usual four—to get his B.A., in part because of ill health.]

31/10. Shanti betrothed to Dr. Amolak Ram Mehta. [This is my father.]

Shagan given on 1-11-25.

31/10. Bhagwan Das engaged to daughter of L. Ganga Ram Soni.

Shanti married to D. Amolak Ram. May God bless the union.

Milni was 5/12. [Milni is an occasion when each relative of the bridegroom ceremonially meets his counterpart in the bride's family.]

Ghori was 6/12. [Ghori is a ceremony in which the bridegroom, holding a sword, rides to the bride's house on a horse. The sword and the horse suggest a warrior come to take his woman, but they have long been merely symbolic. Since most modern bridegrooms can neither ride a horse nor wield a sword, the horse is usually a tractable mare or a gelding, and the sword is hung on the bridegroom like an ornament.] & marriage on 7th morning.

1926

30 May. Presided over the D.A.V. College Prize Distribution.

Agreed to purchase House at 16 Mozang Road from Seth Ram Parshad for 36250 rupees. [Mozang, a spacious, open road, was in the new city, within walking distance of the Mall Road and Lawrence Gardens. Babuji lived there until Partition.]

Receipt of Indemnity Bond of above house registered after great worry & trouble.

—Shifted to the new house on Mozang Road on Guru Nanak's birthday. His Blessings invoked in all humility. [Guru Nanak was the fifteenth-century founder of the Sikh religion, and so one of the most eminent Punjabis.]

Bhagwan Das's name called for by High Court for consideration for nomination of S. Judge [subjudge].

18/12. Selected for interview but [ink here is faded and illegible] to be elected. Bhagwan Das disappointed at his result & felt very miserable for sometime. Bhagwan Das took it keenly—His will be done—I am a *confirmed fatalist.*

22/12. Shanti gave birth to a daughter at 4.10 pm—Amolak Ram here—named Promila.

Lakshman got measles & so did Pushpa a week after. Pushpa, Babuji's fourteenth child, was then a girl of four.] Passed Xmas days in Lahore anxiously & in a dejected mood.

Bhagwan Das's marriage fixed for 23/1 was postponed owing to illness of his fiance in August & Sept.

1927

Improved & added 2 rooms to new Kothi on Mozang Road. Bhagwan Das's marriage passed off very successfully. It took place at Ludhiana [a small city in the Punjab] on 17/4. [Bridegroom's] Party consisting of 70 persons was comfortably lodged & sumptuously feasted by R. B. Lala Ganga Ram. [R. B., or Rai Bahadur, was the highest title that the Viceroy could bestow on distinguished Indians.] Ghori ceremony took place at Lahore on 16th evening & was well attended.

Garden Party held on 26th April was a good success. May God grant the married couple success & prosperity in life.

Bhagwan's mother-in-law Mrs. Ganga Ram died after a fortnight of his marriage & before ladies' Milni could take place. Very sad & serious loss for R. B. Ganga Ram.

Bhagwan Das went to Kashmir & stayed there with his wife in Company of his father-in-law's family.

I went with family to Kasauli to live in "North-View." Shanti & Amolak Ram were there for a short period.

1928

Received the title of Rai Bahadur on New Years Day. Friends appreciated it very much & gave Dinners & Parties. Recommendation of H. Crt [High Court] made 18 months back was accepted by Govt. this time & to me the news came most unexpectedly.

Nominated Director of P.N. [Punjab National] Bank by the G. [Government] Board. Agreed to this at the request of M. [Mahatma] Hans Raj & other friends.

Yaghopavit ceremony of Dwarka & Lakshman performed on 27/1 Basant Day. [Yaghopavit is a rite-of-passage ceremony for high-caste orthodox Hindus during which a thread is ceremonially tied around the neck and the left shoulder—or sometimes only around the wrist—of a young man, a thread he is supposed to wear for life. Dwarka and Lakshman—the two surviving sons of Babuji and Mataji—who were fifteen and twelve, respectively, wore the thread only around their wrists and only for the length of the ceremony.] Rain came in & interfered with arrangements.

Born a son to Bhagwan Das at 5.17 a.m. on 10.4. Named Om Parkash.

Made further additions & improvements in the Mozang House— June-July.

Bhagwan Das went to Dalhousie with his wife. I went to Dharamsala with Dwarka & Lakshman for 2 weeks. Stayed with Mr. Mehr Chand & enjoyed my trip. [Mehr Chand Mahajan was a prominent Arya Samajist, like so many of Babuji's close friends, and was a judge of the Punjab High Court.]

1929

Born a daughter to Bhagwan Das's wife 6th April at ————. [She was named Bawa.]

Bhagwan Das had rheumatic fever of a persistent type for full one month, due to his [illegible word] habits. Passed very anxious times. By Gods' grace he got well under Ayurvedic treatment, which proved very efficacious.

1930

Mundan Ceremony of Bhagwan Das's Children pere-formed on Baisakhi Day, 13th April Sunday. [Mundan is a sort of christening ceremony, in which the child's hair is shaved off.]

Dinner to Ladies.

Dear Moti Sagar passed off suddenly on ——— November. He was in Court, attended P.N. Bank meeting where he felt ill. On reaching home he expired. An old lifelong friend of boyhood gone! With all his weaknesses Moti Sagar was Jewel of a man. Good though greedy. Sincere & inoffensive toward all. [Moti Sagar was a judge of the Punjab High Court.]

1931

A son born to Shanti at my house on Mozang Road on 25th April noon at 12.10 pm. Named Om Parkash. [Bhagwan Das's son was also named Om Parkash, but he was known by his nickname, Kuku. In the diary, there is no mention of the earlier births of Mamaji's second and third daughters, Nirmila and Urmila, although Nirmila was also born in Babuji's Mozang Road house.]

Went up to Simla with family. Stayed at Simla for 6 weeks in Dr. Amolak Ram's house "Glenarquhart" on Annandale Road. Enjoyed the trip. [Babuji would go up to Simla with his family every summer and stay with Mamaji and Daddyji for a month or two.]

Another friend gone. R. B. Dhanpat Rai passed away after 3 month's illness—in Sept at Lahore—with all his weaknesses he was a shrewd businessman & an obliging friend. May his soul rest in peace. [Rai Bahadur Dhanpat Rai and Babuji were close, and speculated in land together.]

Munshi Gujarmal, my faithfull servant & friend for thirty years, died in Septr after retiring from my service in Nov 29. Passed his last days in trouble. A good soul.

Nominated a member of the Lahore Municipality by Dr. G. C. Narang. In view of Communalism & inefficiency prevailing in the Municipality I doubt very much if my presence as a member will improve matters. [Sir Gokal Chand Narang was a barrister who, like Babuji, appeared before the Punjab High Court.]

Improved Mozang Road house by adding one bedroom & bath for Bhagwan Das and by sinking a tube well.

1932

Shanti's illness from Bronchitis which she contracted at Delhi continued here throughout winter. She went to Delhi in March & to Simla in April where she improved.

Dwarka failed to pass his B.A. & felt his failure very much. This was unexpected.

Dwarka & Lakshman went to Simla in July & stayed with Shanti.

Built new house as part of 16 Mozang Road. It cost about Rs 6000/ Finished September....

Completed my sixtieth year on 25/11.

Bhagwan Das appointed a Law Reader temporarily. He felt very nervous & funky over it in the beginning. [The Law College, where Bhagwan Das was to be a teacher, consisted of one building, a principal, and a small clerical staff, and the teaching was done entirely by practicing lawyers on a part-time basis.]

Sent a memorandum & appeared as a witness before Punjab University Enquiry Commission on 26.11.

Presided over Brahm Mahavidyala Prize Distribution & made a short speech on the work of the Arya Samaj & its failure on religious & spiritual side. [Brahm Mahavidyala was a branch of the Arya Samaj which trained lecturers to propagate the principles of the movement.]

A bad year financially—though paid highest Income Tax for the last year.

1933

Shanti's health continues indifferent. She spent winter here before going to Simla, where she improved by God's grace.

My sister's daughter Vidyavati married to L. Bishan Das, Clerk in Imp. [Imperial] Bank.

Bhagwan Das re-appointed part-time Reader in Law College for one year.

Children suffered from Chicken-pox & Measles in April & May. I too had a boil trouble.

Last year 32.33 proved poorest from prof. [professional] point of view. Prof. income gone down. His will be done. Having experienced real stringency in early age am Contented & feel gratefull to Him for all I have. [Here follows a proverb written in Devanagari script which means "All days cannot be the same."]

Wife ill of haemorrage for over 2 months recovered under Hakim's treatment. [A *hakim* is a Muslim practitioner of the Unani system of medicine.]

Kaushalya passed her Matric this time & Dwarka was successful in his B.A., but Lakshman failed in F.Sc [First Science examination, leading up to Bachelor of Science degree] by 1 mark each in Physics & Chemistry.

Spent Vacations 6 weeks at Pehalgam & Srinagar (Kashmir) with family. This was my 3rd visit to Kashmir. On the whole the stay & the trip was pleasant & satisfactory.

1934

In Jan. Amolak Ram continued ill at Delhi from Dec. 33 & came here on 2/2—remained in Mayo Hospital for 2 weeks.

Born a son to Shanti here on 21-3 at 10.5 a.m. Amolak Ram here. Named Ved Parkash. [This is Babuji's record of my birth.]

Thank God Amolak Ram recovered & joined duty on 1st April.

Dharam passed Matric by private study. [Dharam, Babuji's eleventh child and Mataji's seventh, was then a girl of sixteen.] Lakshman fell ill before Exam. Appeared & passed in all subjects except English. Joined Hailey College. Passed his F.A. in Supplementary.

Bhagwan's wife & Bhagwan's daughter Bawa got Diphtheria. Thank God it was not worse.

Dwarka went to Delhi & started business with Mr. Gandharva Sen Kashyap. May God bless him.

1935

Addl. rooms begun in [the date is missing] were completed & let in March. Good investment.

Bishan Das [the husband of Babuji's second deceased daughter Ratan Devi] anxious about Kaushalya's engagement. Trying our best to secure a good match.

Reelected a Fellow for 6th time.

19/1. Kaushalya engaged to Mr. Somnath.

28/3. Went to Delhi visiting Kurekshetra on the way.

There negotiations with R.S. [Rai Sahib] Soi for engagement of Dharam with his second son Mr. Jagmohan began.

Shagan of Dharam given at Delhi on 15th April by her mother. [Dharam was perhaps the plainest of Babuji's daughters, and the first one to be engaged after Mamaji. There was much jubilation.]

May God shower his blessings.

Dharam failed in her Inter Exam.

Marriage of Kaushalya with Somnath s/o [son of] L. Madho Ram Passi of Lahore took place on 6/8. Everything passed off successfully. Thank God Bishan Das & I relieved of this duty. May Almighty Lord bless the Union.

Dharam's marriage fixed for 24.2.37. May God shower his blessings.

Dwarka separated from M.G. [Mr. Gandharva] Sen Kashyap from 1.10.35 & continued his business independently.

On Divali Day Lakshman Das joined Central Life & General Assurance Company Ltd. as Partner. [Divali, the festival of light, is the day that commemorates the restoration of Rama's kingdom to him after his long exile and his victory over the demon Ravana.] May God Bless the Enterprise.

1936

January. Amolak Ram fell ill in Calcutta of typhoid. Passed most anxious time but, God in His mercy restored him to health.

1937

Dharam's marriage took place on —— Feby at night. May God bless the Union.

Barat [bridegroom's party] came from Delhi & were accommodated at late L. Harkishen Lal's house.

Everything passed off successfully & satisfactorily.

Just before Milni time it rained & upset arrangements but it stopped at the Milni hour. Barat & Doli [ceremonial carrying away of the bride] left on —— evening.

Dr. Amolak Ram left for England on leave. Shanti & her family stayed in our flat up to 8/8. A girl born to Shanti on 5th July at 6.10 a.m. [This was my younger sister Usha.]

A son born to Kaushalya, my granddaughter, at Ferozepore on —— July at 7 p.m.

Lakshman Das passed his B. Com. [Bachelor of Commerce] Exam. He was in Kashmir for a month with Bhagwan Das & his family.

1938

The year opened with serious illness of Ved Parkash younger son of Shanti who was brought here from Gujrat on 21/1 suffering from a bad type of Meningitis. He was seriously ill for 2 months. His life was saved but dear boy lost his eyesight! What a tragedy! Ways of Providence are mysterious & one has to submit.

9 4/38. A son was born to Dharam at 6 a.m. in Lahore. On a/o [account of]

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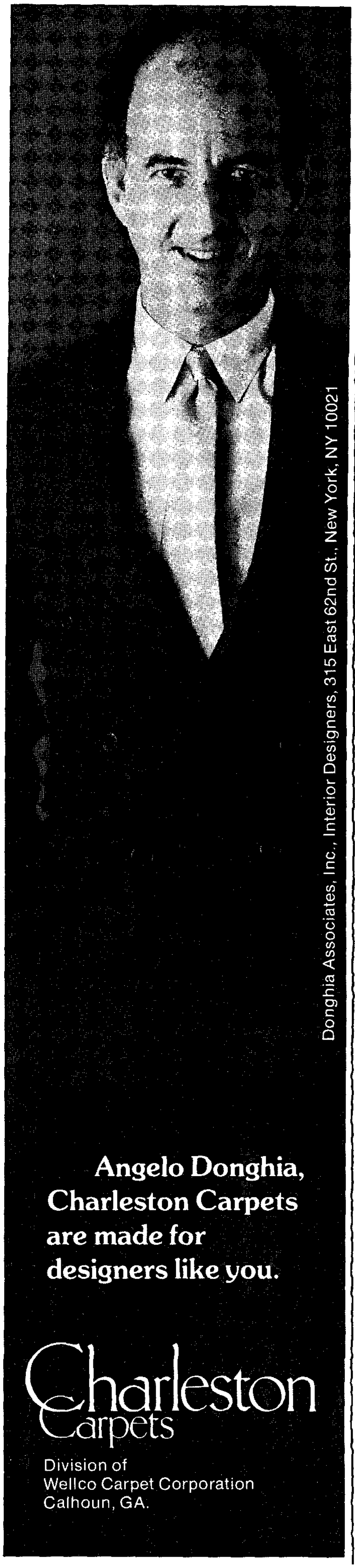

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delayed delivery she had to be removed to Lady Willingdon Maternity Hospital.

August—Went to Dalhousie for a week & stayed with Bakshi Tek Chandji. [Bakshi Tek Chand was a leading lawyer who became a judge of the Punjab High Court.]

Lakshman Das came back from Delhi & joined P. N. Bank as a paid apprentice in November.

1939

L. Moti Ram Seth my brother in law died on 12 Nov after protracted & painfull illness. Even amputation of his leg proved useless to check the disease. His will be done.

Shanti's little son aged 2½ months died on —— Dec. after a short illness. Was congenitally weak & had defective heart. [The baby was a victim of X-ray treatments that Mamaji had received during pregnancy for her bronchial asthma.] Shanti naturally felt the loss keenly after poor Ved's blindness.

1940

Second son born to Dharam here on 28th June at 6 a.m. Dwarka's marriage proposals fell through as he could not make up his mind.

Did not want to press him in a matter which was mainly his own concern.

Dwarka had to sell his Delhi business which was running at a loss.

Being a fatalist no use blaming him for this result. A loss of Rs 10,000/or so.

Rs 101 received for Patri. [A horoscope. Dwarka's first would-be father-in-law must have had one cast at the time of his daughter's engagement to Dwarka, and then returned it along with the engagement offering of a hundred and one rupees.]

War clouds hung over Europe causing anxiety to all. Purchased a gun after getting a License.

1941

1/2. Basant Day.

Dwarka Das betrothed to Kumari [caste honorific] Santosh daughter of Lala Pokhar Das. Shagan received 12 noon. May God bless the engagement.

In May Dharam came here on short visit but got ill. Septic fever for a few days & then Pneumonia kept her in bed for over a month.

Left for Delhi at the end of July but there got renal colic & muscular pains. Continues ill.

Dwarka's marriage fixed for 10/10.

Pushpa engaged to Mr. Payare Lal Tandon, Auditor at Cawnpore, a nephew of Mr. M. L. Tannan, Late Secty P.N. Bank. Well spoken of by all. Shagan given by Dwarka at Cawnpore on 9/41. Rs 500/—cash. May God shower his blessings upon the engagement.

Dwarka's marriage on 15/10 on a/o blackout, Barat token.

Garden party on 17th. Everything passed off successfully. Everyone satisfied. May God bless the Union.

Bhagwan Das had another disappointment due to his being let down by friends who had pledged support to him for post of At. [Assistant] Registrar in the Punjab Uty. I feel disgusted at the duplicity & hypocracy of friends. [The "friends" must have been people whom Babuji had served with in the university Senate, but it is not clear whether they could have done much for Bhagwan Das, given his university record. In any event, it is interesting that, at least in the case of Bhagwan Das, Babuji should have set aside his principle of job-by-merit for the expediency of job-by-paternal-intervention.]

1942

Pushpa married to Mr. Payare Lal Tandon on 4th March. Barat consisted of over 150 guests who were entertained to Dinner after the Milni.

Next day it rained very heavily & Doli left at 9 am when it was drizzling. Ladies lunch & Milni had to take place indoors.

Another bolt from the blue. Dear Kuku son of Bhagwan Das suffered from fever for 32 days and died on Sunday night at 2 a.m. on 25th October. The boy was not only a pet of the family but a favourite of all who knew him. He made friends all around whether his juniors or seniors in age. I had cremated my three sons but knew not that I shall live to do the same with my oldest grandson. I am as much stupefied today as I was in October 1918 when I had to record the death of Ishwar Das. In spite of study & thinking of the problem of Life & Death I am as ignorant today as I was in 1918.

HERE there is a break in the diary, and what follows is "Investments & Private accounts etc.," but the entire page has a line through it, probably because the accounts were liquidated. —VED MEHTA

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

●

POPE PAUL MOVES TO NEW APARTMENT

Pope John Paul II has moved into the medieval St. John's Tower overlooking the gardens of Vatican City while his apartment undergoes restoration work, the Vatican said Friday. can't seem to take their eyes off him. He's not incredibly ugly, nor amazingly good-looking. He just looks remarkably like President Jimmy Carter. In the past two years, since friends urged him to enter a presidential look-a-like contest, he has done dozens of television commercials, been hired as a convention comic, and been paid to walk into a party, flash his "Georgia" grin, and walk out again.

—*Pasadena (Calif.) Star-News.*

What *was* the pay, if we're not too nosy?

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Extravagance and Thrift

“MOONRAKER,” or James Bond XII, comes attended by the slogan “Where all the other Bonds end . . . this one begins!” !, indeed. The most meaningful feature of that proclamation, the exclamation point, may be translated as indicating the usual array of immoderate incidents, fancy technical effects, and murderous gadgets, which adorn the film from beginning, when two erstwhile airplane passengers swoop through thin air in a contest for a single parachute, to end, an epic battle in outer space over the future of all the people on Earth. There is one new angle, in the appearance of Michael Lonsdale as the arch-villain, Drax, who resembles Richard M. Nixon and expresses a yen for law and order. But the point is not given much further attention.

“Dr. No,” which was released in 1962, was the first film adaptation of one of Ian Fleming’s Bond novels. Since then (Fleming died in 1964), of the eleven other books that have been turned into movies, all but one, the unruly “Casino Royale,” were made under the sponsorship of Albert R. Broccoli and an alternating band of directors. Lewis Gilbert, the director of “Moonraker,” has previously taken a turn on “You Only Live Twice” (1967) and on “The Spy Who Loved Me” (1977). In the course of two decades, neither sexual and political developments nor alleged psychic trends, such as the rise and fall of altruism, have tempted the Broccoli factory to alter the basic formula. Not even the transplantation of Bond’s soul from Sean Connery into the waxen Roger Moore has had much effect, except, fortunately, on the scope of Connery’s career.

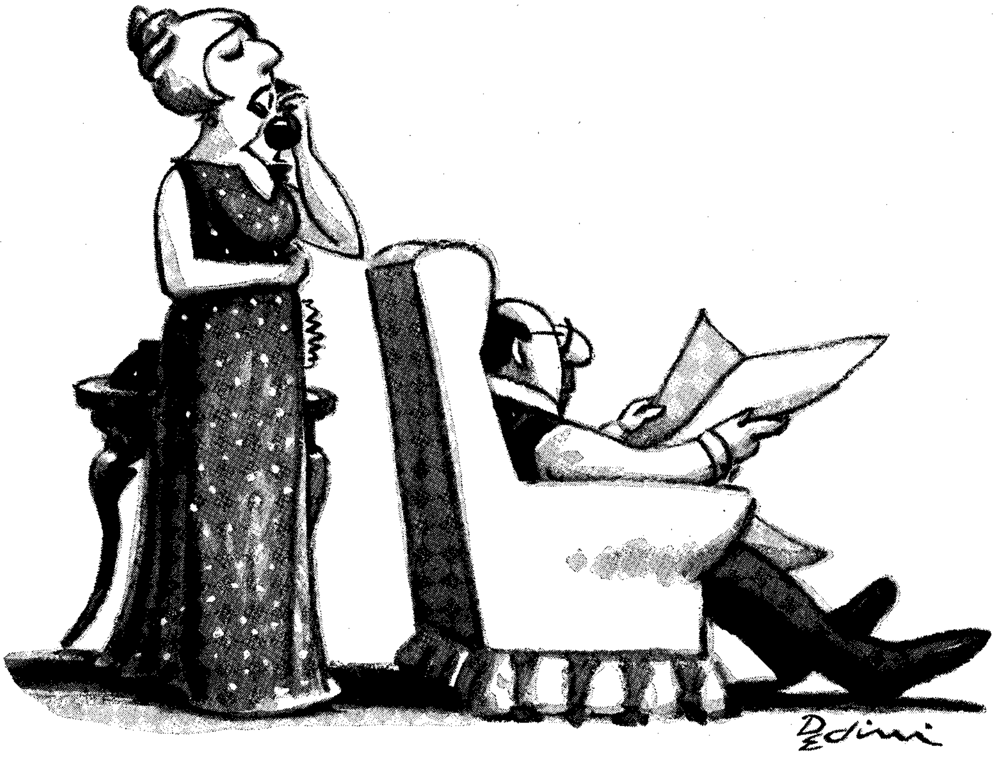
In other words, “Moonraker” is a traditional, not to say repetitious, entry in the ranks, with its dactylic title, echoing “Goldfinger;” with its torchy opening song belted out by Shirley Bassey (“I search for love . . . Where are you? . . . Take my unfinished life and make it complete”); with its lavish John Barry score; with its confrontation between an evil plutocrat and the forces of international political expediency; with its quasi-pornographic point of view; and with its reflexively lecherous hero, whose incredible luck in battle I take as a sign of his masters’ intention to keep him going for as long as the going is good.

Two dogs, of a brand that is generally compared in size to ponies, were bounding across the screen after a size-6 starlet, with the aim of turning her into Gainesburgers, when my thoughts bounded back to the summer of 55 (B.C., that is)—to that summer when the Roman consul Pompey produced an extravaganza several days long for the purpose of reinforcing his political standing. One feature of the show was animal baiting, in the course of which five hundred lions and twenty elephants were killed. Pliny the Elder reported that, unexpectedly, some of the spectators were so moved by the deaths of the elephants that they wept and cursed the impresario. The dog chase, to return to the summer of ’79, was preceded by a scene in which a man was shot down from a tree for the sake of a laugh, and it was followed, later in the movie, by another starlet-baiting sequence, in which an obscene giant with metal teeth, named Jaws (a holdover from “The Spy Who Loved Me”), threatened the head-and-shoulders region of a Brazilian associate of Bond’s.

As a spectator at a half dozen of the Bond pictures, I’d say that the genre was perfected as early as 1964, with “Goldfinger,” in which, as you may remember, a voluptuous woman was painted to death. Unlike Pompey’s elephants, of course, the actors and actresses in question are just doing a job; weeping on their behalf would be a waste of tears. On the other hand, Curses! May the ghosts of twenty elephants stampede through the studios and far-flung locations of Albert R. Broccoli & Company! In Panavision and Dolby Stereo!

THE renowned poker face of Clint Eastwood is now on display in “Escape from Alcatraz,” a film notable among those I’ve seen lately for its stark efficiency. “Escape from Alcatraz,” it says, and escape from Alcatraz they do—Eastwood and two fellow-convicts—after a suitable period of study and preparation. The procedure of getting out, filmed in shadows, is unclear, although it involves vents of some kind, and whether the fugitives survive or drown in San Francisco Bay is a question with no answer, either in the movie or in the true story it’s based on (via a book by J. Campbell Bruce). I have not had the opportunity to bone up on the works of Donald (Don, to *cinéastes*) Siegel, who directed this film; it is clear that he knows what he is doing and exactly how to do it, and the result satisfies the eye and the mind, though in this case it is not particularly exciting. Certainly my first encounter with Eastwood’s enigmatic seizure of the screen has me hooked. The first chance I get, I’m going to see “Dirty Harry,” “Magnum Force,” “Thunderbolt and Lightfoot”—anything.

—SUSAN LARDNER

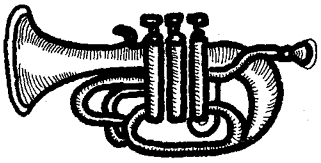


“It’s bedlam here. How’s it around there?”

MUSICAL EVENTS

Affirmation

AT least three compositions by Ralph Shapey were played in New York this season. Abraham Stokman gave the world première of Twenty-one Variations for Piano (1978) in Alice Tully Hall in January; Robert Black gave the world première of Thirty-one Variations for Piano (1966-73) in Carnegie Recital Hall in May; and the next day the Juilliard School gave the New York première of the cantata "The Covenant." Last year, recordings appeared of Shapey's Seventh String Quartet (CRI) and of his "Configurations," for flute and piano (New World Records). Theodore Presser has begun to publish Shapey's music: a score of "Rituals," for symphony orchestra (1959), is available, and so are the Seven Little Pieces for Piano (1951), six of which are not too difficult for amateur fingers. There are also recordings of the Sixth String Quartet, "Rituals," "Evocation" (violin, piano, and percussion), "Incantations" (soprano and ten instruments), and the big oratorio "Praise," all on CRI, and another recording of "Evocation," on Desto.



Twenty years ago, Shapey was at the height of his fame. Along with Copland, he represented America at the 1958 ISCM Festival; the next year his Violin Concerto, "Evocation," "Form," and "Rituals" appeared; in a note that accompanies the "Configurations" recording Harvey Sollberger recalls "the excitement generated by each new work of his." Ten years ago, Shapey declared that he did not want his works to be played anymore, and became a kind of legend, almost an American Kaikhosru Sorabji. He was not unknown, not inactive (at the University of Chicago he continued to compose, teach composition, and conduct the Contemporary Chamber Players), but unpublished, "unpromoted," and, until the recordings started to appear, little heard. The moratorium is now over. "The Covenant" was one of the most important new works to be given here this season. But the performance, which should have sent waves of excitement through musical New York, was poorly attended.

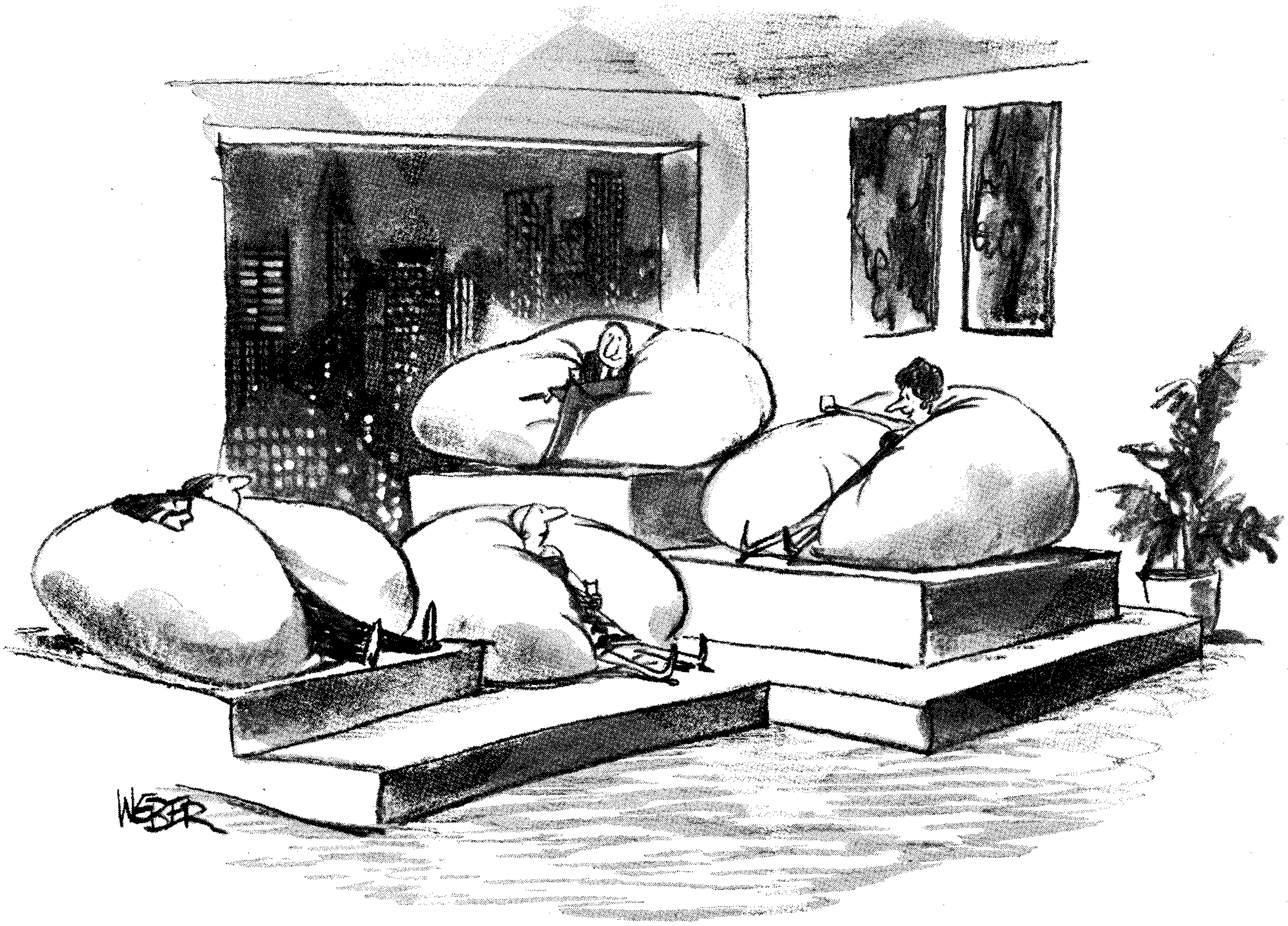
"Rituals," done in 1971 by the London Sinfonietta under the composer (they also made the recording), was my introduction to Shapey. It is a vivid and arresting piece—sharp-cut or strongly molded music, energetic and intense. In a better world, it might have found a place in the symphonic repertory across the country. Early on, Shapey expounded his idea of what he called "graven images"—not the things prohibited by the Second Commandment but musical images so definitely and fully formed at their first statement that the composer can, in his own words, "work with the concept of 'it is' instead of the traditional 'it becomes,' " since "at all times the 'it is' remains a pre-fixed, concrete image." So, in "Rituals" as in many other Shapey pieces, there is not progressive dissolution or metamorphosis of the material, not what is called organic growth, but, rather—it is easier to hear these things than to describe them—a sense that the whole piece exists at once and that a listener's (and the performers') progress through it in time is kin to viewing central, unchanging images from different aspects, under different lights, against different backgrounds. Tippett has written works—the Second Piano Sonata, the Fourth Symphony—embodying a similar kind of thought, but the sound of Tippett's music is so different from that of Shapey's that there are no other resemblances. If one seeks to describe by likenesses, then Shapey in his earlier pieces is perhaps most like in sound, in colors, in the way the music moves to Stefan Wolpe. On occasion, the "concrete" quality may bring Varèse to mind. But there is also an emphatic, insistent, sometimes even truculently independent vein that makes Shapey's music personal and distinct. In "The Covenant," this becomes a blaze of affirmation and fervent moral assertion.

"The Covenant," which is for soprano, sixteen players, and two tapes, and which lasted about forty minutes at its première, in Chicago in April, 1978, and about fifty in New York, is dedicated to Israel's thirtieth anniversary. ("Praise," begun in 1961 and completed in 1971, was sent to Israel in honor of its twenty-fifth anniversary.) Of the new cantata, Shapey writes, "Like my oratorio 'Praise,' although written and dedicated to the miracle of the Rebirth of Israel, it is meant for all humankind—to walk upright, in dignity, in the image of—as One." The piece opens with a massive, maestoso declamatory chordal statement for the winds, whose melody opens with an emphatic rising fourth. The second image is some elaborate and impassioned string music. The maestoso returns, and now the soprano puts words to it—

It was
at the beginning
It was
My beloved
It was—

from a poem in Nelly Sachs's "O the Chimneys." This prelude returns as a refrain. To a different maestoso declamation, opening with an emphatic rising sixth and ending on a long, shining high C-sharp, the soprano and the winds start to proclaim the tremendous terms of the Sinai Covenant between God and His chosen people, in words from Isaiah and then from Exodus. At the same time, the strings repeat their impassioned music. The two declamations sound related; the ear catches the likeness of texture and rhythm, and the score reveals that the bass of the first becomes the top line of the second, and vice versa. As the movement continues, the repeated "I AM" is each time thrown into prominence by the rising sixth. In the "It was" refrain, which punctuates it, the pitches of the vocal line remain unaltered, but the voice is heard each time against a different background, provided by, in turn, flute (delicato), clarinet (delicato), oboe (delicato), trumpet and gong (brillante), cello (bravura), strings (maestoso), and tutti (maestoso). At the end, Shapey throws in a line from Whitman ("I sing the body electric") and another from Pierre Louÿs's "Chansons de Bilitis" ("I sing of my flesh and my life"). Reading the text, one starts at an almost Tippett-like prodigality of allusion. Hearing the music, one discovers an ecstatic profession that thoughts of the Covenant are not just a Sabbath-day thing but run through all the composer's life and work.

Part II "tests" God's promise, as it were, in a time of persecution and terror. The texts are Nelly Sachs's "This is the landscape of screams" and Kadia Molodowsky's "O God of Mercy/for the time being/choose another people." Simultaneously, in the background, a baritone, on tape, is chanting the Kaddish. On a second tape, another soprano adds now a despairing, hallucinatory echo of the soloist's complaint, now a repeated invocation, "God of Mercy." (The tape was made by the soloist of the Chicago première, Elsa



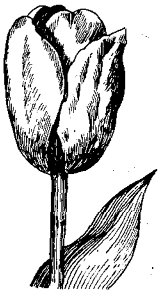
"You couldn't call us rich, but we're comfortable."

• •

Charlston.) Through the second poem, the bass drum beats out an inexorable dead march that includes sudden, terrifying sforzando crashes. From time to time, the "Covenant" music rings out with tragic irony. This is a rhetorical, powerful, and passionate stretch of music. The live performers cease; only the Kaddish and the repeated murmur "God of Mercy" continue, until from them arises, as Part III, a Credo: "Out of the Dead Letters welled forth songs of Life," set to the "It was" refrain, followed by lines found on the walls of a Cologne cellar—"I believe in the sun even when it is not shining . . . I believe in God even when He is silent"—set for the soloist, sometimes singing, sometimes speaking, and string quartet. This is succeeded by a duo for the soprano and a solo violin, a quiet song, a setting of Vera Klement's "O give me a stone colossus."

Part IV recounts the promise of peace in Isaiah's second chapter: "And it shall come to pass . . . They shall beat their swords into plowshares. . . . Nation shall not lift up sword against nation." The prophecy is spoken simply, over the simple, thrilling sound of a gong roll, and alternates with bright, archaic-sounding fanfares from horn and trumpet. The other instruments join in, and the work ends with a Cantate Domino: the "I AM" melody sung and played over and over again, ritually, gathering in all that has gone before, mounting to a huge affirmation, ringing and dwelling on the high C-sharps, resolving at last on D.

EARNESTNESS, passion, conviction, piety are in themselves no guarantee of musical merit, but since Shapey's fiery invention, vividness of imagery, and toughness of structure have never been in question, a work of his informed by those other qualities makes a great impression. "The Covenant" is not absolute music. Its composer would expect his listeners to be moved to consider their own thoughts and feelings about Israel's history, about Israel today, about its policies and actions. (Other passages of Exodus and Isaiah may come to mind: "For I will cast out the nations before thee, and enlarge thy borders;" "And the land of Judah shall be a terror unto Egypt;" more peaceably, "In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land.") During the music, the listeners are moved to share Shapey's own thoughts and feelings as proclaimed, given shape, by his urgent, vital music, and to share his larger vision of life that has some meaning in it. Prejudices die hard: at first, it may come as a shock to hear God's words (and those of the prophet Isaiah) assigned to a very high soprano. But only at first; then it becomes clear that voice and words arise out of and make articulate the deeper, full-voiced imagery. A visionary representation of the Unchanging in different ages and in different contexts is an undertaking to which music is well fitted, and one to which Shapey's music, with its idea of "graven" or unalterable images, is particularly well fitted. "The Covenant" is strenuous, deliberate, and emphatic, and it sounded even more so in the Juilliard perform-



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ance than (to judge by a tape recording) it did at the Chicago première, for there the composer, conducting his Contemporary Chamber Players, brought more lightness and contrast to the delicato episodes and to the soprano-violin duo. The Juilliard performance was given in the school's splendid Twentieth-Century Music Series, conducted by Richard Dufallo. Gail Dobish rose to the taxing solo role with true, pure tones. Mr. Dufallo drew colorful, committed playing from his admirable young instrumentalists.

The concert began with a première, Eric Ewazen's Concerto for Percussion and Twelve Instruments, introducing a soloist, Clifton J. Hardison, who is not only a virtuoso but also something of a stage performer—a striking mime, and an actor with his instruments in the line of Stomu Yamash'ta, for whom the percussion roles in Henze's "El Cimarrón" and "Natasha Ungeheuer" were written. In Ewazen's concerto, the twelve supporting players provide what he calls "a constantly shifting sonic environment," a background for the star. I remember little about the music now ("The Covenant" drove it from my mind)—only that the work made a bright, lively start to the concert and that Mr. Hardison is someone to watch.

I MISSED Shapey's Twenty-one Variations. The Thirty-one ended a League-ISCM program consisting of three premières. The point of John Lessard's three Movements for Trumpet (with percussion; vibraphone; and viola, cello, and percussion) eluded me. The delicacy, wit, neatness, and pretty timbres of Lester Trimble's "Panels III," for harp, harpsichord, percussion, and string trio, delighted me. The Shapey is a rich, thoroughly and almost ruthlessly exhaustive, imposing composition. Its theme is a chromatic chorale, dissonantly harmonized, whose emphatic final cadence—two long, loud chords, marked "majestic"—returns at the end of every variation, unvaried. Brilliantly written for the keyboard, the work was brilliantly played by Robert Black.

—ANDREW PORTER

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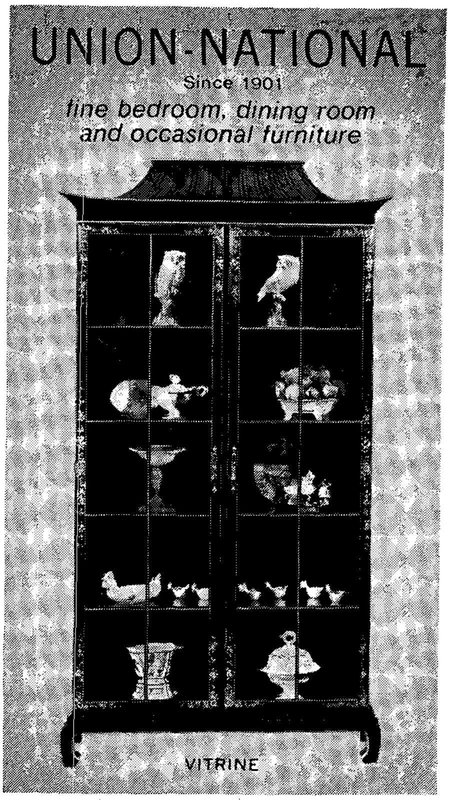

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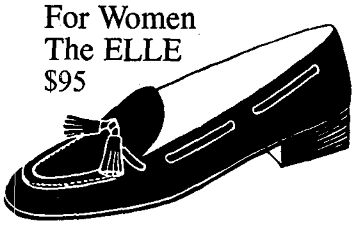

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THE SPORTING SCENE

INVERNESS, WITH DUE RESPECT

THE most prolific golf-course architect of all time was Donald Ross, a pleasant, methodical Scot from Dornoch, in Sutherland, who became the professional at Pinehurst, North Carolina, in 1900, shortly after his arrival in this country, and remained there until his death, at seventy-five, in 1948. Ross, who quickly demonstrated his gift for building good golf holes when he remodelled Pinehurst's original eighteen-hole layout, later constructed three more courses there, making Pinehurst, shortly after the First World War, the first resort in America to offer its clientele seventy-two holes of golf. Because they enjoyed and admired Ross's work, a good many of the people who annually vacationed at Pinehurst approached him to do courses in their home towns, and he is credited with having built no fewer than six hundred in all parts of the country. This is a flabbergasting number, and one must assume that it includes not only the courses he himself worked on during his summers away from Pinehurst and those he looked in on from time to time to check on how his construction superintendents were faring but also those he merely laid out on paper. Apparently, it was not uncommon for Pinehurst regulars to bring with them topographical maps of property back home on which they and their friends intended to build a course, and for Ross to take these maps home with him in the evening and rough out nine or eighteen good, sound holes—a few of which inevitably possessed such Ross specialties as crown greens (formed by levelling the top of a hill) and small, slightly raised greens that were hard to hit because of the adroit positioning of the bunkers and hollows that set them off.

In 1918, the Inverness Club in Toledo, Ohio, which had been making do with nine holes since its formation, in 1903, felt that the time was ripe to build a modern eighteen-hole course. They got in touch with Ross, whose name had become an assurance of superior design. Giving the job his personal attention, he revamped the old nine and created a second nine. When the Ohio State Open was held over the new Inverness in the autumn of 1919, both the players and the spectators were enthusiastic about the course, and, as a result, the United States Golf Association selected it as the venue of the 1920 United States Open Championship. From the old golf hands who attended this Open, I gather that while Inverness proved to be a fairly testing layout, spread over nice rolling terrain, it struck no one as a truly great course. For one thing, its routing was uninspired: No fewer than eight holes (the second, the eleventh, the twelfth, the fourteenth, the fifteenth, the sixteenth, the seventeenth, and the sixth) ran more or less parallel to each other. Certainly it was not at all in the same class as the two courses that are today considered Ross's masterpieces—Seminole, in North Palm Beach, which was completed in 1929, and his wonderful wholesale revision of Pinehurst No. 2, done in the mid-thirties, when advances in agronomy made it possible to replace the old flat sand greens with subtly contoured grass greens. In any event, what made a newly golf-conscious America very much aware of Inverness was not the attributes of Ross's course but, rather, the exciting dénouement of the 1920 Open. It was won by Ted Ray, a burly Englishman with a soup-strainer mustache who always wore a felt or straw hat on the course and played with a pipe in his mouth. Harry Vardon, Leo Diegel, Jack Burke, Sr., and Jock Hutchison finished a shot behind him. Ray was then forty-three, and he remains the oldest golfer ever to win our national championship.

Since 1920, Inverness has held the Open three more times—in 1931, in 1957, and this past June, when Hale Irwin carried the day—and each time an interesting Open took place. Before dealing with the recent championship, it would be worthwhile, I think, to touch on the high points of the earlier ones. Their scenarios differed considerably in some ways, but in other ways they were oddly similar—such as in the crucial role that the eighteenth hole, a par 4 that is only a drive and short pitch, nearly always played in the winning and the losing of the championship. In the 1957 Open, it looked as if Jimmy Demaret, who was then forty-seven, had at last won his first Open when, on the climactic double round on Saturday, he posted a par 70 and then a 72, for a total of 283. (He finished with a great burst: birdie, par, birdie, par.) Half an hour later, though, Dick Mayer holed a sliding nine-foot putt to birdie the eighteenth and nip him by a stroke. Half an hour after that, Cary Middlecoff, having taken several prolonged azimuth readings on the nine-footer he had to sink to birdie the last

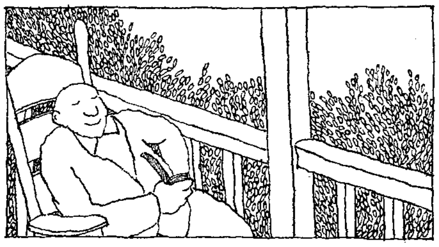
hole and tie with Mayer, finally got hunched over his ball and stroked it dead into the center of the cup. An exceedingly high-strung athlete, Middlecoff had expended all his energy on Saturday's double round (he had put together a pair of superb 68s), and he had nothing left the next day in the playoff, which Mayer won by seven shots.

The 1931 Open was also decided by a playoff—the longest playoff ever in a major championship. George Von Elm, who had turned professional the previous year, after a distinguished career as an amateur, made a playoff necessary when he holed for a birdie from twelve feet on the seventy-second green to match Billy Burke's four-round total of 292. The next day, Von Elm, a rather dashing type, and Burke, a steady, placid one, met in a thirty-six-hole playoff. Burke had a 73 in the morning and a 76 in the afternoon. Von Elm had a 75 in the morning, and on his second round he again coolly holed a birdie putt of twelve feet on the last green, for a 74 and a matching total of 149. So the two weary golfers set out once more the next morning on yet another double round to see who would be king. Von Elm had a 76 and a 73, Burke a 77 and a beautifully played afternoon round of 71. On the second nine that afternoon, he had eight straight 4s and could have easily made it nine straight, since he was on in two, thirty feet from the cup, on the home green. However, knowing that all he had to do to win was to get down in three putts, he made sure he did: He lagged his approach putt four feet from the hole, cozied the ball to the rim of the cup, and then tapped it in.

FOR all this, neither the 1957 nor the 1931 Open was as stirring or as significant as the 1920 Open. That was in many respects a watershed Open. To start with, it marked a changing of the guard; it was the last big championship in which Vardon and Ray, who had come to the fore in Britain in the distant days of the gutta-percha ball, played a prominent part, and it was the first appearance in our Open of a clutch of young men, among them Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, Johnny Farrell, Tommy Armour, and Diegel, who went on to become outstanding golfers. It was also the first national championship, here or in Britain, in which the entire clubhouse was opened to the professional entrants. The men running Inverness simply made up their minds that it no longer made sense, if it ever had, to regard professional golfers as low-class workingmen who were the social inferiors of the club members and the amateur contestants. Inverness treated the professionals as its guests, and once it had shown the way, the long-standing barriers against the professionals began to disintegrate rapidly. With Walter Hagen, as usual, acting as their leader, the professionals did not fail to let Inverness know how deeply they appreciated "the Toledo spirit." They took up a collection at the close of the tournament and presented the club with a handsome cathedral-chime clock about eight feet high—a clock that still stands in the clubhouse foyer. On a brass plaque attached to the clock at that time is a short verse (no one has any idea who wrote it) that is quite moving:

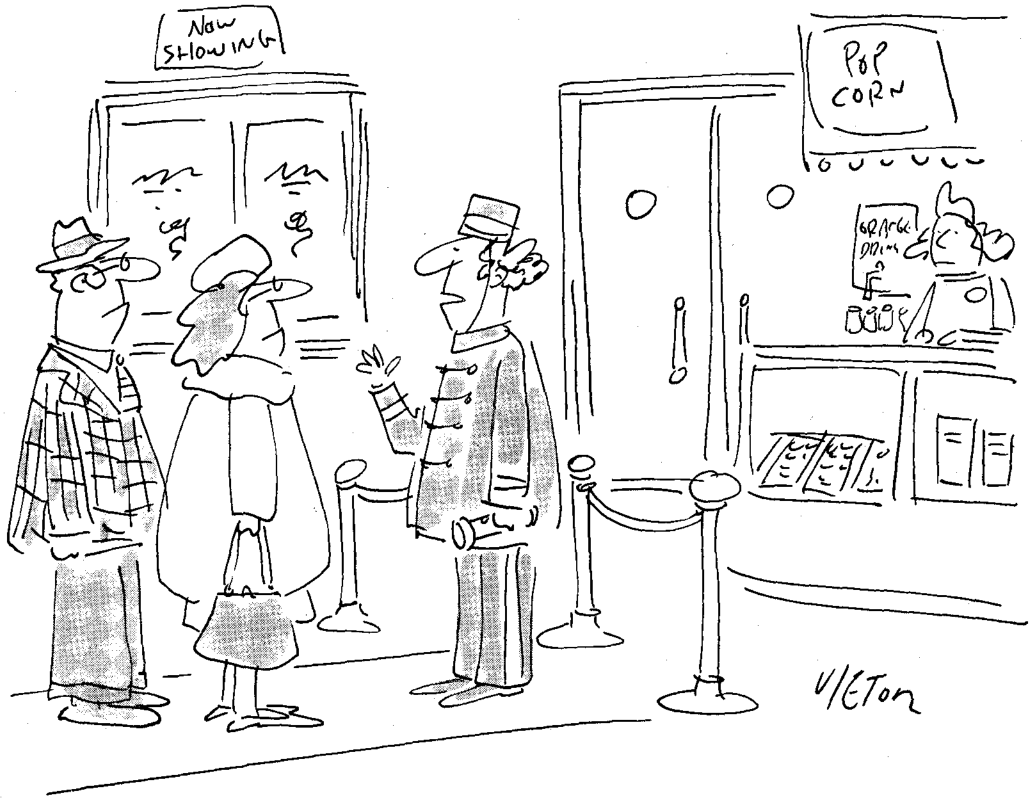
God measures men by what they are
Not what in wealth possess.
This vibrant message chimes afar
The voice of Inverness.

Primarily, though, the 1920 Open was the story of Harry Vardon. People are forever debating about who is the greatest golfer who has ever lived. Today, the consensus would probably favor Jack Nicklaus. His credentials *are* awesome. He has won seventeen major championships—four more than the next man, Jones—and has done it over a period of twenty years: from 1959, when he won his first United States Amateur Championship, through 1978, when he won his third British Open. Longevity, no doubt about it, is a significant consideration in any evaluation of the relative merits of athletic heroes. However, in my opinion the best and fairest way to describe his position in the game's long history is to say that there has never been a better golfer than Nicklaus, just as there has never been a better golfer than Ben Hogan or a better golfer than Bobby Jones. As has been said so often that it is beginning to acquire a patina of triteness, all that one can ask of an athlete is that he be the finest performer in his field in his own age. Jones, Hogan, and Nicklaus have all been that. It is only natural that today's sports fans should be less well informed about the deeds of earlier champions than about the contemporary paragons, but sports experts are another matter, and most of today's experts know far too little about the exploits of Jones and Hogan. As for Vardon, his name hardly rings a bell at all, and yet, on the basis of his record, his marvellous technique, and his overall contribution to golf, he deserves a place on the same level as Nicklaus, Hogan, and Jones.



There has surely never been a better golfer than Harry Vardon. A native of the island of Jersey, he won his first British Open in 1896, at the age of twenty-six. In that era, when the British Open was *the* championship, he won it a record six times, his last victory coming in 1914. In 1900, when he made the first of his three visits to this country, he won our Open, at the Chicago Golf Club, and sold golf everywhere he went by the grace of his style and the astonishing accuracy of his shots. No one had had any idea that a player could control the golf ball in the masterly fashion that Vardon did. A medium-sized man with a strong, athletic frame and extraordinarily large hands, he was undoubtedly the most brilliant fairway-wood player ever; it was nothing unusual for him to rip a full brassie shot right at the flagstick and have the ball flutter down like a leaf ten or fifteen feet from his target. On Vardon's second American tour, in 1913, on which he teamed up with Ray, a fellow-native of Jersey, the two invaders, as fate would have it, tied for first with Francis Ouimet, a twenty-year-old amateur, at The Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts, and were subsequently defeated by Ouimet in the playoff—possibly the most momentous round of golf of all time. When the war was over, Vardon and Ray returned to this country for another tour. Vardon was then fifty years old, which in terms of athletic vigor would be roughly the equivalent of being sixty years old nowadays. He had stayed at the top of his profession for a quarter of a century, and that is a rare achievement in sports. At Inverness, he qualified handily. At the end of the first thirty-six holes of the championship, which was played in mid-August, he was in an excellent position: rounds of 74 and 73, for a halfway total of 147, placed him two shots behind the pacemaker, Hutchison, one shot behind Diegel, and in a tie with Hagen and Ray. (The weather was broiling hot in Toledo that week, but Vardon and Ray were used to playing in loose-fitting jackets, and they did so on this occasion. They also wore shirts and ties—as did the whole field.) Despite Vardon's precise golf on the opening day, no one expected too much from the old boy from there on, because the final thirty-six holes were set to be played the following day, and this would work to the advantage of the young and hardy. Thereupon Vardon, in top form, stepped out in front of the pack with a splendid 71 on the morning of the third round. At two o'clock, when he started his afternoon round, he carried most of the spectators with him; they realized that even Vardon couldn't go on forever, and they wanted to cheer him home in what well might be his last crack at winning another big championship.

On the first nine, continuing to split the fairways and hit the greens, Vardon was out in 36. He added a par and then a birdie, and, with only seven holes to go, had a margin over the closest man of a full five strokes. He seemed to have the championship wrapped up. When he was standing on the tee of the twelfth hole, then a 522-yard par 5, the skies suddenly grew dark and a wind of almost gale force swept off Lake Erie and across Inverness. Playing into the fierce wind, Vardon required four shots to reach the twelfth green, and lost a stroke to par there. He lost another stroke to par on the short thirteenth, when he jabbed a two-foot putt wide of the cup. (Near the end of his career, Vardon's play from tee to green was as impressive as ever, but he could be skittish on the greens when he was faced with short putts. As he prepared to tap the ball, a small muscle in his right forearm would sometimes jump visibly, and when it didn't his anxiety that it might ruined his ease and concentration.) By the time Vardon moved to the fourteenth, the extra effort of coping with the wind was beginning to wear him down, and missing that short putt completed his undoing. He took three putts on the fourteenth, three on the fifteenth, and three more on the sixteenth, losing a stroke to par on each of them. He lost two more strokes to par on the seventeenth, a 430-yard par 4. He was plain unlucky here: his second shot just caught the far edge of the brook guarding the green. On the eighteenth, he made his par 4, but apparently he did not have any chance for a birdie, since no account of his round which I have seen mentions how far from the pin he put his pitch or describes his putt. It was all quite tragic, Vardon's collapse. After starting with a double bogey on the first hole on his morning round, he had played the next twenty-eight holes in four under par—a terrific pace in the circumstances—only to go seven over par on the last seven holes of the championship. He had taken forty-two strokes on the second nine in the afternoon. His 78 on the last round gave him a four-round total of 296 and tied him with Burke, an earlier finisher. Now the question was whether Ray, Hutchison, or Diegel, still out on the course, would be able to beat that figure. (Hagen had fallen away.) Ray finished soon after Vardon did. He brought in a rather loose 75, but it was good enough: 74–73–73–75—295. He had played erratic stuff on the last nine, bogeying the eleventh, twelfth, fifteenth, and seventeenth holes, but when he was confronted with the opportunity to win the Open he seized it, and that always takes some doing. Both Hutchison and Diegel eventually had to settle for 296. Hutchison's bid was over when his three-foot putt for a par on the fifteenth rimmed out of the cup. Diegel was in trouble after a double bogey on the fourteenth, but he pulled himself together and barely missed from eight feet on the seventeenth for the birdie he needed, and on the home green he failed to get down a longer but makable birdie putt. Had Diegel managed to win at Inverness, he might have gone on to win our Open several times, but, as it was, he never quite made it, and his two victories at match play in our P.G.A. Championship stand as the high point of his career.



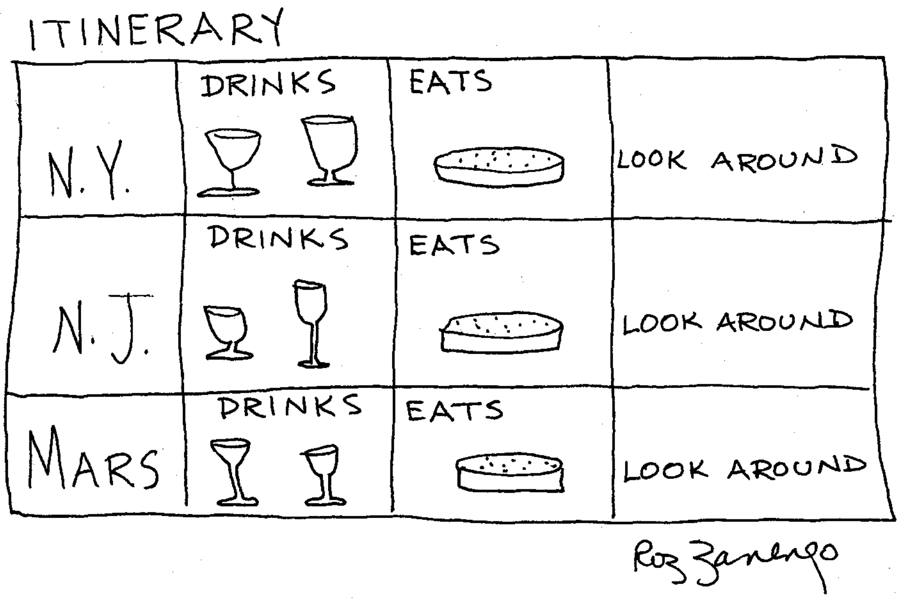
"I'm sorry, but the director of the film has asked specifically that people like you not be allowed to see it."

• •

THE evening after the storm off Lake Erie prevented Vardon from achieving what had looked to be the perfect storybook climax to his long and illustrious career, he was his usual stoic self as he met with the press and went over his final round. "Even as tired as I was, I can't see yet how I broke so badly," he said. "Why, I am sure I could go out now and do better by kicking the ball around with my boot." It was easy to become fond of Vardon, for modesty and gentleness were deeply ingrained in his nature. His colleagues esteemed him highly, and the esteem was reciprocated. He thought the world of J. H. Taylor and James Braid, his chief rivals (each of them won the British Open five times), who, along with Vardon, formed what was called the Triumvirate, and his regard for them is not difficult to understand. Both were of humble background—Taylor started out as a mason's laborer, Braid as an apprentice joiner—and they typified the old yeoman virtues of strong fibre and generosity of spirit. In Vardon's mind, golf was an ennobling game, and he believed that Braid's and Taylor's closeness to it had a lot to do with their exemplary character. When one considers Vardon's own mild, pleasant manner, with its undertone of shyness, it is odd, and amusing, that the two best-known anecdotes about him present him as a very abrupt person. The first is set in 1900, the year of his first American tour. In one of his appearances in Chicago, his foursome included a left-handed player who on that particular afternoon could do no wrong. After the round, probing for praise, he asked Vardon who was the best left-hander he had ever played with. Vardon took a moment to clear his throat and then said, "Never saw one who was worth a damn." The second anecdote involves Bobby Jones. Some astute member of the championship committee for the 1920 Open thought that it might be an interesting idea to pair Vardon in the qualifying round with Jones, who was then only eighteen but already had the look of a champion. On the seventh, a drive-and-pitch par 4, Vardon hit his second, a little run-up shot, fairly close to the stick. Jones decided he would play a steep niblick pitch, which he intended to strike so crisply that the backspin on the ball would cause it to brake itself quickly on the green and draw back dramatically toward the pin. He looked up on the shot, however, and skulled the ball yards over the green. He did well to make a 5. Still smarting with embarrassment as the two men walked off the green, Jones turned and asked, "Mr. Vardon, did you ever see a worse shot than that?" "No," Vardon said.

Vardon was born in Grouville, on the eastern end of Jersey, which is an island about the size of Nantucket, and which, like the other Channel Islands, belongs to Great Britain, although it lies much closer to France—only fifteen miles or so off the Cotentin Peninsula. Harry was one of eight children of a gardener, and the fourth of six sons. What proved to be the pivotal event of his youth took place in 1877, when he was seven. That summer, some English visitors received permission from the constable of the parish of Grouville to lay out a golf course on part of the common land. This became the Royal Jersey Golf Club, and, like most of the local boys, Harry caddied at the club and picked up the game. A surprisingly large number of those Jersey caddies—among them the Gaudins, the Boomers, the Renoufs, the Becks, and, of course, Ted Ray—became very successful professionals. As a boy, Vardon developed into a proficient golfer in no time. This was more or less expected of him, because he was an exceptional all-round athlete—a fast sprinter and a standout at both cricket and soccer. His boyhood ambition was "to excel at cricket," but any idea he might have had about possibly becoming a professional cricketer was hardly more than a daydream, and when his schooling was completed he was apprenticed to a gardener. Had it not been for his brother Tom, who was a couple of years younger but far more enterprising and confident, Harry might never have left Jersey. Hoping to make a career in golf, Tom went to England and got a job as an assistant professional. He proved to be not only an able player but a talented instructor. When he had things under control, he lined up a job for Harry as the professional at Studley Royal, a nine-hole course in the North of England. Harry moved on from Studley Royal to Bury and then, in 1896, to Ganton, an inland course in Yorkshire with some of the characteristics of a seaside links. He was affiliated with Ganton until 1903, when he left to become the professional at the South Herts Golf Club, in Totteridge, north of London, and there he stayed until his death, in 1937. During his first season at Ganton, Vardon came into his own, winning the British Open, at Muirfield, by defeating Taylor in a playoff. He won the championship again in 1898, at Prestwick, and in 1899, at Sandwich. He had by then established himself as the premier golfer in the world, and what a delight it is to picture him during these years returning to Ganton after some signal triumph in a tournament or a challenge match and playing center forward on the town soccer team, which he had organized. Later, when he had slowed down a little, he shifted to goaltender. Tom Vardon, incidentally, never won the British Open but came close three times, finishing second, in a tie for third, and fourth. When he was in his late thirties, he emigrated to this country and became the popular and much-admired professional at Onwentsia, one of the oldest and best clubs in the Chicago area.

If Harry Vardon remains very much alive for a number of people both here and in Britain who are deep into golf, it is not so much because of the many championships he won as because he revolutionized the golf swing. In fact, he might be regarded as the first modern golfer. It is true that before he appeared on the scene several of the top British players had cultivated individual methods of hitting the ball. Taylor, for instance, had a wide, somewhat flat-footed stance and spanked his shots forcefully with his powerful arms. As a general rule, though, the leading players felt that the golf swing called for unconcealed muscular effort, like tossing the caber. They believed that the fundamentals of the swing included a long, low take-away followed by a strenuous lifting of the elbows and winding of the shoulders as the backswing progressed. Then came an emphatic forward lurch on the downswing, so that the weight and strength of the body could be poured into the shot at impact, after which the player followed through with whatever vigor he had not expended. Just why Vardon, isolated in Grouville, happened on a totally different and much more advanced technique is as much a mystery as how it was that Addison and Steele hit upon and developed the personal essay, Chopin utilized the full melodic range of the piano, or Manet and the other early Impressionists evolved a new approach to the depiction of light. A genius, it appears, can pop up anywhere, and there is no accounting for his special gift. In any event, Vardon had some very definite ideas about the difficult game of golf, in which a stationary ball is hit from a stationary stance. To begin with, he believed that the two keys to a good swing were a steady head position and a sound grip. Because he had large palms and long fingers, the grip that he found gave him the most control was one in which the little finger of the right hand overlapped the index finger of the left hand. Speaking of this grip, he once said, "It did not come naturally to me, but it was well worth the trouble of acquiring. It seems to create just the right fusion between the hands, and voluntarily induces each to do its proper work." He was convinced that there was no master hand in the golf swing—that the two hands contributed equally. Other golfers had happened on the overlapping grip before Vardon did—J. E. Laidlay, a Scot who won the British Amateur in 1889 and 1891, was perhaps the first player of prominence to use it—but the grip has always been referred to as the Vardon grip since the last years of the nineteenth century, when he popularized it by making the British Open practically his private property. The swing he gradu-



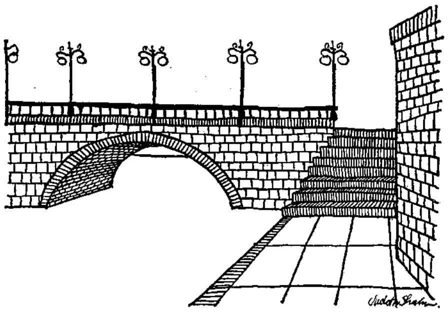
ally evolved included many other departures from orthodoxy. Instead of employing a closed stance, he opened the toe of his right foot slightly and the toe of his left foot to about a thirty-degree angle (anticipating Hogan in the latter respect, though Hogan's left foot was a little less open—to about twenty-two degrees). He took the club back from the ball in a much more upright and less flat arc than any golfer before him. This was a critical innovation. Besides facilitating a correct hip turn and a full shoulder turn on his backswing, it enabled him to execute his downswing and his release through the ball with an unimpeded flow and rhythm that, in the opinion of the best authorities, only two other golfers, Bobby Jones and Sam Snead, have matched. Vardon's upright arc also made it much simpler for him to pick a ball cleanly from almost any type of lie, even with a club like a brassie, which has a face with comparatively little loft, and to sweep it away in a high trajectory. With his irons, he did not take a large or a deep divot but merely brushed across the turf. He differed from the great stylists who came after him in that his left arm was not straight but bent slightly at the elbow when he took the club back, but, interestingly, at the start of the downswing he straightened the arm. He was, by the way, the first golfer who hit the ball so that in its flight it moved from left to right in a controlled fade, and since a left-to-right shot tends to come down much more softly than a shot that moves from right to left, this, combined with the precision with which he struck the ball, put him in a class by himself when it came to playing full fairway shots and having the ball drop softly on the green and expire almost instantly. Many golfers have tried to copy Vardon's fade, but none of them have made the hitting action seem as natural as he did. He was an incredibly straight player; he once strung together seven consecutive tournament rounds without ever hitting the ball into the rough or into a hazard. The refined tempo and the synchronization of his movements disguised his power, but Vardon hit the ball a long, long way.

In a word, Vardon, as noted earlier, was a genius. It was fortunate that he was, for in 1903, not long after he won his fourth British Open, he came down with tuberculosis, and during the next half-dozen years he had to take things rather easy. An illness of this seriousness would have ended the career of most athletes. Vardon, in truth, was never quite the same again, but he managed to play in the British Open each year, and often managed to finish in the top five. The simplicity and correctness of his grooved swing permitted him to do this, although the game of golf underwent a substantial change during this period when the rubber-cored ball—the modern ball—replaced the old solid gutta-percha ball that Vardon had grown up with and greatly preferred. In 1911, in much better health than he had been for some time, he amazed the golf world by emerging from the shadows and winning his fifth British Open, at forty-one. In 1914, he won the championship for the sixth and last time. He was not yet ready to pack it in, however. At the conclusion of the First World War, he felt strong enough to undertake his third American tour—the one that took him to Inverness. As I write, I am studying a splendid action photograph that shows Vardon following through on a drive off the fourteenth tee during the championship. In certain respects, the picture looks as if it were taken when it was—sixty years ago. Vardon is wearing knickers, a straw hat, and a two-buttoned, ventless jacket, which the force of his swing has sent billowing out at the bottom. The hat is probably an authentic panama, the jacket most likely pongee. On the other hand, as Vardon nears the finish of his swing, with the heel of his right foot high off the ground, he is as beautifully on balance as Hogan was in his prime. His hitting action on that drive was obviously as free as Tom Watson's is today. In short, he looks absolutely contemporary.

THROUGHOUT the history of golf, as advances in technique and equipment have enabled players to hit the ball farther, it has been necessary to increase the yardage of courses by lengthening individual holes. Inverness provides a fairly good example of this. For the 1920 Open, it measured 6,569 yards from the back of the back tees. For the 1931 Open, it was set up so that it actually played forty yards shorter, yet it played a bit harder than it had in 1920, because A. W. Tillinghast, one of the country's leading golf-course architects, who was called in to remodel the layout, had recontoured and reshaped four of the greens and added a few greenside bunkers. In preparation for the 1957 Open, Inverness was extended to 6,919 yards, and its par was reduced to 70 from its original 72. A noted golf-course architect of that period, Dick Wilson, handled the revisions. Wilson made comparatively few changes. He put in a number of new back tees, tightened up some of the green areas, and introduced some new fairway-flanking bunkers, but otherwise left the course pretty much as it was. For the 1979 Open, Inverness measured 6,982 yards—only about sixty yards longer than in 1957—but some rather drastic changes were made by the supervising golf architects, George Fazio and his nephew Tom, whose firm has its headquarters in Tequesta, Florida. The Fazios hadn't intended to do much more than modify the overly acute pitch of the seventeenth green, for they had been called in specifically to give their opinion on how to fix this old trouble spot. However, when the Inverness committee showed them around the other holes, they were struck by how congested some vital parts of the course were—a course that would be crowded by thousands of spectators during the Open. The way things ended up, the Fazios built four new holes (the present third, fifth, sixth, and eighth), while four old holes (the sixth, seventh, eighth, and thirteenth) were discarded. (What is now the eighth is a long, swinging 528-yard par 5 that is made up of sections of the old sixth, seventh, and eighth.) Like everyone else, the Fazios were not at all happy about having to abandon the old seventh, which, as they appreciated, was renowned throughout the world. A short par 4 that doglegged acutely to the left and in 1920 measured only 320 yards, it was the hole on which Ray virtually won the Open. The four times he played it, he birdied it by taking the direct and dangerous route over the trees in the angle of the dogleg. This required a carry of two hundred and seventy-five yards, but Ray, who could hit the ball as far as anybody in his day, walloped four colossal drives off that tee. Two of them ended up so close to the green that he was able to get down in a routine chip and a putt, and on the other two occasions he drove the green. During the 1957 Open, which marked my first visit to Inverness, I spent quite a bit of the time watching the play on the seventh, for I had heard a lot about it and was well aware that it was one of our most celebrated holes—in the same class as, say, the seventeenth at The Country Club and the eleventh at Merion, outside Philadelphia. In 1957, the seventh had been lengthened to 400 yards by pushing the tee back, and the entrance to the green from the fairway was bearded with an unbecoming growth of rough-high stubble, which gave the hole the look of a hobo. It didn't play well, not so much because it had been made longer as because the trees in the angle of the dogleg had grown much taller in the thirty-seven years since Ray's triumph, and trying to carry them was no longer worth the gamble. Most of the players hit a controlled tee shot to the point where the fairway broke left, and then concentrated on floating a pitch as close to the pin as they could.

The passing of the old seventh at Inverness raises an interesting point. One of the most fascinating aspects of golf has always been the chance to play some of the championship courses, for that gives a player the opportunity to see how well he can handle the famous holes that he has been reading about for decades. Take the Old Course at St. Andrews, in Scotland. When you come to, say, the par-3 eleventh, you wonder if you can avoid Hill Bunker, to the left of the green. It can be destructive; Sarazen, for instance, needed three shots to get out of it in the 1933 British Open. Often, in your concern about keeping away from Hill Bunker, you end up to the right, in Strath Bunker—named after David Strath, a leading local player a century ago. Once you are on the eleventh green, which slants at a perilous angle from back to front, your thoughts race back to the 1921 British Open, when Jones, whose self-control was in shreds after a terrible first nine, and who was now facing the humiliation of a six on this short hole, picked up his ball without finishing the hole. The shame he felt at having quit in the middle of a tournament cut so deeply into his self-respect that Jones, who had always had trouble controlling his temper under the stress of competition, from that time on set a standard of sportsmanship throughout his career that few athletes have approached. Or take the eighteenth at St. Andrews, a short par 4 of about 350 yards: How close will you be able to come to driving the green? You know that Nicklaus, with a following breeze, put his tee shot over the green in his playoff with Doug Sanders in the 1970 British Open, and that back in the gutta-percha days Ted Blackwell, a ferocious hitter, drove the green on several occasions. Say you hit a drive of normal length. Will you dump your approach into the Valley of Sin, the deep hollow at the front-left corner of the green which has crushed the hopes of countless golfers? It is a feat not to take three putts from the Valley of Sin. One can go on and on. Walking the same turf that the heroes of earlier eras trod is a thrill in itself, and attempting to duplicate the shots they brought off under championship pressure intensifies the experience incalculably. This is why one always feels a pang on learning that some hole where history was made—like the old seventh at Inverness—has disappeared.

THE 1979 Open will not go down as a particularly memorable championship. When all is said and done, a golf tournament is only as good as its final round, and at Inverness none of the players pursuing Hale Irwin, who started the fourth and final day with a three-stroke lead, managed to mount a strong rush. Irwin, despite stumbling down the last nine holes in forty strokes, was able to hold on and win by two shots over Jerry Pate and Gary Player. It should be noted that Player, the redoubtable forty-three-year-old South African, also finished second twenty-one years ago when he made his début in our championship, at Southern Hills, in Tulsa.



At the same time, this was a curiously absorbing and thought-provoking Open, mainly because Inverness played so much harder than anyone had anticipated. The day before the tournament, when a group of us went out to look over the course, we felt that it had been set up very well indeed, and so did everyone we talked to about it. At just under 7,000 yards, Inverness was not a conspicuously lengthy course, and it seemed absolutely right that its greens—exceedingly small and of fine German bent—had been cut to two-sixteenths of an inch and were already putting nice and fast. The fairways, as is usual in the Open, had been narrowed to thirty or thirty-five yards, and this certainly didn't seem too tight when one took into consideration that the rough, a mixture of bent, bluegrass, and poa annua, was neither as high nor as snarled as the rough generally is on an Open course. Too much rain and not enough sunshine in the preceding weeks had accounted for this. All in all, Inverness looked splendid. It is like many of our older courses in that its holes are set off by a wonderful variety of trees—among them copper beech, ash, swamp maple, Austrian pine, sycamore, white birch, pin oak, European elm, black walnut, larch, and hickory—and this not only serves to counteract the plethora of parallel holes but creates more than a touch of rural charm. How would the scoring run? Most of the old golf hands, remembering Middlecoff's two 68s on the last day of the 1957 Open and Walter Burkemo's closing 65 that year, and also bearing in mind how much farther the current touring pros hit today's livelier ball, thought there might be scores well down in the 60s.

As I have noted, we were in for a surprise. On Thursday the 14th, the day of the opening round, no one in the field broke 70—the first time this had happened in the Open since 1974, when the championship was held at Winged Foot, in Westchester. For reasons that no one could quite fathom, holes that seemed rather innocuous were causing a good deal of havoc. Jack Nicklaus, for example, was only

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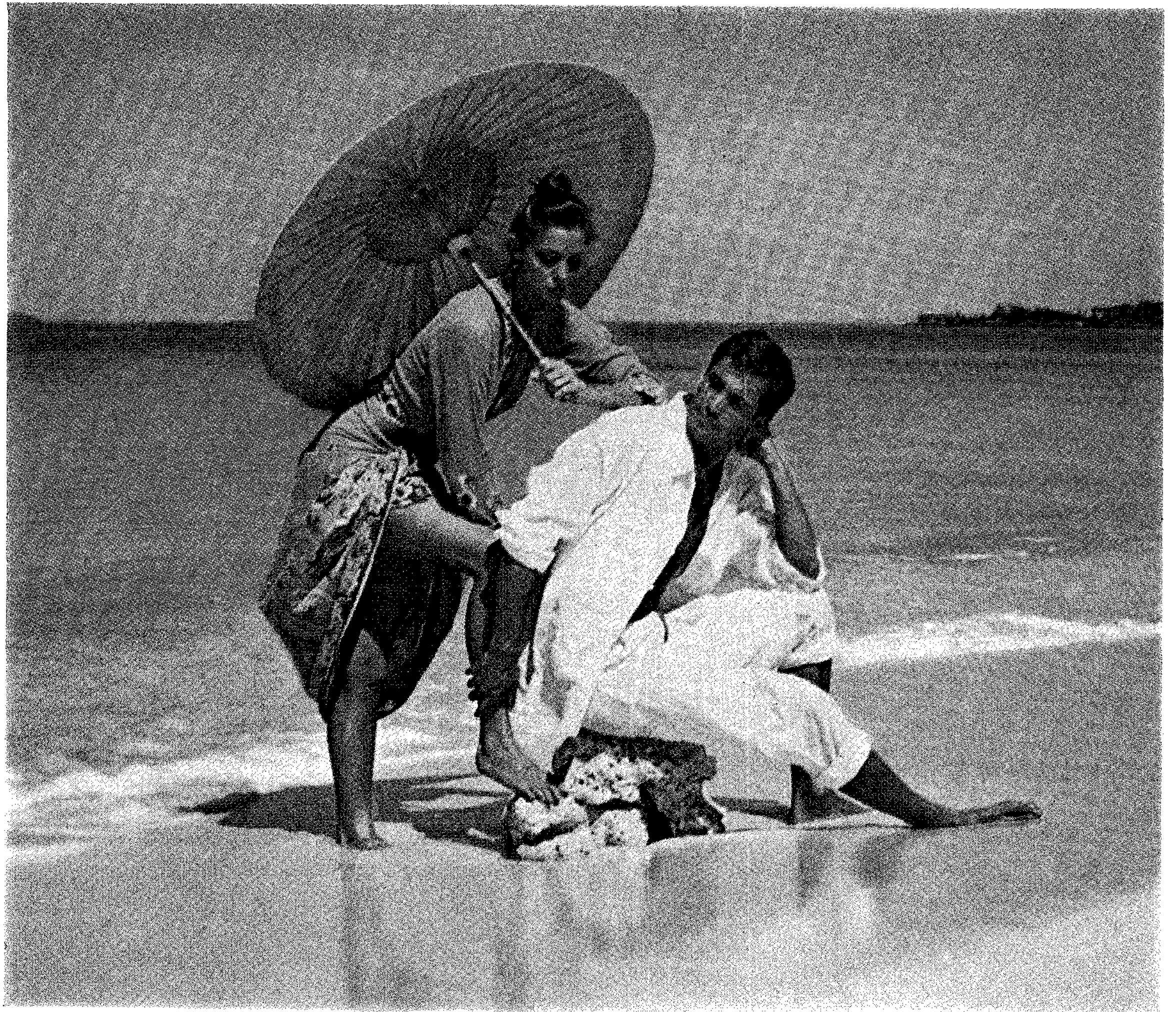

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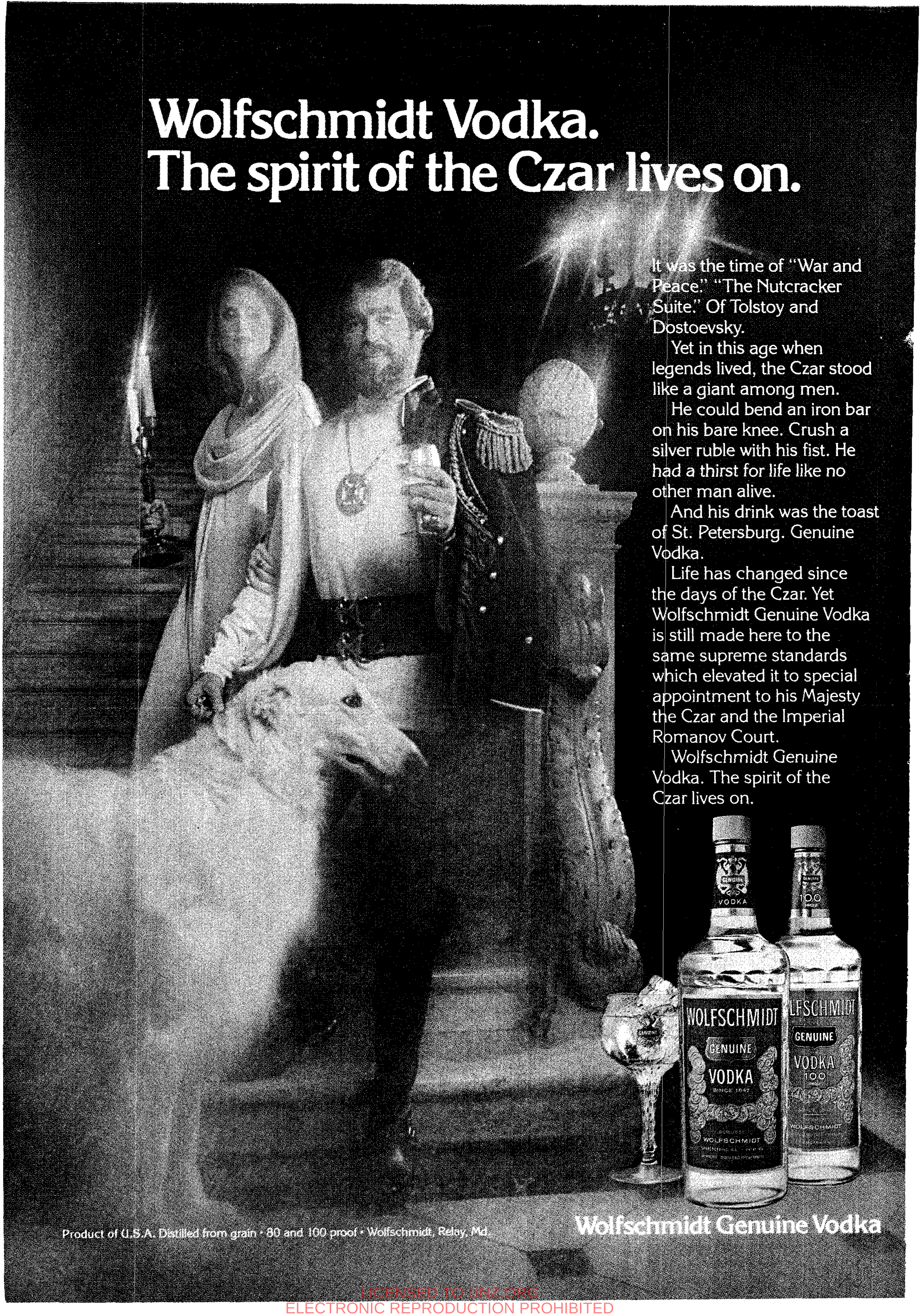
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one over par (71) and on his way to a satisfactory opening round when he came to the eighteenth, the short par 4 that this year was extended to 354 yards. After his 3-wood tee shot had finished in the right-hand rough, he pushed his approach with his pitching wedge into the slope of rough to the right of the green, tried to bounce an improvised recovery onto the green but was short with it, and then required three more shots to get down. This added up to a double-bogey 6 and a not so satisfactory 74.

At 1:55 P.M., just about the time Nicklaus finished his round, Watson started his, accompanied by a large gallery, which was patently confident that even if most of the other players were having difficulty dealing with Inverness, their man wouldn't, and might well take command of the tournament there and then. During the last two years, ever since he outduelled Nicklaus to win both the Masters and the British Open in 1977, Watson has been recognized as the leading golfer in the world. It was high time for him to win his first U.S. Open. He was heavily favored to do so, for he had won four of his last seven tournaments—in the process, raising his total prize money for 1979 to an astounding $353,874. However, the very fact that a golfer is playing in our Open, the most important tournament in the world, makes it appreciably harder for him to relax and find the proper rhythm on his swing. After the first six holes, Watson was two over par. On the seventh, which is now a 452-yard par 4 that swings to the right and climbs to a plateau green—and which may be the best hole at Inverness—Watson set up a superb birdie when he planted his approach, a 7-iron, a foot from the pin. Now we would see him go. On both the eighth and the ninth, he had good chances for birdies but missed putts of about ten feet. Though he was out in 36, one over par, he was definitely rolling now. Four regulation pars followed. And then the round suddenly slipped out of his hands. He bogeyed the fourteenth when he hooked his drive into the rough and was short with his approach. He bogeyed the fifteenth, where, after driving into a bunker in the right rough, he put his second into a greenside bunker. He hit another wayward drive on the sixteenth, pushing it onto the fifteenth fairway, but scrambled out his par. On the seventeenth, another par 4, he drove well but picked up still another bogey when his approach skidded over the back of the green. He finished with a par for a 75. I have described Watson's round in this detail because it illustrates the trouble that Inverness gave most of the field. It was a long time since I had seen so many first-rate golfers so openly furious with themselves, for what they were up against was not a Pebble Beach or a storm-swept Carnoustie but an old-fashioned inland course that doesn't play long and looks like easy pickings, and it was inordinately frustrating to them to find themselves making error upon error. What became increasingly clear during the tournament was that Inverness was anything but the pushover it appeared to be. Every day but the third, a gusty wind roved the course, and made the narrow fairways harder to hit. This made a considerable difference, since the rough proved to be nowhere near as docile as it had seemed at first inspection. The combination of the wind and a succession of burning summer days dried out the small greens—they averaged only about four thousand square feet—and made them so firm that it was next to impossible for a player to stop a full shot hit from the rough on the putting surface; to hold a green, an approach had to be hit with plenty of backspin on the ball, and this could only be done from a fairway lie. The greens, which were ultimately cut to three-and-a-half-thirty-seconds of an inch, were extremely fast and slick. Cutting them so close also exposed many subtle breaks and shimmers, and these, along with the speed of the greens, made holing from three or four feet a formidable exercise.

However, we are getting ahead of ourselves. Let us return to Watson. A young man of character, who, if anything, is inclined to be too hard on himself, he had regained his composure minutes after he completed his rankling opening round, and could analyze calmly what had gone wrong. "My driving gave me some problems," he said. "I was missing some of the fairways on the right and others on the left, and that tells you something, of course. I was probably trying to guide the ball and put it in the fairway instead of taking a free swing at it, which you have to do to play good golf. I couldn't get the swing to feel right. I would like to drive the ball better. That's the key. I hope to play a good round of golf tomorrow."

He didn't. Perhaps if he had got off on the right foot he might have, but

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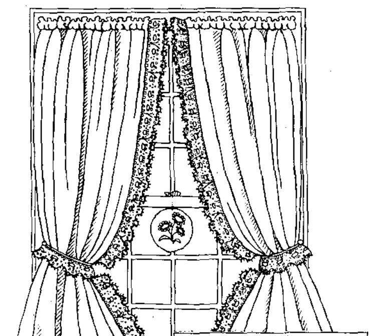

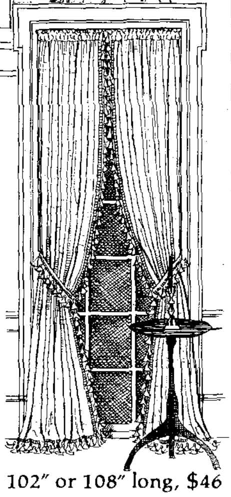

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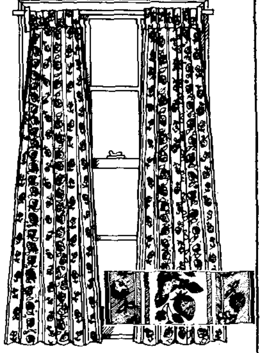

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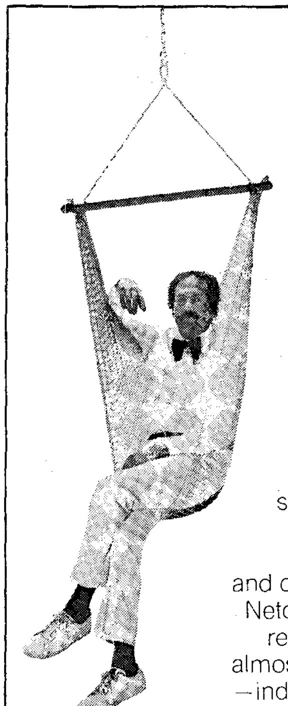
he shoved his drive on the first hole—a short par 4—into the trees on the right and needed three more shots to reach the green, which he three-putted for a triple-bogey 7. Continuing to spray his drives, he struggled to the turn in 42. For a moment, when he started the back nine by holing birdie putts of eight and six feet, it looked as if he had finally got his game under control. He hadn't. On the par-5 thirteenth, a possible birdie hole, he cut his tee shot into a bunker and wound up with a bogey. The fourteenth was worse. He hooked his tee shot deep into the rough, close by the raised rim of a horseshoe-shaped bunker. Watson has a tendency to go at things at too quick a tempo, but I had never seen him hurry himself as he did on this hole. He walked to the ball as if he were in a race. Nonetheless, he paused periodically to practice his swing and check what he was doing. Everyone who has played golf has at one time or another suffered through similar passages: The harder you try, the worse you play, and there's nothing much you can do about it. After studying his lie in the rough on the fourteenth, Watson, in his desperation, yanked a fairway wood from his bag and proceeded to pull his second shot ten yards to the left of his line and directly into a heavy cluster of trees. "I can't watch him any longer," a friend of mine said at this point. "Tom's playing like an 85-golfer who has lost all his confidence. It hurts you to see it." Watson never stops fighting, and he did pick up two more birdies on that back nine to finish with a 77, but his total of 152 was a stroke too high to make the 36-hole cut, which in the Open reduces the field for the last two days to the low sixty players and the ties. I feel compelled to retail a few of the remarks that Watson, for whom I have a high regard, made in his post-round interview in the press tent. "I was embarrassed out there," he said. "It is really a terrible feeling to play that bad. You know it's going to happen sometime, but you hate doing it. There's no explaining how bad it feels inside."

The leaders at the halfway mark, by the way, were two players with relatively small reputations—Tom Purtzer and Larry Nelson. They had totals of 139, and were the only two men under par. Purtzer, a twenty-seven-year-old graduate of Arizona State who has won just two tournaments during his six years as a professional—the Thailand Open in 1975 and the Los Angeles Open in 1977—had played a pair of wild rounds. On Thursday, he double-



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bogeyed the fourth and triple-bogeyed the fifth but was still around in 70, thanks to eight birdies, five of them on the last six holes. On Friday, still hitting the ball erratically, he came up with five more birdies, four of them on the last eight holes, en route to a 69. As for Nelson, he followed a first round of 71 with a 68, which depended on a run of twelve holes in which he got down in one putt no fewer than ten times. Eight of these putts were fairly short ones, set up by meticulous chipping in which he made certain to keep the ball below the hole and leave himself either a flat or an uphill putt on the racy greens. Nelson, a thirty-one-year-old Georgian who began playing golf only ten years ago, won his first P.G.A.-tour tournament this past winter—the Inverrary Classic, in Lauderhill, Florida. Both he and Purtzer are capable of excellent golf, but the general feeling at the midway point was that they probably did not have the necessary experience to hang in there the last two days in as wearing a test as our Open.

The night of the second round, the U.S.G.A. tendered a dinner in honor of Byron Nelson, who won the Open exactly forty years ago, served as the professional at Inverness at the height of his playing career, and—what is not irrelevant—is one of the finest men we have had in American golf. After the dinner, when Nelson was relatively free for a moment, I asked him why Inverness was playing so unexpectedly hard. "I don't think the players understand how you must approach the course," he said, in his soft Texas drawl. "You just can't rear back and belt your drive as far as you can. You must finesse the tee shot. To score well, you must hit the fairways. Now, a lot of the fairways here have mounded slopes and other severe undulations in the landing area, so to put your drives on the fairway and in a good position you've got to start some of them over the rough and draw them in from the right, and you've got to fade some of them in from the left. You not only have to finesse your tee shots here—you must play very delicate approaches into the correct side of these small greens. Inverness is a deceptive course. It looks easy, but it's anything but. You must keep thinking every step of the way."

IT is an oversimplification, I realize, but for me the 1979 Open was divided into two distinct parts: the first two rounds, when Watson, the odds-on favorite, lost his chance to win the

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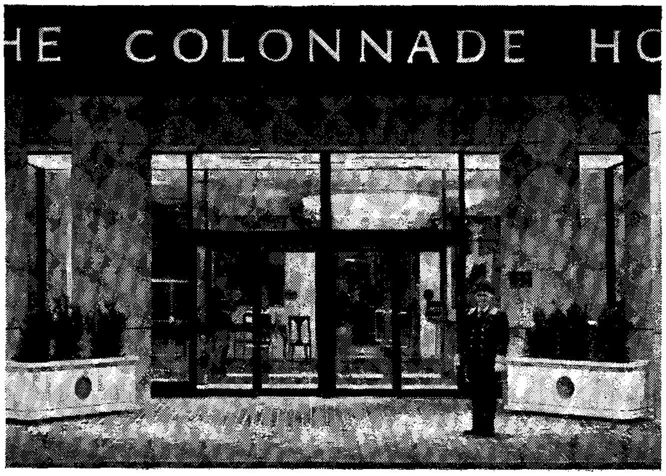

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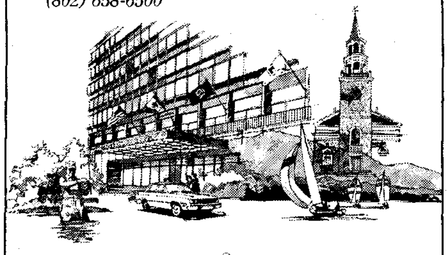

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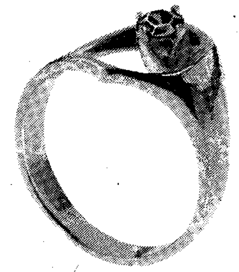

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championship, and the last two rounds, when Irwin won it. At the conclusion of the tournament, Irwin said he felt that the third round had been the decisive one, and this observation leaves little room for dispute. At the beginning of the third day's play, after rounds of 74 and 68, Irwin stood three strokes behind the co-leaders, Purtzer and Nelson, and at the end of the day he was out in front of his nearest challenger, Tom Weiskopf, by three strokes. The scoring in general was lower on the third day than it had been on either the first or the second. This was attributable partly to the absence of any wind to speak of and partly to relatively gentle pin positions that Jim Hand, the chairman of the U.S.G.A. Championship Committee, had selected when the early weather forecast predicted strong and blustery winds in the afternoon. I think there was one other factor, too. For no definable reason, there are days when one player or a couple of players in contention will cut loose with some very hot golf, and this seems to have a contagious effect on other players close to the lead.

On the third round, Weiskopf was paired in the third-from-the-last twosome with Jerry Pate, the young 1976 Open champion. Weiskopf and Pate each birdied two of the first three holes and never looked back. Pate finished with a 69 and Weiskopf with a 67. On this round, Weiskopf was in the best playing mood I had seen him in since he won the 1973 British Open, his only major title, and, over those four days at Troon, hit only one really poor shot. On his third round at Inverness, he came up with a number of elegant shots, but it was his putting that made the difference—especially on the first nine, when he got down five times in one putt: from twelve feet on the first hole, seven feet on the third, eight feet on the fourth, twenty feet on the fifth, and eight feet on the ninth. The wonder is that Weiskopf, who has always been a good putter but not an exceptional one, did this on Inverness's intimidatingly glossy greens, but this was one day when Weiskopf, whose failure to fulfill his enormous potential has been due as much to lapses in concentration as to anything else, did not play a single stroke until he was perfectly ready in all respects to do so. He had two more one-putt greens coming in, but the important one came on the 523-yard thirteenth, where, after he had ripped a long drive down the tumbling fairway, he reached the crown green with a magnificent 4-iron and then holed from eight feet for an eagle. This year, Weiskopf, who, at thirty-six, is in his sixteenth season as a touring professional, was largely inactive until a month before the Open, because of an ulcer. However, he could not resist returning to his home state of Ohio and playing at Inverness, where, as a boy of fourteen, he watched the 1957 Open and found himself responding so strongly to it that he decided then and there that he wanted to be a golfer.

The brilliant golf that Weiskopf and Pate were producing in the third round was not lost on Irwin, who was playing in the twosome directly behind them, paired with Bill Rogers, and was therefore in a position to see many of the shots they hit. (On the other hand, Purtzer and Nelson, the last twosome, could never get themselves untracked, and by the end of the round they had slipped out of serious contention.) Irwin, a tall, slender thirty-four-year-old Missourian who went to the University of Colorado to play football and was twice selected for the All-Big Eight Conference team as a defensive safety, is a wonderful natural athlete and a stalwart competitor. Witnessing what Weiskopf and Pate were up to might have deterred many of their rivals, but it spurred Irwin on. Off fast with two birdies on the first three holes, he was out in 34, one under par. Early on the second nine, he made his big move: he birdied the eleventh and twelfth, and then matched Weiskopf's eagle on the thirteenth. There, after a long, straight tee shot—accurate driving is usually one of his strengths—he cracked a 2-iron three feet from the flagstick. It was a marvellous shot, for the thirteenth has a heaving fairway, and Irwin had to deal with an awkward sidehill lie, his feet well below the ball. In retrospect, if there was any single shot that won the Open for Irwin, it was that great, buzzing 2-iron shot, which covered the flag all the way. On the remaining holes of the round, the quality of his shotmaking lost its edge and he dropped a shot to par, but his 67 gave him a three-round total of 209. Weiskopf was at 212, and Pate two strokes farther back. It had been an exciting day's golf. Many thrilling shots were played, and watching them was all the sweeter because Irwin, Weiskopf, and Pate, who struck a high percentage of them, are three of the most accomplished technicians in golf today. Pate has a very full and smooth shoulder turn and a very smooth hip turn going back, and on the downswing the action of his legs carries him effortlessly into the hitting area. (On the third round, he was dressed in a white sports shirt and wide-bottomed white slacks, and looked like nothing so much as a member of a touring company of "H.M.S. Pinafore.") Weiskopf, who stands six-three, has a beautiful tempo to his swing, and no one else in the game hits through the ball with such a fully extended forward arc. Irwin sets up very deliberately on every shot. He has a somewhat faster hitting action than Pate or Weiskopf—his left side seems to initiate his downswing an instant before his backswing has been altogether completed—but his timing and balance are first-class, and he has eliminated all superfluous movements from his swing. If I had the opportunity to take a series of lessons from any one of the contemporary stars, I think I might choose Irwin.

THE golf championships that are most fondly and clearly remembered invariably have something of the structure of a good fiction narrative. Some of the most popular story lines are these: a virtually unknown young man breaks through (as Ouimet did in the 1913 U.S. Open, Sarazen did in the 1922 U.S. Open, and Nicklaus did in the 1959 U.S. Amateur); a great player at the peak of his powers completely dominates a major tournament (as Jones did in the 1927 British Open, Hagen did in our P.G.A. Championship in 1924, 1925, 1926, and 1927, and Hogan did in the Masters and the U.S. Open in 1953); an appealing player carries the day with a phenomenal last round (as Nelson did in the 1937 Masters and Palmer did in the 1960 U.S. Open); and an authentic human-interest story surges to a happy ending (as it did when Sam Snead captured the 1946 British Open and Ken Venturi came back to win the 1964 U.S. Open). On the other hand, few golf enthusiasts replay with relish old and recent championships in which the winner survived a so-so final round only because no one else played particularly well. Since it takes exceptional control of one's nerves as well as uncommon ability to win an important golf event, a good many tournaments fall into this last pattern. The 1979 Open certainly did.

Irwin has often demonstrated his tenacity and determination, and as the

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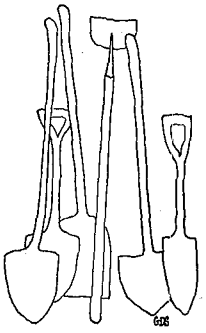
last round got under way, nearly everyone gathered at Inverness expected him to hold on and win without a great deal of trouble. As it turned out, he won by two strokes—also his margin of victory at Winged Foot in the 1974 U.S. Open—but, as he was the first to admit, his closing round of 75 was rather shaky, and he was lucky that no one with a real chance to overtake him played much better. In fact, none of the players within challenging distance succeeded in matching par. Weiskopf, for example, was never in the hunt after failing to hit the first five greens in the regulation stroke, and while Pate put on a strong finish, it came too late. On that final afternoon, another hot and humid day occasionally cooled by a swirling west wind, Irwin seemed completely in command when he finished the first nine in 35—even par—thanks to a birdie 4 on the long eighth. He had two terrific breaks on that hole: His tee shot, pushed far to the right, rebounded onto the fairway after hitting a tree, and his third shot, a wedge pitch, would more than likely have ended up over the green if it had not struck the flagstick on its first high hop. Nevertheless, as he started the second nine it seemed that Irwin would win in a walk, for he was out in front by six strokes. He dropped one of them when he bogeyed the eleventh, so when he walked onto the tee of the thirteenth he led the nearest man by five shots. I mention this because the thirteenth used to be the twelfth, and the vagrant thought went through my mind that Vardon, back in 1920, had similarly held a five-shot lead when he came to that hole. That did not seem to have any true pertinence, though about this time a number of us became aware that Irwin was swinging much faster than he usually does and that this hurried timing might have something to do with the difficulties he was experiencing off the tee. On the thirteenth, he put his drive into the rough, but that is a par 5, and he got his 5 all right. He also drove into the rough on the fourteenth, and it cost him a stroke. He found the rough again on the fifteenth but saved his par when he splashed a superlative bunker shot a foot and a half from the hole. He seemed to have things in hand on the sixteenth, where a fine straight drive led to a solid par, and, with only two more holes to get through, he was still out in front by five shots, since his competition—except for Player, who had started the round nine strokes off the pace—had continued to encounter problems of its own.



Irwin's situation became far more serious, however, when he played the seventeenth, a medium-length par 4, in jittery fashion. His drive skipped into the rough on the right; his 5-iron recovery caught a bunker short of the upsloping green; his explosion shot, hit a little thin, ran well over the back of the green; and from there it took him three more shots to get down. A double-bogey 6. Vardon had double-bogeyed the seventeenth, and it had cost him the championship. Irwin, for all his errors, needed only a 6 on the eighteenth, the drive-and-pitch par 4, to scrape through. He did not play the hole well, yet, considering the enormous pressure on him, he did not play it badly, either. A good drive, of course, would have simplified matters, but Irwin's finished in the edge of the right-hand rough. The pin was positioned, as it usually is on the fourth round, at the front left of the green—tucked just behind the deep central bunker of the cordon that guards the green. Irwin's main concern was to be sure to carry that bunker. He hit a hard 9-iron that had the requisite length, but it was pulled a fraction and ended in the bunker to the left of the green, hole high. He then played a lovely soft bunker shot six feet from the pin. He was safely home. It would have been fitting if he had holed that shortish putt, but it mattered not at all that he didn't.

I don't think I shall ever forget some of the things that Irwin, a deeply intelligent man, had to say in the interview in the press tent after his protracted ordeal on the last round. As he leaned back in a green velvet wing chair polishing his glasses, which he wears both on and off the course, he looked more relaxed than I could ever remember seeing him. The unflagging intensity he carries onto a golf course narrows his eyes and gives him a dour and impatient mien. He wears this same expression, little modified, in and around the locker room and practice tee before and after a tournament round. A family man who likes his privacy, he does not suffer backslappers or professional fans gladly, although in the company of good friends he can be hilariously funny. The evening after he became the fourteenth man to win our Open twice, he radiated a rare blend of ease and charm and spontaneity. "How does that commercial go?" he asked as he started to speak.

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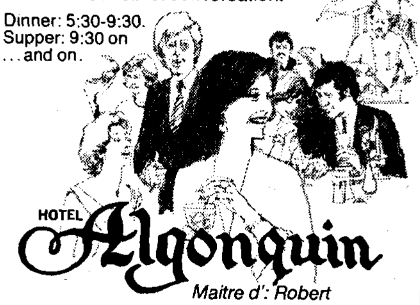

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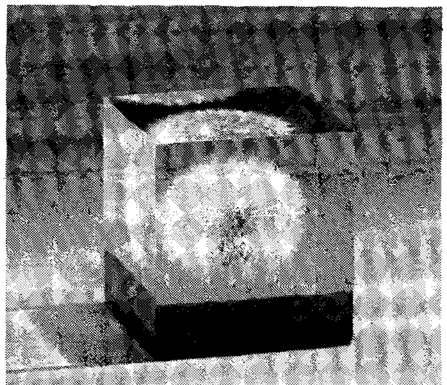
Somebody asked how many fairways he had hit off the tee on his last round. Irwin ran over the round quickly in his mind. "Only five, I think," he said. "And three of them came on the first four holes. I switched to a 3-wood on three tees on the second nine, hoping this would give me more control, but I still couldn't hit the fairways. My woods were terrible. I lost my timing on them."

Somebody else asked Irwin if he thought that he choked on the final round.

"I would say I started choking on the first tee," he replied. "I would say that the whole field choked a little. The fact that this is the United States Open is what does it." He exhaled vigorously and smiled.

One thing more. On my way from the press tent, I happened to run into Sandy Tatum, the president of the U.S.G.A. "I want to bring up an interesting aspect of the championship," he said as we talked. "The course did present many obdurate challenges, but I'm sure you know the old saying to the effect that on a course of the first quality the best players will nearly always finish at the top. Well, each of the three top finishers—Irwin, Player, and Pate—had won the Open before, and Tom Weiskopf finished in a tie for fourth. I think this suggests that Inverness was a pretty fair test of a golfer's skill."

—Herbert Warren Wind



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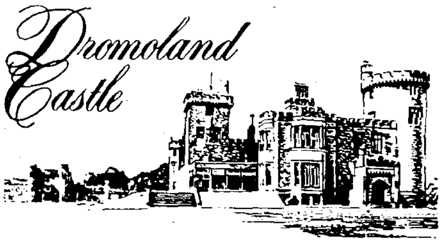

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DANCING

Out of Denmark

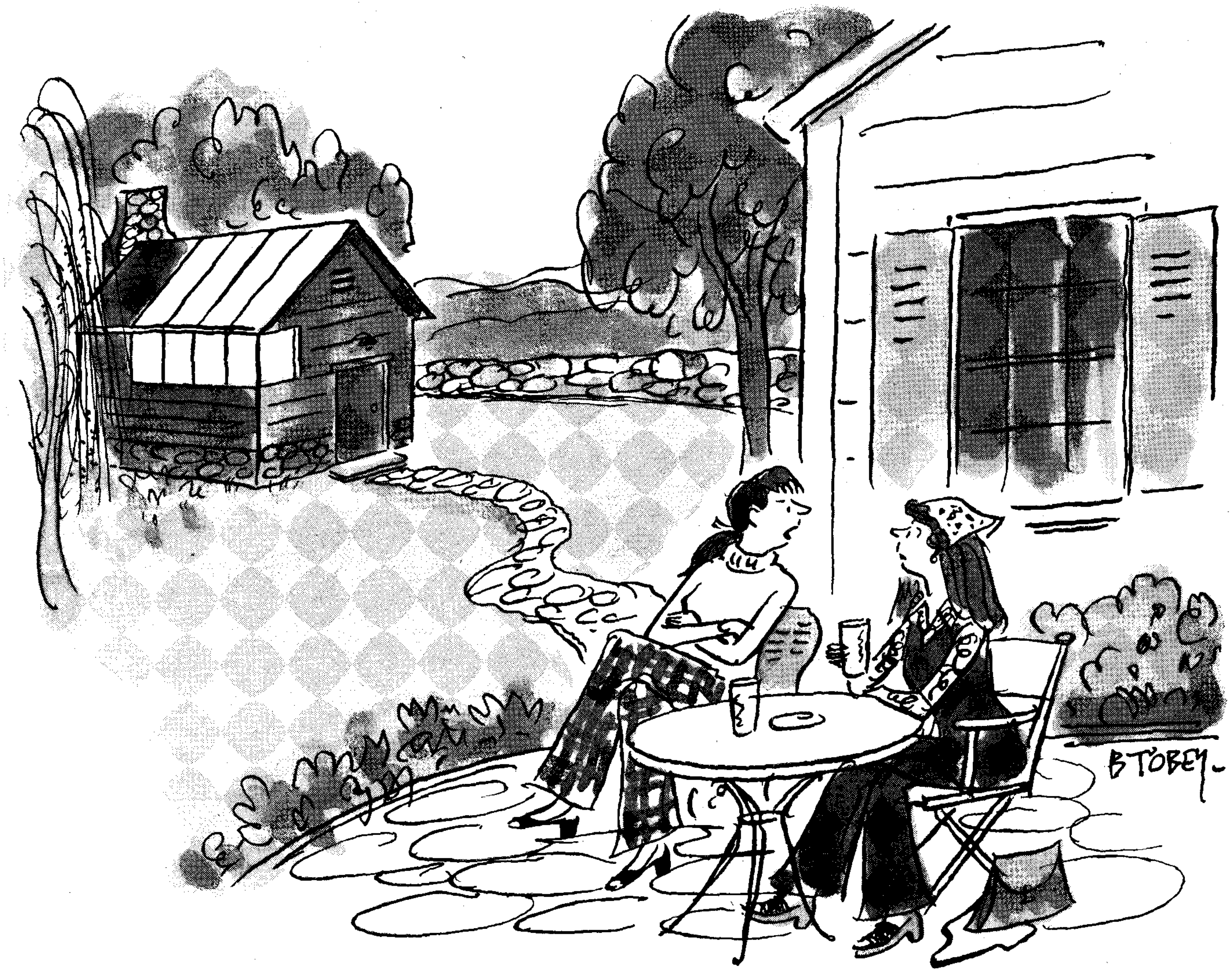
August Bournonville's "My Theatre Life," translated into English by Patricia McAndrew and published last month by Wesleyan, was originally issued in Danish in three installments—the first in 1848, just as Bournonville's career as a dancer was ending, and the last in 1877-78, just before he died, having served fifty years as director of the Royal Ballet in Copenhagen. The life was long and filled with events; as Bournonville writes about them, they touch not only on ballet but on theatrical, operatic, and concert life as it was then known from London to Moscow, and they play against a backdrop of political affairs, in which he took a special interest. Bournonville was one of the age's great spectators, though not in the prodigious class of a Goethe, a Stendhal, or a Berlioz. What he lacks in depth he makes up in range: he seems to have been everywhere, known everyone, and written it all down. Personal memoirs, travel diaries, ballet synopses, poems, portraits of contemporaries are arranged as they were in the original edition, with no regard for continuity or for entries of greater or lesser consequence. It is disconcerting to come across pages of theatre statistics that would have been better relegated to an appendix. The reader must separate Bournonville the observer from Bournonville the recorder. In doing so, he may discover Bournonville the writer, who consciously set out to reveal himself and his times. He is a man of culture with a reflective turn of mind. His nature is kindly, open, and dispassionate; his eye, as might be expected in a choreographer and mime, is expert in registering the color and detail of human behavior; and as he grows older he gains rather than loses tolerance. It is in the later pages that Miss McAndrew's translation becomes especially sensitive, reflecting the formation of a mature literary style. Resigned to change, to the transience of fame, the author in his last years is glowingly benign. He seems to have reached the goal he prescribed thirty years before for the retired ballet-master: "Write about the art in which you once shone, and be glad that your genius has changed into *esprit* just as love can change into friendship."

Bournonville enchaînements strike us today as modern in their speed, complexity, and economical wit. Bournonville's critical sensibility is also modern, in that many of his pronouncements are valid today. He himself, however, was not a progressive, either spiritually or politically. Speculating on the reason for the lack of outstanding actors, he writes:

> I dare to offer the hypothesis that it is the equalizing process, which runs through all of modern life and manifests itself in so many other situations, that is causing *coryphées* to disappear, while over-all skill is becoming more and more common. People do not make such amusing blunders as they did in the old days, but then, striking flashes of genius are no longer the order of the day. In short, the great "types" are disappearing from the boards of the theatre as well as from the stage of the world, and even the distinguishing features of the various social classes are being wiped out by the leveling influence of education and upbringing.

If there is anything that stands between Bournonville and us, it's his puritanism in matters of public taste. Time and again, he reproves some stage spectacle for falling into "the mud of sensuality." He dislikes dancing that is "lascivious." (Spanish dance and, more surprisingly, the Russian classical ballet fit into this category.) These strictures may very well have originated in the unkempt conditions that were coming to dominate the theatre he was raised in. Dancing had ceased to command respect as a profession. In every country, there were ballet girls who were indistinguishable from prostitutes. Bournonville, born into a cosmopolitan but dignified theatrical family, was determined to elevate the status of his art. By the end of his first term as head of the Danish ballet, he is able to compare Copenhagen favorably with dissolute Paris or London. Although his word "decorum" covers freedom from other kinds of institutionalized corruption as well, such as censorship and claques, and although Copenhagen's liberalism may have come about through its isolation from main currents on the Continent, one comes to believe that Bournonville by choice stood apart from the prevailing sexual aesthetic of his day. His most famous ballet, "La Sylphide," is an adaptation of Taglioni's "La Sylphide," and is not truly representative of his art, which was rooted in what the Danish scholar Erik Aschengreen has called the *biedermeier* tendency in the Danish audience. In the course of "My Theatre Life," Bournonville becomes the genius of the Danish ballet and one of the most honored men in the theatre of his time. He could have taken up posts of enormous influence in any of half a dozen European capitals, including the then paramount ballet capitals, Paris and Milan, but because he valued "freedom" he chose Copenhagen. It is one of the ironies of our repertory that the only extant pure products of the Romantic era are the work of a man who rejected, in large measure, the erotic substance of the Romantic ballet.

It is easy to find the personality of this large-spirited, gregarious family man in his ballets. It is more difficult to link what seem to us prejudices of a moral nature with an aesthetic result. Since dancing moves in time and changes with the years, we cannot even be sure what Bournonville's intended aesthetic result was. "My Theatre Life" doesn't tell us; for all its pertinence, it must join the long shelf of books by dancers which don't discuss dancing. "Études Chorégraphiques," Bournonville's as yet untranslated technical handbook, is no more enlightening, since it deals in dance's vocabulary of steps, and not in its poetic language. (Extracts from "Études Chorégraphiques" appeared in "Bournonville and Ballet Technique," by Erik Bruhn and Lillian Moore. The exposition was technical rather than aesthetic. "The Bournonville School," a four-volume collection of exercises with notation scores and musical accompaniment, edited by Kirsten Ralov and published last year by Marcel Dekker, is another, more comprehensive classroom aid.) Our most faithful Bournonville text remains the dances themselves, however suspect they may be. The choreographer himself did not expect his ballets to outlive him by more than twenty years; that a full dozen of them have come down to us is testament to the rehabilitative powers—and needs—of successive generations of Danish dancers and regisseurs. Only Danes claim to know what has changed and what has remained the same. Yet even Danes may experience the trouble that the rest of us have



"He used to paint there on weekends. Now he only uses it to sulk."

• •

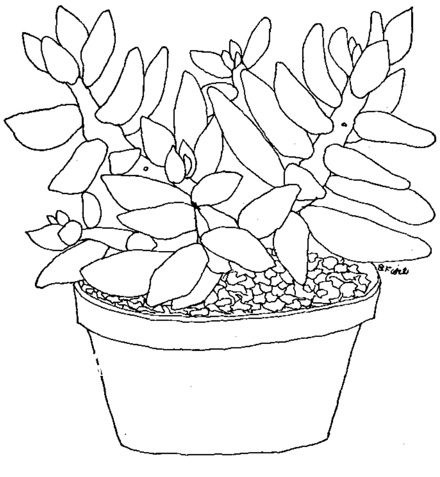
whenever an artifact of the nineteenth century is placed before us. The passage of time has caused convention to become content. Because we can see the things that were invisible, or else taken for granted, in an earlier age, we assume just those things—convention, fashion—to have been at the center of consciousness, and it is those external features we look to for meaning. Meanwhile, the real meaning is escaping us. Dancing revived from another period, despite all the precautions of the revivers, is perceived on a different level of awareness. Just as musical instruments after Mozart's time changed the sound of Mozart, contemporary dancers unknowingly change the stress and attack of old choreography. Often, the attempt to be correct and faithful to the "text" robs the dance of its core of vitality; the steps are invested with a literalism they may never have had before—the result of an insistence on pointillistic clarity which its proponents have mistaken for purity. In the choreography of our own age, this kind of clarity may have the effect of purity, because we have come to believe in dancing as its own subject. But was Bournonville an "abstract" artist?

Hoping for an answer from the most authoritative source, I went several times to see the small group of soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet who were performing all-Bournonville programs at the City Center. These dancers in a way had set themselves up for the question. Except for the one-act dancing-school ballet "Konservatoriet," which was given complete, another set of Bournonville exercises arranged in the form of a ballet, and a few special turns, all the numbers on the programs were excerpts from ballets with plots. Like the New York City Ballet's anthology "Bournonville Divertissements," the Danish assortment gave no hint of plot connections—it was a series of straight dances. (An exception might be made of the "La Ventana" excerpts, which included a few mime passages.) But in the New York City Ballet rendition of Bournonville, part—if not most—of the fascination comes from the unusual sight of Balanchine dancers using their own style as a kind of heightened definition of the old dances and striking sympathetic parallels between Balanchine and Bournonville all along the way. The Danish dancers have no modern tradition of their own; with them, I fear, the "modern" Bournonville is more of a pretense than a reality. When they try to present repertory nuggets in a showcase format, they have no backing to make the nuggets expressively distinct. What sparkles out at you are the components—the tinily facetted steps. Unless they are performed in such a way as to force perspective into them, all steps will eventually become the same step. One way to get perspective is through character implication. The "Flower Festival in Genzano" pas de deux and the "Napoli" excerpts are traditionally done with character touches, and the Danes, who are the liveliest of mimes, can make these dances excitingly real. In most of the other dances, they had left their character kits at home. Bournonville, if I understand him correctly, did not compartmentalize dancing and mime. Even if he did, in a program of excerpts these compartments should not be watertight. Only Niels Kehlet, the senior member of the troupe, remembered to mime *through* the dancing, and he tried so hard and got so little response from the others that at times he looked quite mad.

If perspective cannot be extrapolated from plot or character, it has to come from the dancing itself. And here is the fatal weakness. The dances just don't stand up all by themselves. To begin with, the technique separates the upper from the lower body. Above the waist all is steady and calm while below there may be paroxysms of explosive footwork. The two halves of the body come together in those great sailing jumps, and from time to time one sees a turn that isn't a pivot and comes from that same clearly located center. The modern ballet dancer is faced with the challenge of pulling coherence out of the Bournonville phrase, which is typically a long and twisted affair, and of not going rigid from the effort to coördinate two centers of energy. After that, he can start thinking about becoming a virtuoso. Like the very young, well-drilled modern technicians they are, most of the Danish dancers in the City Center engagement were content to propose conditions under which virtuosity might occur. They gave us neat feet, lots of stretch and turnout, punctilious arm and head positions; but they often didn't meet the main challenge. They looked incompletely active—even flat. When Peter Martins appeared (as a guest artist), he made a continually engaging little theme out of back-to-front and side-to-side changes, and the inconsistencies in the bifocal style just melted away. Martins' dancing has a plastic energy, deep and full and round; that's not all it has, but it's enough to make him an intelligible and lively figure on the stage. It, and not his pointed feet and his turnout, is the base of his virtuosity. Martins, of course, has spent the last ten years learning about intelligibility from Balanchine. I'm not suggesting that his countrymen should also go to Balanchine's school—only that they need to show a more modern energy range if they're going to give us strictly classical dance.

Danish dancers are so likable, such devoted executants, it's a pity their technique can't do more for them. Kehlet, still in possession of his powerfully individual, blunt-soft style, was especially fine in "La Ventana." Most of the younger people, though, seemed stranded between centuries. Of the women, Eva Kloborg had the most expressive phrasing and the sharpest ear. It was while watching her in the "William Tell" pas de deux that I realized how important Bournonville's carefully calibrated musical scores were to him. ("My Theatre Life" closes with a tribute to the composer Hans Christian Lumbye.) When a passage in the choreography appeared stylistically *not* quite credible, it was usually the music that called it to my attention. Dinna Bjørn was always comfortably inside her music and deliciously inside the Old World look of the dances. Linda Hindberg was the opposite type—expansive, severe, "Russian." Then, there was robust, articulate Annemarie Dybdal, delicate Lise Stripp, and the winsome soubrette Anne Marie Vessel. But Bournonville ballet is a man's world. Why post-Bournonville choreographers never developed a female-adagio complement to its male-allegro principle is a mystery that Danish dance historians have yet to explain. Those in charge of preserving this repertory seem to have overprotected it (from lascivious and wanton women?). A few interpolations in the style of "Giselle"—the latter-day Russian "Giselle"—would have done no harm and possibly would have helped the women achieve parity with the men.

The guest artists who were added for the City Center engagement were all men—Peter Martins, Adam Lüders, and Peter Schaufuss. Interest centered, however, on two very gifted younger men, Ib Andersen and Arne Villumsen. Andersen is the more immediately impressive, but after a while I found less of him there to be looked at than of Villumsen, even though Villumsen is an uneven and at times devastatingly unready performer. When he is at his best, though, his rhythm is as expressively coherent as Kloborg's, and his long, loose-limbed body coils around a visibly active full-length core. Andersen's gifts are still unintegrated. He does step after step with ease; in the "Amager" pas de trois, the combinations are unrelenting, and exist only to prove how beautifully he can execute them. But this is pointillism, after all, and it's a very peculiar condition for dancing of any age to have fallen into. If we see anything in dancing, the first thing we see is its vitality, yet because of "educated" responses—in dancers as well as in audiences—it's the last thing we miss. Seeing clearly at the ballet is sometimes such an effort that we no longer know when we're not attracted to what we see. Vitality in dancing, though, depends on a more than optical brilliance—it has to do with rhythm. It's a dynamic process for the spectator as well as for the dancer, and I think we're helplessly attracted—magnetized—by it. We are not magnetized by steps. At the City Center, I saw circles within circles of the leg. I saw long and difficult step sequences rendered with a diagrammatic perfection that must be the envy of every other company in the world. But I'd just spent some hours with their author, a man whose favorite adjectives were "natural" and "harmonious." It's disappointing to get stainless steel when you've been expecting old gold.



VIRGIL THOMSON was on the Dick Cavett show recently, and, speaking about Orson Welles, he said something like "You can't lose your talent, but you can lose your inspiration." It's easier to understand this general truth in connection with Welles, who sins through excess, than in connection with an artist like Jerome Robbins, whose failures seem to have no drive left in them. Robbins can be curiously self-nullifying. We know that "Opus 19" is his only because he puts so many of his mannerisms into it; there are a good many of those rhythmic bounces in plié, and the quotations—from his own ballets, from Balanchine's—are thicker than usual. Otherwise, "Opus 19" might be by Kenneth MacMillan. (The two men have been choreographing the same pieces of music lately. Are they acquiring a craftsmanly resemblance as well?) In Robbins, loss of inspiration *looks* like loss of talent. Although he's had a long career, with many peaks of productivity, when he's in the shallows it's as if he'd never been on the heights—never shown any individuality or had much creative energy to draw on. "Requiem Canticles," produced in 1972 for the New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Festival, may have been the last confidently bad Robbins ballet, and it didn't have drive, precisely—only aggression. Since then, he's gone up and down, but the downers have looked persistently listless.

So it is with this latest piece, which Robbins has titled after his score, Prokofiev's first violin concerto. "Opus 19" is not as weak as "Dybbuk Variations" or "Chansons Madécasses;" it's one of Robbins' more disappointing works because it was made for Mikhail Baryshnikov, who was involved in two of Robbins' recent successes, "Other Dances" and "The Four Seasons." Baryshnikov's presence doesn't seem to have caught Robbins' imagination this time. Out of an apparent desire to fashion something new and different for his star, Robbins has concocted a set of eccentric "signature" moves connected by equally eccentric travelling passages, such as rolling chaîné turns in a crouch. Baryshnikov has the task of imposing consistency and variety on this material, and he almost does it. At each performance, he became more securely suggestive—more exact in rhythm and inventive in range, more vivid and reasonable in his motivations and transitions, and more lucidly insistent on the soft edges and legato phrasing that characterize most of the choreography. The ballet is texturally different from anything he has done before, but texture isn't the most exciting thing in the world for a male dancer to work with. Indeed, a fair portion of the Baryshnikov role looks as though it could be done by a woman, on point. When the music calls for a show of bravura, the choreography doesn't come through. The choreography for Patricia McBride is more jagged and more bracing, and she performs it with that happy authority she always shows immediately in a Robbins part. (In Balanchine, she may take several performances to hit her stride.) Role reversal, which was a theme in "Dybbuk Variations," is almost but not quite a theme here. Instead, Robbins works out a hero-destiny motif, with a pattern of mysterious comings and goings. McBride several times enters and leaves, concealed by the ensemble. The ensemble several times enters and leaves without her. Besides that, its chief function is to echo the principals; it's a Mortimer Snerd corps, sidling on, going "Uh-huh, yup, yup," and sidling off. The concerto is strange and beautiful music, and Robbins handles his otherworldly misterioso very effectively. But "handle effectively" is just about all he does. It's a drearily efficient piece.

In none of her many theatrical manifestations—sung, spoken, or danced—is the masochistic, degraded heroine of "La Dame aux Camélias" more resistible than she is in a new, full-evening ballet presented at the Met by the Stuttgart company. Verdi's opera is a special case: it lavishes great music on a story that should have waited for Puccini. In "Camille," Garbo was photographed—symbolically?—like part of a woman, her head and her broad shoulders swelling out of her décolletage like a bust on a pedestal. As the celebrated cougher, Bernhardt is also to be seen in film fragments, writing letter after letter and then, felled at last, toppling into bed. Fonteyn spent the major portion of "Marguerite and Armand" snivelling at men's feet or gasping her lungs out in staggering bourrées. Now we have "Lady of the Camellias"—choreography by John Neumeier, music by Chopin (a miscellany that refuses to meld into a score), and, as Marguerite Gautier, woeful Marcia Haydée, who seems to have drawn her characterization from Edward Gorey's "The Hapless Child."

With Neumeier, the talent-or-inspiration question fades into the larger question of why he chose to be a choreographer in the first place. Nearly every piece of his I've seen has saddled itself with affected literary conceits that can't be worked out in the theatre. This one goes back to Dumas's novel for its fatalistic comparison of Marguerite with Manon, and the parallel is staged at unbelievable length. Since Marguerite's legend supplanted Manon's for the nineteenth century (and I believe for us as well), we don't need a fate symbol for her—she's one herself. But the Manon business helps pad out the evening. Jürgen Rose has designed about eleven costume changes for Haydée in a determined effort to make her look chic. I'll say no more about that. Nothing about this event is discussable. I've hated every ballet I've ever seen done by the Stuttgart. This time, let's call it antipathy to the material.

—Arlene Croce

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It was the class to whom President Dwight D. Eisenhower issued his famous indictment of the "book burners," when he received an honorary degree at their commencement.

—*Lebanon (N.H.) Valley News.*

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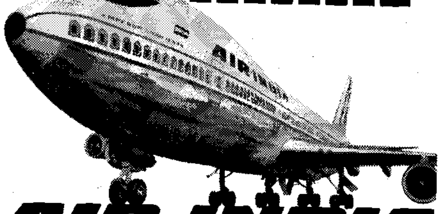

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BOOKS

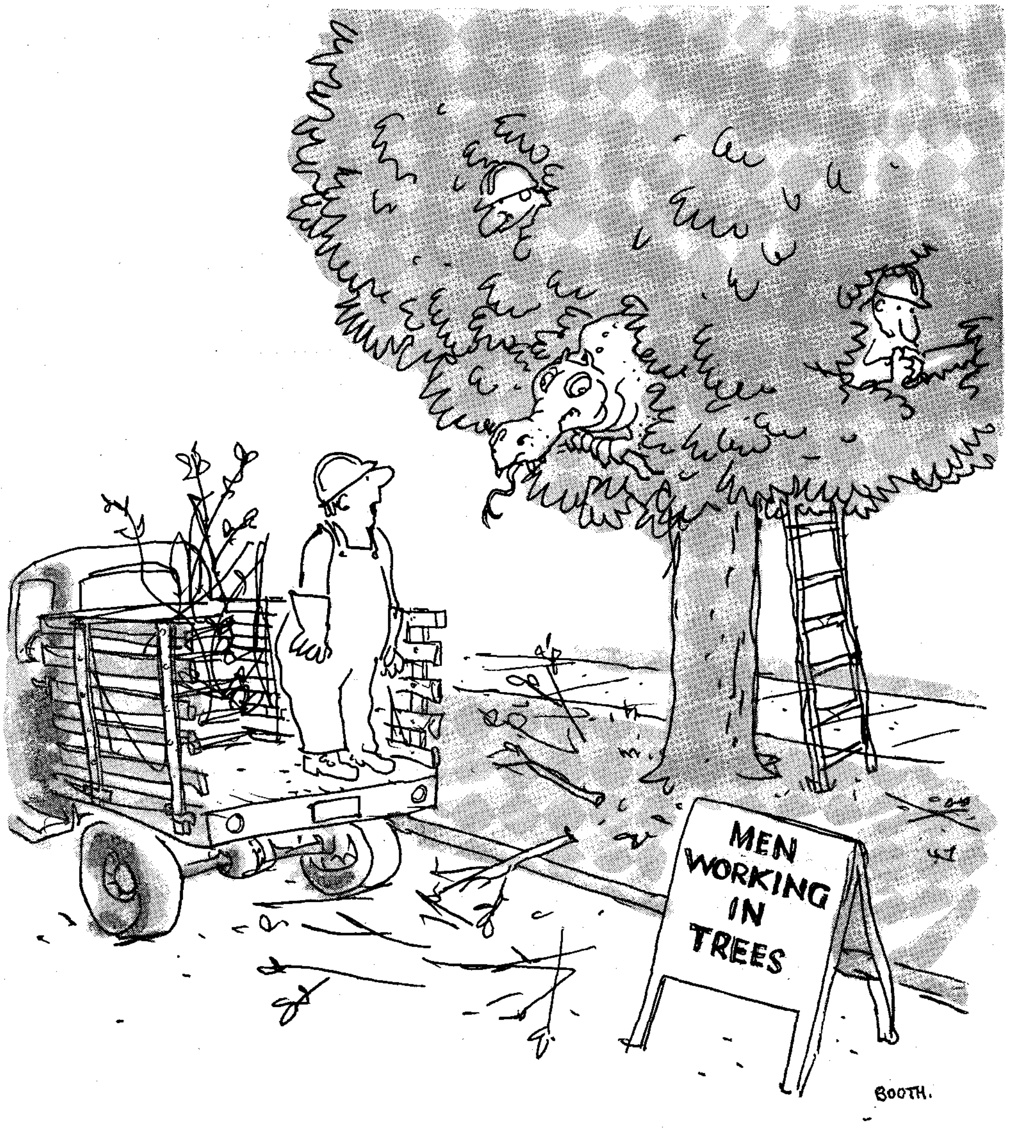
A Duel

FAMILIES that produce several painters or musicians are not altogether rare. It may be that the relevant skills are in part genetic, and thus inherited. There is, on the other hand, little evidence that literary talents are transmissible, that they run dynastically. There are the Brontës, of course; the closeness of collaboration between the brothers Goncourt was almost symbiotic (they even shared the same mistress); Dumas *fils* rivalled his prodigious father; William and Henry James were both masters of prose, but in very different veins. The clusterings remain sparse. Almost certainly, the eminent case, the one in which fraternal intimacy and conflict are most densely documented and mutually productive, is that of Heinrich and Thomas Mann. Thus, the subject of Nigel Hamilton's "The Brothers Mann" (Yale; $16.95) is of special interest.

The notion that there was between Heinrich and Thomas some parity of stature, that their works were indeed rival and should invite continued, open-minded comparison, will strike today's reader as implausible. Thomas Mann, even where he is read mainly in the reductive artifice of the academic syllabus, towers over modern letters. With Proust and Joyce, he represents the classic triad. Much of the tone of feeling, much of the shared symbolism in the first half of the twentieth century are inseparable from the genius of "Buddenbrooks," "The Magic Mountain," and "Death in Venice." The four-part "Joseph and His Brothers" is, slowly but irrefutably, asserting itself as the peer of Joyce's "Ulysses" in its strength of mastered myth, in its capacity to impose the logic of legend on anarchic elements in Western history and culture. Except for Hermann Broch's "The Tempter," Thomas Mann's "Doktor Faustus" is the only novel we have that comes anywhere near to making imaginatively credible the roots of Nazism.

Who, then, was Heinrich Mann? Only one bell, if any, may ring for the general reader: that of "The Blue Angel," a marvellous kitsch film released in 1930 and based on a much finer novel that Heinrich had published in 1905. The rest of his considerable output—the bibliography includes more than sixty novels, plays, political texts, and collections of essays—has sunk from sight. The New York *Times* put it all too prophetically when members of the Mann clan reached the United States in October, 1940. It noted the arrival of Thomas Mann's son Golo Mann, "accompanied by his uncle Heinrich."

But it had not always been that way. After the First World War, which Heinrich Mann had opposed with passionate courage from the outset, he stood high above a brother whose nebulous chauvinism, whose patrician distaste for the realities of the hour had become a scandal. Again, in the late nineteen-forties and early fifties, it was to Heinrich Mann, not to Thomas, that Russian readers and readers throughout Eastern Europe were to turn when seeking to renew contact with German literature and the German language. But it was not only on the political, partisan level that Heinrich had, at several points, superseded Thomas. Heinrich Mann's early fictions—"Berlin: The Land of Cockaigne" (1900), "Die Göttinnen" (1903), "Die Jagd nach Liebe" (1903)—had been brilliantly experimental in style and radical in their treatment of erotic themes. Heinrich Mann had, in more senses than one, been contemporary with Strindberg. In "Professor Unrat" (the source of "The Blue Angel") and in "Der Untertan," first released, almost clandestinely, in 1916 and translated into English as "Man of Straw" in 1947, Heinrich Mann had produced two minor classics. These are enduring etchings of the Germanic hothouse of cultural servility from which the European catastrophe grew. There is also a pair of historical novels on the life of Henry IV of France (1935 and 1938). They are massive constructs that one finds oneself returning to and reading in patches with an uncertain intimation of greatness. Recognition for



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them may lie ahead. Thomas Mann received his Nobel Prize in 1929. Numerous contemporaries saw nothing anomalous in the rumors that Heinrich was being considered for it eight years later.

Heinrich Mann's first novel, characteristically entitled "In Einer Familie," appeared in 1894, four years before Thomas's first set of stories. "You are *both* God-gifted boys," wrote Frau Senator Julia Mann to her sons with justifiable pride. In the literary circles of Munich as the century drew to its close, Thomas Mann was regarded as the shy, perhaps somewhat precious sibling of a formidably robust, productive elder. That Heinrich preferred a rather tumultuous existence in Italy seemed to fit in with the image of an emancipated and aggressive gift. During the summer months of 1900, "Berlin: The Land of Cockaigne" filled the bookshops. Meanwhile, young Thomas was laboring, in what must have looked like imitation of his senior's first novel, on some interminable family chronicle.

The renown won by "Buddenbrooks" almost immediately after its publication, in 1901, was of a very rare kind. The book was a best-seller. It was also acclaimed and treated as a classic. It was felt, throughout the German-speaking world, that the twenty-six-year-old author had aimed at and achieved the Olympian center of letters. The uncanny authority of his prose—sinuous, reflective, capable of both lapidary concision and tidal pressure—and the philosophical breadth that so obviously informed the narrative gave to Thomas Mann, at one stroke, a "Goethean" position in modern German writing. With inspired tenacity, Thomas Mann was to hold and consolidate this position for the rest of his career as man and as artist. If "Lotte in Weimar," "Doktor Faustus," and a host of essays turn specifically to the life and works of Goethe, it is because Thomas Mann knew that his own performance, his own role in the affairs of modern Germany challenged constant comparison with that of his predecessor and titular patron. With the appearance, in 1912, of "Death in Venice," Mann's ability, so analogous to Goethe's, to find flawless, formally classical expression for the most complex, even subversive, of contemporary moral and psychological motifs was confirmed beyond cavil.

Inevitably, the relation of the two brothers had altered, and entered on a critical phase. The paradigm is that of dialectical intimacy and destruction proposed by Hegel a century earlier. A human being will often choose another human being, says Hegel, from whom he must compel recognition, in whose eyes and behavior he seeks to read, to make graphic, the whole truth of his own identity. Where it is reciprocal, such attempted enforcement, such exigence of mutual identification, will lead to intense psychic stress, to a duel, suggests Hegel, of such close range and totality that it must end, that it can only end, with the death of one of the protagonists or with the simultaneous destruction of both (the two sons of Oedipus slain by each other's sword). If one duellist dies first, he leaves the other fatally bereft. This model applies to Heinrich and Thomas Mann.

Early on, Thomas had begun to make "anti-Heinrich" jottings in his private journals. "Professor Unrat," the most biting of Heinrich's novels, offended him: "The book doesn't seem written with any idea of permanence." Surely, reasoned Thomas, Heinrich's prolixity was merely a symptom of disorder. It reflected a feverish private life punctuated by self-lacerating, socially suspect erotic episodes, and, inevitably, by an inappropriate marriage. He, Thomas, on the contrary, had most carefully laid siege to and captured the prize of the Munich *beau monde*, the exquisite, wealthy, patrician (if Jewish) Katja Pringsheim. This match was to produce opulent stability and six children.

Thomas sought to diminish the mounting friction between him and his older brother. He assigned to himself a lesser, more mundane role, as the rather comically tight-laced moralist and pundit who had eradicated in himself the elemental compulsions and audacities of Heinrich, whose torments and bouts of ill fortune were the inevitable marks of the seer. This dichotomy, put forward in an essay in 1910, was transparently generous. But Heinrich was now too raw for stately nuance. He was fighting for his life as a novelist. In turn, each of his books provoked high hopes, and elicited critical enthusiasm from a few (who could, and on several occasions did, include Thomas), only to fall

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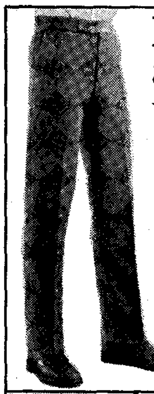

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flat, to be eclipsed by the majestic advance of Thomas Mann's *opera omnia.*

The break came over politics. From 1904 on, Heinrich Mann had been turning left. It was in the history of libertarian thought in France after the French Revolution, and in the part that Voltaire, Victor Hugo, and Zola had played in French radical hopes before and after 1789, that Heinrich Mann found his own ideal and his spiritual homeland. This polemic extraterritoriality gave to his portrayal of imperial, Prussianized Germany its vitriolic clairvoyance. Thomas, whose meditative, self-consciously magisterial genius had led him deeper and deeper into the dark and wealth of his native German ground, watched Heinrich's Gallicism with growing discomfort and repugnance. The explosion came with 1914. The wild blaze of chauvinism, of frivolous arrogance at the outbreak of war filled Heinrich with disgust. Thomas promptly affirmed that "German militarism is in truth the expression of German *morality.*" The war, as Thomas Mann saw it, would demonstrate and accomplish the ordained dominion of the German scientific, philosophical, and technological spirit over a European continent sapped by decadent skepticism and threatened by the hordes of Russian Asia. Heinrich saw, as early as August and September, 1914, that world war would mean not only untold human waste but the destruction from within of the high civilization, of the stable social order that Thomas had set out to exalt and defend. Heinrich put the case eloquently in his essay on Emile Zola, which saw the light in November, 1915. (One marvels at the laxity or myopia of the censors.) Its second sentence reads, "A creator only reaches manhood relatively late in life—it is those who appear natural and worldly-wise in their early twenties who are destined soon to dry up." Thomas saw this sentence as a direct personal onslaught, and was outraged. He felt that the pro-French, pro-democratic, and anti-militarist views urged by Heinrich not only were treasonable in an hour of national need but were a direct *ad-hominem* attack on his, Thomas's, earlier novels and current patriotic writings. Let Heinrich and "that radical-humanitarian group of political litterateurs belonging to the French order" go their own sordid way. For his part, Heinrich found increasingly intolerable the philosophical apologies for the Teutonic war effort which Thomas issued at regular intervals and which he was to assemble in 1918 under the notoriously evasive title

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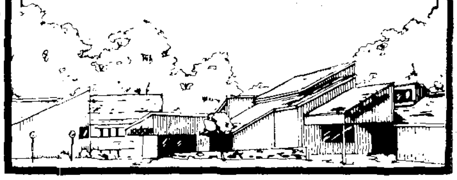

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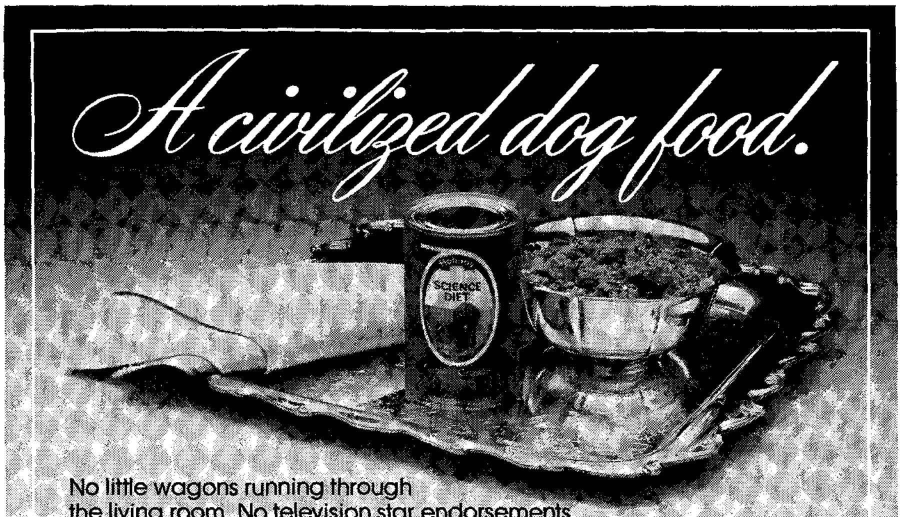
As the war entered on its phase of inescapable catastrophe, Heinrich took the initiative. In December, 1917, he wrote a long letter to "Dear Tommy" proposing a frank exchange of views and a personal reconciliation. Thomas replied on January 3, 1918. The quarrel ran too deep; the hurt had been too sharp: "Let the tragedy of our brotherhood take its course to the bitter end." Heinrich's answer is moving and identifies the problem unerringly: "Stop relating my life and actions always to yourself." But he did not send this letter, and all communication between the two writers—they were living less than a mile apart—was again broken.

The defeat of Germany abruptly reversed the standing. Heinrich's clairvoyance and his political courage now made him the idol of, the spokesman for the radical and the disenchanted. His satires and essays were reissued and sold widely. Thomas, on the contrary, was reduced to seemingly bewildered isolation. His world lay in ruins; the measured fastidiousness of his tone sounded like a contemptible irrelevance in a time of social tumult. Heinrich's fiftieth birthday, in March, 1921, was, as far as progressive and internationalist circles were concerned, something of a European occasion. Less than a year later, Heinrich fell gravely ill. Thomas came to his bedside. After eight bitter years, the brothers were reconciled, and Heinrich Mann could feel that this was a reconciliation as between peers. In fact his own literary success was already ebbing, and in 1924 came "The Magic Mountain."

Now Thomas Mann was acclaimed not only as the monarch of modern German literature but as an artist and thinker of world stature, as one of the masters of spirit of the century. Indeed, to reread "The Magic Mountain" today is to recognize not only how accurate contemporary homage was but also how tawdry, how nerveless is most of what passes for high fiction in the nineteen-seventies. Heinrich was among the first to pay tribute to the stature of the book. He did so with unstinting generosity, and he must have sensed that the order of magnitude, of narrative and philosophic control which Thomas had achieved lay beyond any that his own fierce but shredded and fitful talent could match. He must have observed, moreover, the classic economy in Thomas's greatness, the absence of waste motion. For in "The Magic Mountain" Thomas



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Mann had turned to profit the very muddles and errors of his own wartime rhetoric and the isolation that had followed. The comedy and short stories that Heinrich published in the same year drew scant notice.

Nevertheless, the reconciliation was genuine. In what is the most convincing part of his study, Nigel Hamilton shows how Thomas Mann learned from, while modifying, while making unmistakably his own, the democratic-internationalist ideals of his brother. Soon the two men found themselves fighting side by side to defend, to prop up, to publicize abroad the fragile merits of the Weimar Republic. Lecturing, writing, travelling indefatigably, Heinrich and Thomas Mann became the chief ambassadors of German hopes and decencies to the world at large. People abroad simply did not recognize what was at stake, and at home both men were before long the loathed targets of the rising hoodlums of nationalist terror. In 1941, at the black nadir of German and European destinies, Thomas Mann looked back on the vain efforts of the thirties and paid just tribute to Heinrich:

> You, dear Heinrich, you perceived and comprehended this new condition of the spirit earlier than us *all*; you spoke the word "democracy" when all of us were helpless to know where to begin with it, and you proclaimed the totality of all that is human, including politics, in works which are both the highest art and prophecy in one. Do we not feel books like *Man of Straw, Professor Unrat, The Little Town* today as fulfilled prophecy? If genius is the power of anticipation, the passionate portrayal of things to come, then your work carries the mark of genius and over and above its artistic ventures it is a moral phenomenon.

By then, both men were in exile in the United States. But their circumstances were drastically different. Mr. Hamilton recounts Heinrich Mann's desperate attempts to gain a foothold in Hollywood, to find a market for his fictions and political writings. Thomas gave financial help—a circumstance that must have struck Heinrich as the bitter but perfectly logical summation of their parallel lives. In 1944, Heinrich's often alcoholic and quite "impossible" but also profoundly loving and loyal second wife committed suicide. The Blue Angel world had come full circle. Thomas, on the contrary, was the prince of banishment, a guest at the White House, the recipient of numerous national awards, and magnificently at work (notably on "Doktor Faustus"). Despite the war, publication of "Joseph the Provider" in Stockholm

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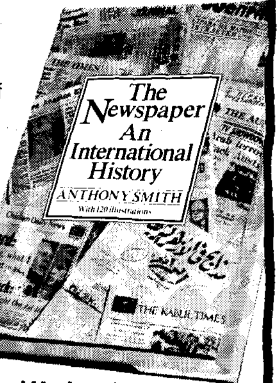

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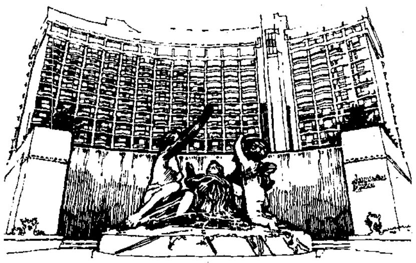

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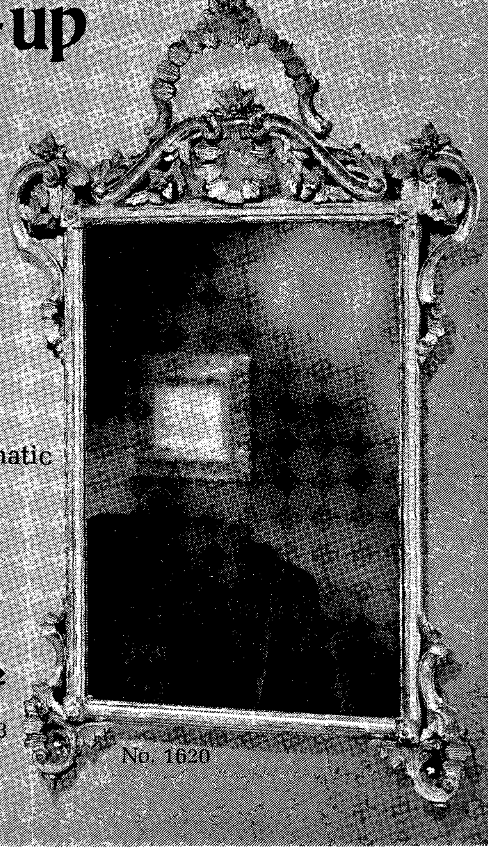
had capped the success of the "Joseph" novels. The same war had all but buried the translation into English and the appearance in London of Heinrich Mann's magnum opus, the Henry IV epic, whose completion, while he was a harried refugee, had literally consumed Heinrich's creative means.

Not that Thomas's position was without thorns. His unsparing diagnosis of the evil within Germany, of the subterranean but instrumental links between Nazism and German culture, incensed the more patriotic émigrés, one of whom took it upon himself to denounce Thomas as a "German submediocrity, whose insipid fragrance intoxicates the world the less it produces." But no attacks could seriously erode the authority of Thomas Mann's achievement, the unfolding coherence of his works. In "Doktor Faustus," he came to grips with those whom he had from the very beginning regarded as his true readers, as the judges and rivals of his strengths: Goethe and Nietzsche.

The end of the Second World War seemed to afford Heinrich one last chance. East Germany looked with veneration to the one major voice from the German literary past whose politics were in tune with—had, indeed, helped prepare—the new Socialist dawn. New editions of Heinrich's books were issued in the Soviet Union. Heinrich was urged to take up a distinguished niche in the East German Academy, and Thomas, who had visited Weimar on the solemn occasion of the bicentenary of Goethe's birth, felt that his brother ought to accept the invitation. Worn out, Heinrich hesitated. It was in California, homeless and forgotten, that he died, in March, 1950.

Two years later, Thomas returned to Europe and the golden exile of Switzerland. Mr. Hamilton ludicrously exaggerates what he takes to be the "Fascist" forces at work on the American political and social scene at the time. He takes literally, and with no alertness to their covert irony or to implicit factors of momentary exasperation, Thomas Mann's notions of what might happen to him under a McCarthyite regime. There were, to be sure, sources of friction. Certain elements of American opinion took pompous umbrage at Thomas Mann's refusal to condemn all Communism outright or to categorize East Germany as an enemy power. Thomas, in turn, bridled at the gestures of lyric gratitude and assimilation which the United States expects from those whom it has made welcome and on whom it has



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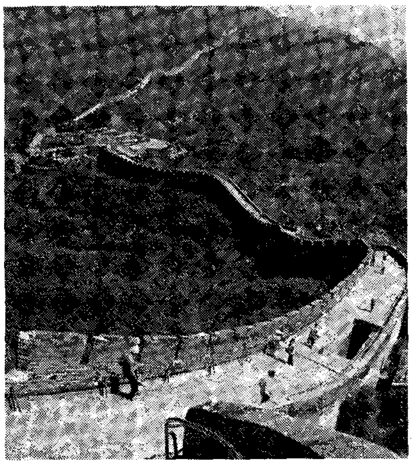

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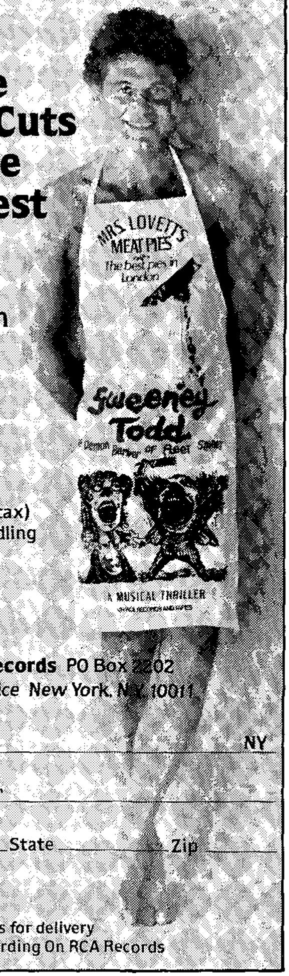
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conferred citizenship. Thomas Mann had seen too much of "patriotism" not to know that the main uses of citizenship lie with a passport. But the motives of his return to Europe were simpler. Thomas Mann had been one of the supreme embodiments of the elevated philosophical culture—of the persuasion that art and metaphysics must stand at the center of human concerns—that marked European bourgeois civilization. From precisely this civilization had come the venomous secretion of final barbarism. "Doktor Faustus" had been the first, giant step in Thomas Mann's attempt to think through, to find imaginative equivalence for, the relations between high ideals of the spirit and political inhumanity. That awkward allegory "The Black Swan" (1953), with its fable of illusory resurrection and mortal cancer, was to be a further step in an effort at understanding which filled Mann's last years. This whole theme and the order of reflection it demanded—an order inseparable from the German language, from the philosophy of Schopenhauer, from the problems posed by the genius of Wagner and of Nietzsche—were alien to the America of the fifties. It was in Europe, even in a destroyed Europe seen from the privileged apartness of Zurich, that, for Thomas Mann, lay the necessary landscape of work.

Nigel Hamilton has an utterly absorbing and important story to tell. With the publication, in 1965, of the letters exchanged between the two brothers and with the appearance, still in progress, of Thomas's diaries, the facts have become readily accessible. Indeed, if anything, there is an excess of telling documentation. Thus, the challenge lies not in assembling and narrating the course of external events—these by themselves already constitute a spellbinding sequence—but in judging, in setting out the psychological and aesthetic significance of the case. Mr. Hamilton is enlightening on Heinrich Mann's early stylistic innovations. He is rightly severe in showing how cautionary, how unedifying, were Thomas Mann's endeavors, throughout 1933-34, to keep in civil contact with the Nazi regime, so as to insure official license for the continued publication of his novels in the Fatherland. There is some new and moving material in Hamilton's record of Heinrich's California years. But much is missed (and Mr. Hamilton's prose rarely matches the occasion).

The issue, surely, is this: To what extent did the "tragedy of brotherhood" shape Heinrich and Thomas

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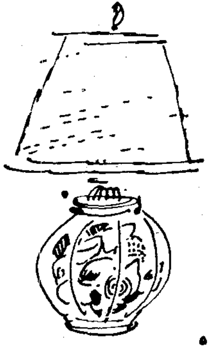

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Mann's individual tempers and, what matters more, inform their actual works? No doubt Heinrich's bohemian impulses elicited a reflex of patrician discipline and conservatism from Thomas. The latter's constrictions, in turn, seem to have been vital to Heinrich's prophetic satire on Teutonic manners and morals. So much is self-evident. What needs to be shown is the place of the relationship in the fictions. In "Buddenbrooks," the focus on family and kinship is patent. But to what degree must we rethink the Naphta-Settembrini dialectic in "The Magic Mountain" in terms of the bitter quarrel between Heinrich's libertarian optimism and the tragic stoicism of Thomas? Is the famous duel at the climax of the novel, with its solution through suicide, Thomas Mann's most unguarded version of the relation to Heinrich? That relation is, again, abundantly implicit in the whole saga of Joseph and his brothers. It is allegorically active in "The Transposed Heads." But are there, one wonders, reflections of Heinrich's sensuality, of the commitments to Eros proclaimed in Heinrich's novels, and of Thomas's contrastive puritanism throughout "Death in Venice" (a locale of some of Heinrich's early, febrile involvements)? It is, I believe, primarily these questions that justify a detailed analysis of the intimate evidence of the pain and choked jealousies that ache at the reader from the letters and journals of the two men. Mr. Hamilton's industry and honesty of perspective are real. But it may be that only Thomas Mann himself could have done true justice to the plot. Perhaps he has done so.

—George Steiner

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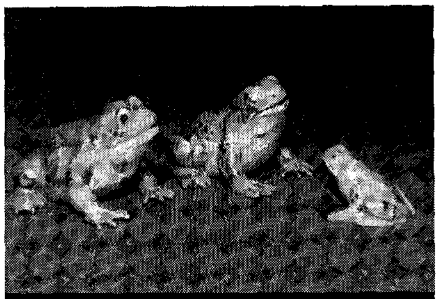

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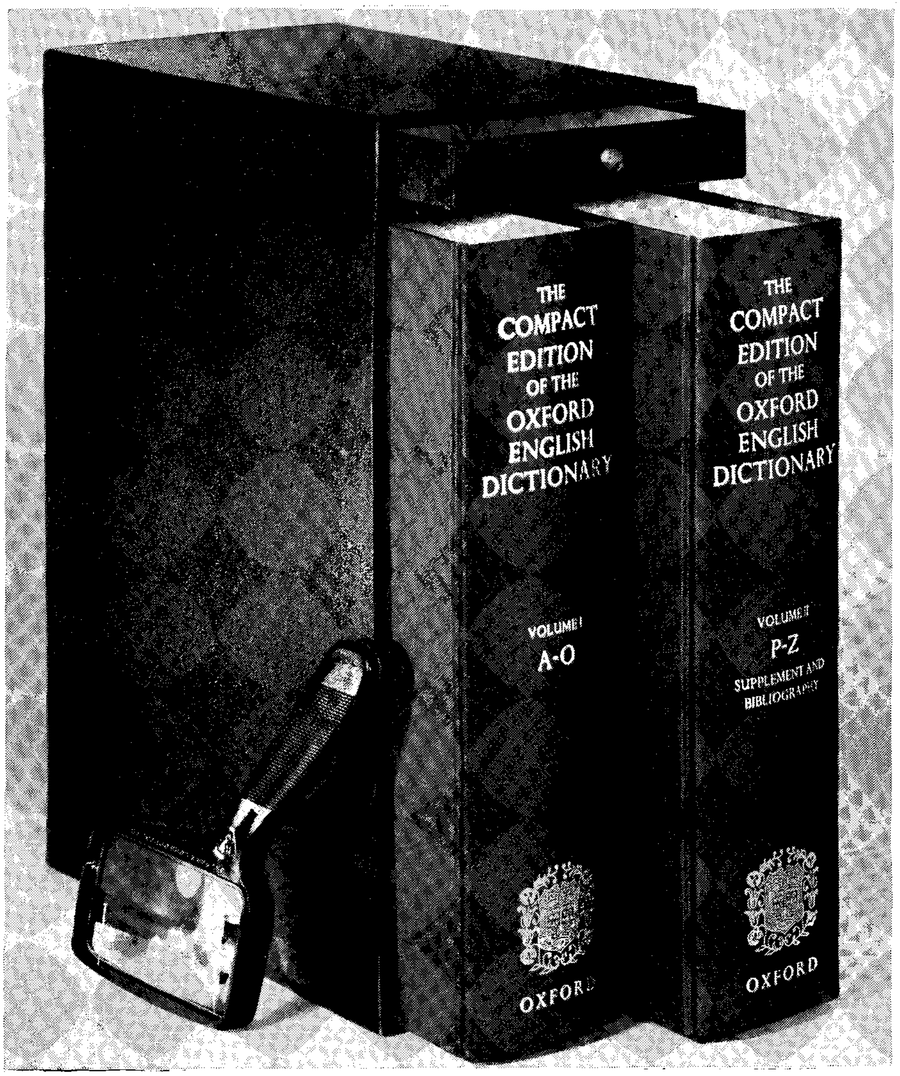
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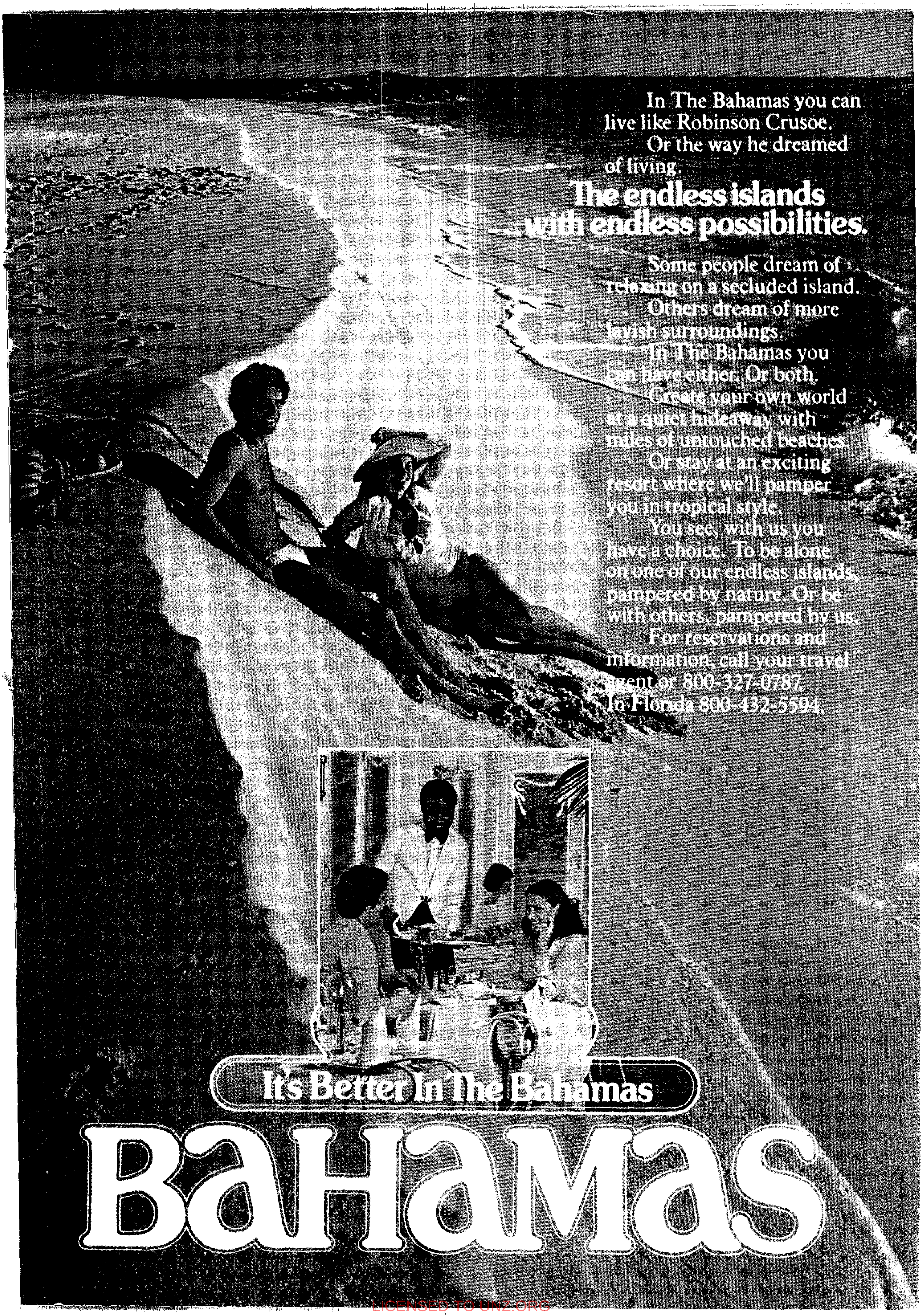
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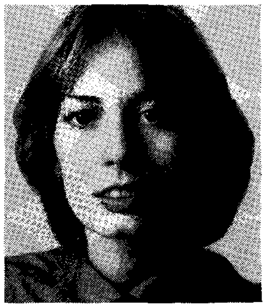

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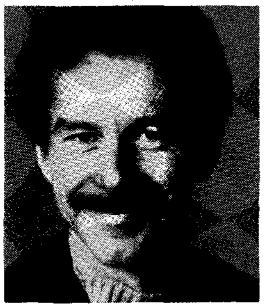

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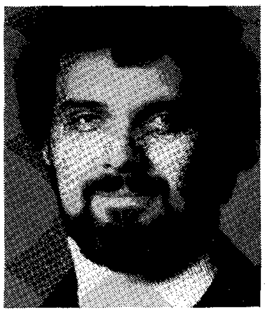

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